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ART. I. *The General Biographical Dictionary; containing an historical and critical account of the lives and writings of the most eminent persons in every nation:—new edition by A. CHALMERS, F. S. A. London. 1817. (Article “WASHINGTON,” Vol. 31st.)*

OUR attention has been recently directed by a friend to the 31st Volume of Chalmers' General Biographical Dictionary; Article Washington, p. 204. We find there the following passage.

‘ Much has been said, by the American Biographers of Washington, concerning his magnanimity during the ravages of a civil war, in which he acted so conspicuous a part; but, on the other hand, two instances have been mentioned, in which he is thought to have been deficient in this great quality of a hero. Granting (it has been said) that duty required him to execute, as a spy, the accomplished Major André, true magnanimity would have prevented him from insultingly erecting, in the view of that unfortunate officer, the gallows on which he was to be hung, several days before his execution. And, when Earl Cornwallis was overpowered by numbers and obliged at Yorktown to surrender to the united armies of America and France, a magnanimous conqueror would not have claimed, contrary to the usage of civilized war, the sword from the hands of that gallant nobleman. On these two occasions, and on some others, the conduct of Washington agreed so ill with his general character, that he has been supposed to be influenced by the leaders of the French Army.’

When a compiler of General Biography, assails the character of one of the first men of the age, it is surely incumbent upon him to

give some sufficient name, as an authority for the facts which he asserts ; or in defect of this, to furnish proof of his having had the means of knowing them personally. On this occasion, however, Mr. Chalmers has thought proper to dispense with both these rules, and to substitute for them, a loose and illogical language, obviously calculated to leave it matter of doubt, whether the American Biographers of Washington, did or did not themselves furnish both the praise and the censure. His expression is substantially this—“ Much has been said by American Biographers in commendation “ of the magnanimity of Washington ; but, on the other hand, two “ instances, which detract from this praise, have been mentioned.” And by whom ? This, is precisely what the compiler wished to conceal; because, had he told the public, that these two enormities in the conduct of Washington, had come down to him through the Welds, the Parkinsons or the Bristeds of the day, the plan would have failed—the *trap* would have caught nobody, and like the accomplished André, Mr. Chalmers would have had the satisfaction only, of having meditated a mischief, he was unable to effect. But let this pass : our business is less with the sources whence his fictions are derived, than with the fictions themselves : and

1st. ‘*That General Washington, for the purpose of insulting the feelings of Major André, caused the gallows (on which the Major was afterwards hanged) to be erected, several days before the execution, and within the view of the prisoner.*’

This assertion has not even the colour of truth to support it—but before we touch the positive evidence, within our reach, we will briefly examine the charge, on the ground of *probability*.

It will be remembered, that Major André was apprehended on the 23d of September (1780) ; that on the 28th, he was removed to Tappan ; that on the 29th he was brought to trial ; that the last sitting of the court—in which was decided *the mode of his punishment*—was held on the 1st day of October, and that his execution took place, precisely at 12 o'clock, on the 2d. Now between the time of his arrival and that of his execution, are but *three days and a half* ; and between this last event and the final sentence of the court, we count even less than *twenty-four hours* ! This computation of time leaves no room for Mr. Chalmers’ “ *several days* ” except upon the very improbable supposition, that Washington, in his haste to insult the feelings of André, had caused a gallows to be erected, before the court had decided, either the guilt of the prisoner, or the mode of his punishment.

The historical relation of the conduct of Washington, on this occasion, given in England, and at a time when every circumstance attending it, was matter both of curiosity and interest, holds a language totally different from that of Mr. Chalmers. In the An-

nual Register for 1781, (Vol. 24) it is expressly stated, that "as Major André's request for a mitigation of the sentence, in relation to the mode of his punishment, could not be granted, *it was thought humane to evade giving a direct answer.*" But on the supposition, that Mr. Chalmers' fiction be true, why this affectation of delicacy? Why not answer both promptly and *directly*?

To the sympathy, shown for André on the part of the army of the U. S., all cotemporary writers bear testimony. Gordon, (himself an Englishman,) says, "Pity and esteem wrought so powerfully with the court, that all were disposed (excepting General Green) to commute his punishment, as he had desired." And the respectable work first quoted, in describing the last melancholy circumstance of the drama, informs us,—"that the sufferer encountered his fate, with a composure, dignity and fortitude, which equally excited the admiration and *melted the hearts of all the spectators.*" Is it probable, that a sentiment, so just and so general, should have awakened only at the moment of the execution, or that the Commander in Chief, should alone have been an exception to it?

In another relation of this affecting story, (by the late General Hamilton, who was himself a witness of the scene) we are told, that Major André, "when led to the place of execution, bowed familiarly to all those, with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement; and that a smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind:"—but that, "arrived at the fatal spot, he asked with some emotion,—‘*must I then die in this manner?*’"—an expression, as well of surprise as of horror, and totally inconsistent with the belief, that the sight of the gallows, which had caused this new and increased emotion, had been familiar to him for *several days* preceding.

These considerations, (unless others, of greater weight and conflicting character, are presented) cannot fail of themselves to decide the first question, between us and the British Biographer;—but fortunately, the charge is made, before time has swept from the stage, all the witnesses of that interesting event; and we are accordingly able to avail ourselves of the testimony of *Major Cooper*, which, with much similar proof, has been carefully collected by the learned Secretary of the New-York Historical Society.<sup>a</sup>

"This is to certify that, in the Revolutionary war, I served as Lieutenant and Adjutant in Col. Crane's 3d Battalion of Artillery, and that I was at Tappan on Monday, the 2d of October, (1780) the day on which Major André was executed as a spy; that I witnessed his execution, at 12 o'clock of that day, and that I am clearly satisfied, that the Gibbet, on which he was executed,

(a) Now Treasurer of that Institution---Mr. John Pintard.

“ was erected on the morning of that day ; that it was impossible for Major Andrè to have seen the Gibbet from the quarters where he was confined,—the place of execution being at least half a mile distant from said quarters, and any view thereof, intercepted by intervening objects.”

2d. ‘That on the surrender of the British army at Yorktown, General Washington, contrary to the usages of civilized war, claimed the sword from the hands of the British Commander in Chief, Lord Cornwallis.’

This assertion, is made with as little regard to truth as the former, and with much less regard to *prudence* ;—because, in the affair of Andrè, the *official documents* do not reach the circumstance in controversy, and of course leave it undetermined—but here, the Biographer is confronted by articles of capitulation, signed by Lord Cornwallis himself :—the 4th of which expressly saves, to the officers surrendering, their “ *side arms and private property of every kind.* ”

As the whole of this story appears to be new to Mr. Chalmers, we shall give a short sketch of it from the pen of old Marshal Rochambeau, and another from that of the late General Lee ; by which it will be seen, that, so far from suffering the outrage stated by the British Biographer, Lord Cornwallis was not even present at the *actual surrender*, but left to the gallant O’Hara the duty of going through that necessary but unpleasant ceremony.

“ On the 17th of October, the enemy began to negotiate, and the capitulation was signed on the 19th,—by which, Lord Cornwallis and his army became prisoners of war. At 12 o’clock the Americans and French took possession of the two bastions. The garrison marched out, at 2 o’clock, between the two armies—with drums beating and shouldered arms, which were afterwards stacked, together with twenty stands of colours. Lord Cornwallis, being unwell, General O’Hara marched at the head of the garrison. When he came up, he presented to me his sword—I pointed to General Washington who was opposite to me and at the head of the American troops, and told him, that as the French were auxiliaries only, he must receive his orders from the American General.” <sup>a</sup>

“ At 2 o’clock,” says General Lee, “ the British army, led by General O’Hara, marched out of its lines with colours cased and drums beating a British march. When the head of the column approached the commander in chief, O’Hara, mistaking the circumstance, turned to that on his left, for the purpose of paying his respects and requesting further orders ; when quickly discovering

(a) *Memoires militaires historiques et politiques de Rochambeau.* Tom. 1<sup>r.</sup> p. 295.

" his error, with much embarrassment in his countenance, he flew across the road, and, advancing to Washington, asked pardon for his mistake, apologized for the absence of Lord Cornwallis, and begged to know his future pleasure. The General seeing his embarrassment, relieved it by referring him, with much politeness, " to General Lincoln."

To these extracts, we shall but add, on this head, a single sentence from the official letter, written on the 20th of October, by Lord Cornwallis to Sir Henry Clinton; " The treatment, in general," says his Lordship, " that we have received from the enemy since our surrender, has been *perfectly good and proper*."

3d. ' *That the conduct of Washington on these two occasions and some others, agreed so ill with his general character, that he has been supposed to be influenced by the leaders of the French army.*'

Pressed by considerations, derived from the general character and conduct of Washington, and which led to conclusions directly the reverse of those he wished to establish, Mr. Chalmers felt the necessity of finding a *sufficient cause* for these alleged aberrations of the American commander; but failing altogether to do so, he is compelled to resort to the cabalistic terms, *French Influence*. And what would this kind-hearted, impartial and well instructed Biographer have us to understand by this pretended *influence*? Why only that ' Washington—who would not, from his own spontaneous movement, have indulged in any mockery of grief, nor in the slightest insult to misfortune,—was yet mean enough, to lend himself and his high official authority, to the base and malignant prejudices of the French Army.'

Though assuredly the most flagrant of all Mr. Chalmers' misrepresentations, still as it is only a conclusion, from premises already destroyed—to demolish it, would but be " to slay the slain."

A word or two may however be necessary to enlighten the Biographer's darkness in relation to the nature and extent of those French practices against Major André and Lord Cornwallis, which have been so unwarrantably taken for granted. The facts to which we allude, are two:—they are of public notoriety, and, as we believe, of decisive character. <sup>a</sup>

1st. That when dangers thickened around André, and when Sir Henry Clinton, under the direction of better heads than his own, was looking abroad for expedients to save his friend and protégé, he did not fail to recur to a proposition—that the whole case should be referred to two foreign generals, one of whom should be *Rochambeau*,—the chief of those very French officers, who, according

(a) The first is recorded in Ramsay's History of the United States, Vol. ii. page 365: the second may be found in the New Annual Register, p. 99, of Public Occurrences, and in the Appendix to Lee's Memoirs, Vol. 2d.

to our own text, were goading on Washington, to insult the feelings of a subdued and prostrate enemy! And,

2d. That, after the surrender at York, the conduct of these same officers was such,—as secured, and no doubt deserved, the following glowing acknowledgment from the pen of Lord Cornwallis. “The kindness and attentions that have been shown us, “by the *French* officers in particular—their delicate sensibility to “our situation—their generous and pressing offers of money both “public and private to any amount—have really gone beyond “what I can possibly describe, and will, I hope, make an impression “on the breast of every British officer, whenever the fortune of “war shall put any of them into our power.”

**ART. II. *A Letter to the Farmers and Graziers of Great Britain; explaining the advantages of using Salt, in the various branches of Agriculture and in feeding all kinds of farm-stock.* By SAMUEL PARKE, F. L. S. &c. &c. London. 1818.**

IN Asia, in Africa, and in Europe, (as in the south-western part of our own country)<sup>a</sup> are large tracts of land, completely saturated with salt; the exhalations of which—called forth by hot and dry weather—spread themselves over the otherwise naked surface, and give to it the appearance of our own fields, when covered with the hoar frosts of autumn and winter.

These soils are generally, if not altogether, unproductive of plants; a fact which in “olden times” led to the belief, that salt, in any quantity, or under any modification, was destructive of vegetable life; and which—in the progress of the opinion—even induced the conquerors of the earth to adopt it as the *symbol of destruction* :—for, when most indignant and determined to punish an enemy, they ordered his city, or territory, to be torn up by the plough and *sown with salt*. But how short-sighted is the vengeance of man! Instead of inflicting incurable barrenness, as was believed,—these human demons were but laying the foundations of eventual fertility and increased abundance. Such is the regular deduction from the work, whose title stands at the head of this article, and of which we shall now proceed to offer a brief account to our agricultural readers.

The objects of Mr. Parke’s pamphlet are two; 1st. to show the farmers of Great Britain, that *common salt* is a *powerful and cheap manure*, whether applied to arable, or to grass land; and 2d, that it may also be very usefully employed, as a condiment, or seasoner of the food of cattle, of every description.

(a) See Pike’s journal.

On this last head, we will spare ourselves the trouble of much amplification ; as however new the doctrine may be in England, it is here an old story, with which every man, woman and child is acquainted. Still, it may be worthy of notice that, so far as our particular knowledge extends, no series of experiments has yet been instituted among us, with a view to ascertain *the quantity of this article, which may be profitably given to any, or to all the different species of farm-stock within a given time.* In this respect, John Bull has got the start of us ; and it now appears, pretty satisfactorily, that though long in the habit of giving salt to horses, cows, sheep and hogs, yet that we have never given it, either so frequently, or so freely, as would have been proper. The following extracts will show what has been done in this way in England, and will indicate —with some allowances for difference of climate—what ought to be done in the United States.

‘ William Glover, of the Schoose farm, in the parish of Workington, in the county of Cumberland, feeder and superintendent of the cattle of John Christian Curwen, Esq. at the said farm, maketh oath and saith, that this deponent began to give salt to the cattle under his care, the nineteenth day of November last past ; and from that time till now, the said cattle have had salt as follows : forty milch cows and breeding heifers have had each *four ounces per day* ; fourteen oxen for fat and sixteen oxen for work, each *four ounces* ; twenty-seven young cattle, (seven of them two years old, the rest one year old) have each had *two ounces per day* ; twenty-six young calves, each *one ounce* ; two bulls had also salt administered to them ; and forty-eight horses, kept at the farm, have had each *four ounces per day* ; four hundred and forty-four sheep, had four stone, or *two ounces each per week*, given at twice, and on slates. The advantage of salt for sheep appears to this deponent to be great ; as none of the stock have died in the sickness, since they commenced giving salt, and they have had none in the rot ; in other years, they lost some of their ewes and wethers in the sickness. The cattle, both old and young stock, have their salt given in steamed chaff, twice a day, which makes them eat it up as well as other inferior food. The horses have their salt amongst their steamed potatoes, twice a day, which makes them clean out their cribs, and is a benefit to their health and condition ; the cattle have been in the highest health ever since they commenced the use of salt. And this deponent saith, that he has now kept the cattle at the Schoose farm for ten years, and they never were so long without sickness ; they were formerly subject to obstructions and inflammations ; and that he has not had occasion to use any medicine since the twenty-ninth of November last, except in one instance of a cow (now quite well ;) and he can show the whole of the said stock, (one hundred

‘ and twenty-five head of cattle) without the exception of any one animal that is out of order. And he believes there is nothing that will promote the health of cattle and their good condition more than salt, when rightly administered; and that medicine would, in his opinion, be little required, if he had salt at command. And this deponent saith, that the fourteen oxen above mentioned for fat, were fed on straw, steamed chaff and turnips only; and eight of them were weighed on the thirteenth day of February last and seventeenth day of this month of March, and the increased weight of the eight, was thirteen stone, of fourteen pounds to the stone.’ As follows, viz :

		Gained per day from the 21st of Feb. to the 17th of March.		
		st.	lb.	oz.
‘ Stroller,	nine years old	126	..	127 .. 1 6
‘ Punch,	do.	121	..	122 .. 1 6
‘ Pink,	do.	132	..	138 .. 6 2 6
‘ Rose,	do.	153	..	156 .. 3 1 6
‘ Brown,	do.	111	..	115 .. 4 1 6
‘ Prince,	do.	139	..	144 .. 5 2
‘ Simon,	2½ years	111	..	116 .. 5 2
‘ Magog,	2 years 2 months	110	..	114 .. 4 1 10.’

Pages 62-3 and 70.

With regard to the use of salt as a manure, the information derived from Mr. Parke, tho’ perhaps not “ containing the sum of all the knowledge that Europeans are possessed of on the subject,” is, we think, amply sufficient to justify the most extended experiments; but, that the reader may judge of this matter for himself, we hasten to lay before him some additional extracts.

‘ In some parts of Great Britain, particularly in the neighbourhood of salt works, the value of common salt as a manure is well known and acknowledged; and it has lately been given in evidence before the select committee of the House of Commons, by a gentleman of the highest credit, that the farmers of Cornwall are so convinced of the value of salt, as a manure, that whenever the waste salt that has been employed in the curing of fish is on sale, there is a violent contention, among the occupiers of land, who shall have the largest share of it. The same gentleman informed the Committee that, where wheat or barley has followed turnips on land which had been salted, the ensuing crop has invariably escaped the mildew; although that disease had infected all the corn upon the lands immediately adjoining, on which salt had not been used.’

‘ The efficacy of salt in destroying noxious weeds, grubs, worms, flies and insects is well known in many districts, and those who are incredulous, may very easily satisfy themselves by direct ex-

periment. For instance, if a few common earth worms are taken out of the ground and sprinkled with a little salt, they will be seen to writhe about for a few minutes and then expire. Thus salt does as it were perform two operations at once; for, by destroying the worms and the weeds, while the land lies fallow, it prepares the ground most effectually for the reception of corn, or plants, before it can possibly take any effect upon the crop itself. And besides this peculiar advantage, the extreme luxuriance and verdure which common salt gives to grass lands, when properly applied, would be so satisfactory to such farmers as would make use of it, and so convincing to all the neighbouring agriculturalists of every description, that if only one or two gentlemen, in each district, were to employ it, in a few instances, I am certain this mode of top-dressing would very soon engage the attention of every person in the empire, who had even but a garden to manage and cultivate.

From the evidence which has already been collected upon this subject, it is obvious,—that a great portion of the land in this kingdom might, by the proper use of salt, be made to produce nearly *double* the amount of the present crops of grass, as well as corn. How greatly this would serve the manufacturing and indeed all other interests of the country, I need not attempt to explain. Moreover, by forcing the land with a sufficient portion of salt, our crops would be brought to maturity much sooner than they now are;—a matter of considerable importance in the northern parts of this island, where much of the corn is frequently spoiled by the autumnal rains, before it can be sufficiently dried by the sun and wind, to stack with safety. And in the hay harvest, should the farmer be induced, from the uncertainty of the weather, to carry in his hay too soon, a small quantity of salt sprinkled upon each layer of the rick, will prevent the hay from becoming mow-burned, as it is called; and when hay, which has been thus treated, is presented to horses and cattle, it will be preferred by them to that which has been put together in a more favourable season and not treated with salt.

The cleanliness of rock salt as a manure, is likewise another considerable advantage. In many cases this circumstance will be found to be very important; particularly in the grazing districts. It has repeatedly been observed, that if land be manured with dung, after the hay has been carried off, the neat cattle will refuse to eat the eddish (rowan) which grows upon such land. On the contrary, if a field be dressed with about two bushels of fine salt, instead of dung, soon after the hay is cut, this inconvenience and loss will be avoided and a large crop of after-grass will be obtained, possessing such peculiar sweetness, that all kinds of cattle as well as horses, will eat it with the utmost avidity.'

‘ The farmers in some districts, are accustomed to steep their corn in lime-water, and doubtless the practice is often useful ; but I am decidedly of opinion that a strong brine, made by the solution of rock salt in water, will be infinitely more efficacious. Crops of wheat are often reduced one half in value, by a disease to which this kind of grain is very liable, called the *smut* or *rust* ; but when the seed has been properly prepared with salt, this misfortune can never happen. It has also been proved by some public spirited individuals, who have made the necessary experiments, that the scab is never found upon potatoes, which have grown upon land that has had a proper dressing of common salt.’

Our review of Mr. Parke’s work, and the extracts from it, close here—but we have thought, that, on a subject of so much interest, it may not be amiss to say a few words also concerning the doctrine and practice of other countries, in relation to salt as a manure.

This use of salt has been long known in France—particularly in Brittany—and as far back as the year 1792, engaged the attention of the agricultural society there, who instituted two sets of experiments on the subject ; the one, in the neighbourhood of Paris—the other, in that of Marseilles. The result of these, according to the report of Silvestre (which may be found in the 33d volume of the Annals of French Agriculture) was,—“ that the produce of land manured with salt, was much greater than that to which stable dung alone (though in an extraordinary quantity) had been applied ; the difference being 58 kilogrammes, 8 grammes,<sup>a</sup> in favour of the salt.”

Many experiments were also made by M. Feburier, but in these, the salt was combined with cow-dung. “ This mixture,” he says, “ applied to marshy land, or to cold clay soils, was eminently useful, but on chalk and sand, it did harm.”

One of the greatest difficulties attending the subject, in the present state of our knowledge, is, to ascertain the exact dose, most useful to different kinds of land, and to the same kind of land, under different degrees and kinds of cultivation. On this head Silvestre, whom we have already mentioned, quotes with approbation the practice of M. Pluchett, “ who thinks 300 lbs. the acre [about four bushels] the proper dose ; and that as more would probably do harm,—less, would be wholly inefficient.”

Few of our readers need be told, that salt is composed of what the chemists call muriatic acid and soda ;—but as it is obtained in states very different, and by processes, more or less perfect, its degrees of purity and powers of operation are necessarily wide of

<sup>a</sup> The *Gramme* is the unit of weight, and is equal to 15.45 grs. Troy. The *Kilogramme* is equal to 1000 grammes, that is 2 lbs. 3 oz. 5 drms. Avoird.

each other. Salt, obtained from sea-water by distillation, is the purest; fossile salt and that obtained from salt springs, are often mixed with foreign bodies, and frequently with magnesia;—the qualities of which being totally different from those of salt, will, so far as they go, detract from its value, both as a condiment and manure.

It ought to be noticed here that the English experiments, stated by Mr. Parke, were made with *refuse salt*—the mere sweepings of stores and work yards—and estimated variously at one fourth and one half of its bulk in pure salt; while those of France, were made with salt as prepared for culinary purposes, and of course of a better quality—a circumstance, which may sufficiently explain the difference, in the practice of the two countries, in relation to the quantity applied to the acre—the maximum, in France, being *four bushels*, and in England *twenty*.

Our readers will probably regret, as we ourselves do—that Mr. Parke, (to whose name is appended so many of the outward and visible signs of science) and still more that M. Silvestre, whom we know to be a distinguished member of the French Institute and **Chef de Bureau D'Agriculture** in the home department of the government,—should have equally contented themselves with mere reports of the experiments of others, without offering any theory of their own, on the operation of salt as a manure. Though it is not for us to approach a mystery, of which Scavans, like these, have been so shy—still we may be permitted, without, we hope, incurring the imputation of presumption, to make one or two remarks, which connect themselves with the subject.

Vegetables, like animals, are organized beings, possessing the means of receiving and digesting their food. But the organs employed in these processes, are subject to alteration, and frequently, as Physiologists have observed, become languid and unhealthy,—requiring for their recovery and well being, the application, not merely of substances affording nutrition, (properly so called) but of others, possessing the power of stimulating or exciting them into new or increased action. To this class of manures, salt has hitherto been confined—but taking for granted the fact admitted, as well by Mr. Parke as by Mr. Silvestre, that its operation was most active and certain on soils abounding in vegetable food (as boggy or marshy land) we are authorized to conclude, that it is not merely a stimulant but a dissolvant also—a caterer, for the very appetite itself creates. But, on this supposition, in what does it differ from Lime?

**ART. III. *Naval History of the United States, from the commencement of the Revolutionary War to the present time.* By THOMAS CLARK. 2 Vols. 12mo. pp. 594. Philadelphia, 1814.**

IT is the misfortune of the author of this book, to be ignorant of the profession, connected with the events, which he has attempted to record. Sea-faring men are proverbial for their love of the marvellous ; and too much of the historical matter of the work, rests on the testimony of those, whose very pursuits, we greatly fear, tend to lessen the obligations of morality, and in many of whom, the lust for gain has overcome the restraints of education. We speak of Privateers-men.—In no country of the civilized world, excepting our own, are men of this description held in any other estimation, than that of a necessary evil : Their wealth may sometimes obtain for them a mercenary consideration ; but it is reserved for Christian America, to distinguish these legalized free-booters, by office and commendation. In justice, however, to Mr. Clark, and as an avowal, in some measure due to this portion of the community, we willingly admit, that, owing to the smallness of our regular, and perhaps to the superior attainments of those who compose the mercantile marine, the privateering system, as practised by our own countrymen, has been more creditable to those engaged in it, and, in proportion to their numbers, marked with fewer scenes of profligacy, than that of any other nation. Still, it is idle to expect results, which can only proceed from conduct emanating from principles of honour and integrity, to be often produced among men whose daily business is rapine and plunder : and it is ridiculous to record the desperate struggles of cupidity in retaining its ill-gotten hordes, as the high and chivalrous courage, which prompts a man to lay down his life in maintaining the honour of his country.<sup>a</sup> The historical facts which are only supported by such testimony, must ever be received with distrust, and the bare-faced boastings of this class of men, during the late war, are too recent in our memories, not to bring with them the recollection of similar vapourings of their achievements, among the private warriors of the enemy—and frequently applied to the same combat. It happened more than once, that an English private-armed ship entered the ports of her country, proudly exhibiting the injuries received in a desperate conflict with a regular American cruiser, which she had beaten off with great loss, and their admiring countrymen were yet in the zenith of their applause, when a paper appears from the western continent, giving the exact counterpart of the tale, with this trifling difference—that the regular pendant

<sup>a</sup> We are happy to except the conspicuous and disinterested gallantry displayed by the 'General Armstrong,' 'Decatur,' 'Comet,' and one or two others.

was transferred from Jonathan to John Bull. We remember one marked instance of this discrepant testimony, where the Englishman—happening to go into a distant port in the East, and where the refutation of his statement has probably never been seen to this day—was honoured with municipal distinctions for his bravery, with the usual accompaniments of an address and a gold-box:—His ship probably owed her escape from capture, to the sagacity of the yankee who commanded the privateer opposed to him, and who abandoned the combat, upon discovering that should he be successful, he was likely to verify the boyish proverb, of receiving “more cuffs than coppers:”—And yet the hero had the modesty to select for his opponent, in a protracted fight of several hours, the sloop of war Wasp, and commanded by the regretted Blakely—a ship and commander, that twice settled the controversy with enemy’s regular cruisers within the short space of one half hour.

Too much of the volume before us, rests upon similar statements; and we regret that Mr. Clark had not confined himself to the acts of Congress, which now compose so large a part of his book, and the official documents of the regular service—it would then have formed a valuable work for reference, and been untainted with a profusion of matter, which, to say the least, is of very doubtful authority. As the author wrote his book during the war, instead of awaiting the termination of the struggle, it is necessarily incomplete; and we hope that, should he determine to continue it to the close of the contest, he will reject all but such matter as can be supported by the evidence of men, whose lives are not so repugnant to the discovery of truth, as are those of some of the heroes whom he has dignified with niches in his temple of Fame.

Mr. Clark, appears also to have fallen into the common error of his countrymen, that the trident of Neptune has passed from the grasp of Britannia to that of Columbia; and that it is enough to insure success, to have the Stars and Stripes flying over the quarter-deck, or the pendent of an American Commodore abroad from the main-top-gallant-mast head.—This desire to monopolize the glory of marine warfare to our own people, is however less extravagant in the author than in most of his cotemporary writers: it is not accompanied with any very material assertions, that have met our eyes, which are not true; though we think in many instances, he might have more ingenuously accounted for the result, by explicitly stating the force of the respective combatants, than by suffering the reader to infer, that our victories were owing to causes, inherent either in our physical or political constitutions.—There is much idle talking in this country, of the effects produced on our seamen, by the freedom of our institutions. Liberty and equality may have their merited estimation in the minds of our citizens on shore—but we apprehend that neither of these popular deities, are

admitted to an abiding place on board a vessel of war. Our successes have been owing to very different, if not very opposite causes—for successes we have had, and under circumstances that give us a title to an honest fame—which make the exaggerated boastings of many among us, as unnecessary to our reputation, as they may eventually be ruinous to our service. It was the confidence generated by the indiscriminating and besotted plaudits of the British nation, that induced the neglect, which left their ships unprepared to cope with a brave, enterprising and acute enemy; and which destroyed in an hour, the charm of invincibility, that had supported them for a century.

The declaration of war in 1812, found the navy of the United States, consisting only of seventeen sea-worthy vessels, exclusive of one or two small Schooners and Gun-boats. Of this number, seven were Frigates, and the remainder Corvettes and Brigs—most of the latter very light. This was a fearful odds, with which to adventure against the most formidable marine in the world; and the chances were, that blockade or capture would soon drive the American flag from the ocean. The adventure was made, however, and we beg the patience of the reader for a few minutes, while we endeavour to show with strict impartiality, with what success.

There is something deceptive in the ordinary manner of rating vessels, but in a less degree than is generally supposed. It is not among the smallest of our triumphs, that we have driven our late enemy to an alteration of a mode which had been sanctioned by long usage, and to the adoption of another, more wide of conveying a comparative idea of the true force of vessels, and which is knowingly and grossly perverted under the patronage of official authority. There was none of the Bulletins of Napoleon more framed for the deception of the people, than is the present authorized list of the British navy.—If we go back half a century, we find vessels of war carrying the actual number of guns at which they were rated: The invention of carronades has since gradually introduced an alteration in the upper deck, which is tolerably uniform, and commonly gives to vessels, over the grade of sloops of war, ten guns more than the rate by which they are called. Formerly the quarter-deck and forecastle were much smaller than at present, and only connected by a narrow passage on each side of the ship, called gang-ways:—since the introduction of short guns, and spar decks, the number of guns has been increased; so that a ship which once carried 28 long eighteens on her gun-deck, and 8 nines, or twelves, on her quarter-deck, with two of similar calibre on her forecastle, rated at what she carried, 38 guns; but now, a ship of the same rate, will carry 28 eighteen pounders below—14 thirty-two pound carronades on her quarter-deck, and 8 of the latter on her forecastle, or perhaps in the room of two of them,

long twelves—making in the whole 50 guns. This class of ships the British now rate at 48,—though more of them can carry (and probably would in the event of a war) 50 or even 52, than 48 guns. But the inconsistency of the new mode of rating is more strikingly exemplified in the two next grades of frigates.—The only difference between an English 36 and 32, is in the size and weight of metal. The number of their guns is generally the same, at the most differing only 2; viz. they mount on the gun-deck of each, 26 guns—the former eighteen pounders, the latter twelves—and they put above, as many guns as they think the vessel will bear—commonly enough to bring the whole number up to 42 or 44. This is a case, in which, if they adhere strictly to the number of guns, two vessels of at least one third difference in actual force, will be of the same nominal rate. It is true the old manner of rating leads to some errors, and misconceptions of the force of vessels, yet it preserves the comparative difference between ships, better than any one which has been adopted in its room; and it answers the material object of the practice, that of ascertaining the relative force of one ship with another.

An opinion was industriously circulated in Great Britain, that the variation of the number of guns from the rate of the ship was confined to the navy of this country; whereas, in fact, it was in their own service, that a more sweeping kind of classification was resorted to, that brought down the *Guerriere*, *Ville de Milan*, &c. &c. ships of nearly the dimensions, and pierced, for 54 guns, (like our 44's,) to the level of their own 38's. The frigates of the American navy have been confined to three rates, viz.—44's, 36's and 32's. The first are large ships, with thick sides, heavy spars, and great length: they carry on their gun decks 30 twenty-four pounders, on their quarter-decks 16 thirty-two, or forty-two pound carronades, on their forecastles 8 more of the latter description of armament, making in the whole 54 guns. One or two ships of this class, which have been built since the war, carry ten guns on their forecastle, making a total of 56. But the actual number of guns of those far-famed ships the *President*, *United States* and *Constitution*, was 54,—or 27 in broadside:—they sometimes had a superfluous chase-gun, and sometimes made up their broadsides by shifting guns. Thus the *President* has carried 55 and 56; and again, when captured, we believe, mounted only 52, her fighting number in broadside being, however, 27. The 36's were, the *Constellation*, *Congress*, and *Chesapeake*: these vessels corresponded with the English 38's—and the two former were large ships of that grade, the latter was rather smaller, and in less favour—they each fought 25 in broadside. The *Essex* was the 32—and differed but little from English ships of her class, except in having thirty-two pound carronades in the place of most of her long twelves.

The carronade is a gun of modern invention, and intended solely for close action. At the distance of half a mile, it is of but little use, from the inaccuracy of its aim, and at twice that distance nearly harmless. The powder is confined in a chamber, in order to give more force to its explosion, and the quantity reduced, in a thirty-two pounder, from 11 to less than 3 lbs. The carronade is shorter by two thirds than ship guns, and its weight, in the thirty-two pounder, reduced from near three tons to less than one;—it consequently follows that it is sooner heated, less manageable when heated—of very uncertain aim, but of much more efficiency in close fight. It is by the adoption of this invention, that small vessels, which formerly carried sixes, nines, and twelves, now carry eighteen, twenty-four, and thirty-two pound carronades. The consequences are, that actions between small vessels are much sooner terminated than formerly, and from the quantities of grape and canister, thrown by guns of such large calibre, of a more deadly character. It is however a matter of dispute, which is the better gun for the ordinary vicissitudes of sea-service; and it is certain that Captain Porter in the *Essex*, might as well have had nothing as his carronades, during the greater part of the action in which he was captured. All of the small vessels we have alluded to in our service, were, however, armed with this kind of gun, which was of a calibre suited to the size of the ship, from a forty-two to an eighteen pounder.

We believe it is now generally conceded, that *Minerva* did not preside over the councils which dictated our first movements of a belligerent nature against the late enemy.—On the 18th of June, 1812, a squadron, consisting of three frigates and two sloops, was lying in the port of New-York ready for sea, under the orders of Commodore Rogers. That officer immediately went out in quest of the enemy; and doubtless was of much service, in compelling the British to unite their force, and in lessening the danger to our scattered trade. But, a few weeks of activity and previous care, might have increased that squadron to seven frigates and as many sloops of war—a force, at that time, competent to the blockade of both *Halifax* and *Bermuda*. This, although a miniature picture, would have exhibited some of the usual aspects of war, and it may safely be asserted, would have preserved an immense amount of property then afloat and at the mercy of the English cruisers. No such foresight, however, characterized the navy department, and the maritime war became, like the struggle on the land at a later day, a series of splendid and victorious conflicts, but little connected with the objects of the contest, and affording brilliant instances of discipline and courage expended in separate and unavailing combats, producing nothing but renown to the actors, and from them, a reflected lustre on their country.

The first action, of any moment, which occurred, was between the *Constitution* and *Guerriere*—This was a fight, extremely fair in circumstances,—both ships being completely prepared for the combat, the one seeking, and the other not avoiding it:—contrary to all expectation, the result was determined in a much less time than was anticipated by the victors themselves, and with a disparity of loss utterly disproportioned to the difference of force in the two vessels. In size, the ships were nearly equal—in guns, the *Constitution* had the advantage of two in her broadside—and in metal, on her gun deck, it was nominally<sup>a</sup> in her favour as four to three:—this was certainly a material advantage, and when aided by a difference of 170 men, such an one, as would have made it discreditable to the American arms not to have conquered. The merit of Captain Hull was, in overlooking the reputation and moral superiority of his enemy, acquired in a long course of victories, which had made him a stranger to defeat, and had nearly driven every foe, less adventurous than himself, from the ocean. Had the case been reversed, the American captain could not have led down upon his enemy with more confidence, or done his work in a more masterly style, than did Captain Hull, in assailing what was the *crack* ship of the enemy in these seas. To all but nautical men, conversant with causes and effects in marine service, the conclusion of this engagement seemed as the concurrence of untoward circumstances, which for a novelty had united, to accomplish the defeat of those whom fortune had hitherto kept unacquainted with disaster; and it was universally expected that another conflict would speedily restore the laurel to the brows of Britannia. But to the high moral courage of American seamen, was added consummate discipline: and the size of their navy, forbidding that men of insufficient qualifications, should obtain command or confidence, the excitement from the glory of this first combat gave a stimulus to their character which will probably endure for ages.—To Captain Hull belongs the honour of having broken the first lance successfully: and it is not the least thing worthy of notice in this war, that the first combat was characterized by the same skill, the same confidence in the victors, and the same ardour to meet the enemy, as distinguished the last.

The *Wasp* of 16 thirty-two pound caronades and two long twelves, with a complement of about 140 men including officers, was the next public vessel that had an opportunity of meeting an enemy. Her opponent was the *Frolic*, a brig of 16 thirty-two pound caronades, 4 long twelves, and 2 twelve pound caronades on a top-gallant forecastle, with a crew of about 120 men.—Here then was as near an equality as can be expect-

(a) It has been stated, on good authority, that the American shot generally fall short in weight—the momentum consequently must be diminished.

ed to occur in naval warfare. The action was fought running, before the wind; and a disadvantage suffered by the *Frolic*, of having her main-yard below to fish, may be considered as counterbalanced by the circumstance of the *Wasp* losing her main-top-mast by the first broadside of her enemy: neither circumstance was however of much moment, as it was blowing heavily at the time, and neither vessel could carry whole sail during the fight. This battle was marked by the same deadly character as the former, and was perhaps more fatal to the captured than any one on record, for the length of time it lasted. The *Wasp* lost in 45 minutes, 10 killed and wounded—The *Frolic* nearly 100, and this without any extraordinary advantage of a raking position—one single gun only being fired after the *Wasp* had gained the bow of her antagonist.—Much speculation was excited by this action; and the ingenuity of the British nation expended itself in accounting for successes, which had their rise in the effects of a strong stimulus to exertion, acting upon a corps of select officers, and communicating itself, in the shape of discipline and enthusiasm, to the men they commanded.

The capture of another frigate speedily followed that of the *Frolic*: and at this time, with our feelings softened towards our late foe by the charities which have grown out of a peace of five years, we look back with a smile at the theories of her writers and politicians on the causes of our successes and their own disasters. Among others, we find the ingenious expedient of placing Kentucky riflemen in the tops of our ships, for the purpose of picking off the crews of the British vessels—We need not say, no such plan was adopted, for any man in the least acquainted with ships knows the rifle to be a much inferior weapon to the musket, as it takes more time to load, does not admit the use of cartridges, and its aim is entirely destroyed by the motion of the vessel—all firing on board ship being much like shooting flying, a matter of calculation and not of sight. But we cannot avoid the smile, when we think of a dozen Kentuckians in the tops of the little *Wasp*, rolling off before the wind, and can easily fancy them more annoying (by the disturbed state of their stomachs,) to their friends beneath them, than to their enemies along-side. The same difference in guns and metal existed between the *Macedonian* and *United States*, which we have mentioned between the *Constitution* and *Guerriere*—with the exception of the *United States* having forty-two pound carronades instead of thirty-two pounders. The difference in the size of the ships was rather greater, and the *United States* had about 170 more men—The fight was of longer duration, owing to the English ship keeping the wind and outsailing the American.—Still Captain Carden had no intention to avoid the engagement, but had merely a peculiar method of his own in bringing it on. This gentleman was well acquainted with the force of the *United States*,

notwithstanding the pretty air of surprise he assumes, in his letter, when he is carried on board his conqueror: Commodore Decatur was personally known to him, the two ships had lain near each other in Hampton Roads for some weeks, not a twelvemonth before, and the officers were in the habits of daily intercourse—But it was not until experience had proved their efficacy, that the English officers would own the superiority of twenty-fours over eighteens in frigate actions; and they were fond of thinking the advantages of experience and approved skill on their side, would more than counterbalance the strength of a ship or the weight of her metal.—The difference in force between these two vessels was, however, of less moment than would be at first supposed:—it has been mentioned that the Macedonian kept close on a wind, and it was only by picking her to pieces at long shot, that the United States was able to get her for a short time within the reach of her grape;—during most of the time the battle was fought with the long guns,—and the English were able to, and did, supply their loss at the guns from their marines. This engagement was certainly decided by gunnery—for had the same difference in skill existed, and the Macedonian been a 74, she must have struck. The United States had five or six shot in her hull and one or two light spars carried away, and 12 killed and wounded. The Macedonian was entirely crippled in her spars—had more than 100 round shot in her hull, and more than 100 casualties. There is one or two circumstances, connected with the capture of this ship, which give a different idea of the authenticity of British official accounts and British tribunals, from that which a very large portion of our countrymen were fond of entertaining, before the late war assisted to remove the veil from their eyes. Captain Carden asserts the impossibility of bringing the United States to close action, (having the wind himself,) because his enemy steered two points free:—now it is evident to every nautical man that by steering a few points more free himself, as the Macedonian greatly outsails the United States, and the distance between them was only a mile, he could have chosen his own manner of engaging, or compelled Commodore Decatur to a complete run-away. Of the latter alternative, there was but little danger with his antagonist, and of the fact of superior sailing, we were ourselves eyewitnesses, although the prize was under jury masts at the time. The United States had an enormous head and poop, both of which hurt her sailing extremely; and perhaps in some measure contributed their share in inducing the Englishman to pronounce her a 74 in disguise.—The other circumstance to which we allude, was the judgment of the Court which sat, as is customary, to decide on the conduct of the officers and crew of the captured vessel: In speaking of the crew, they pass the highest commendations on their conduct, in resisting the base artifices of

the Americans to entice them from their allegiance to their natural prince and country. God forbid that we should, in any manner, assist to sully the lustre of the boasted loyalty of the common British seaman; but (as we happened to have our own feet wet with salt water on a certain occasion) we have seen a little of English seamen, and English character; we have been used to think from what, in the course of many years, we have witnessed, that if there were a purgatory and a paradise in the high toned religious feelings of this virtuous and estimable class of men—a British man-of-war is the former, and the shores of America the latter.—In the particular instance before us, it is a well known truth, that as we were anxious to keep the prisoners for the purpose of exchange, they were landed at New-London, and the effervescence of their loyalty was so great as to burst down the side of the building they were quartered in—and, for several days, those who got free were to be seen along the highways making their best course to New-York—a port at that time more distinguished for the number of its privateers against the English trade, than for any trade of its own. It is highly probable, however, that those who were caught, and compelled to an exchange, gave the best account of themselves to the court; and it may be equally probable that the high-minded and honourable gentlemen, who composed the tribunal, had an abundance of testimony to support the opinion expressed in their decision—inasmuch as nothing less could have overcome their known national propensity, to believe the worst of their countrymen, and the best of foreign nations.

The capture of the *Java* soon succeeded that of the *Macedonian*; and the reader is referred to the statement of force in the action between the *Guerriere* and *Constitution*, as showing the difference in this engagement, with two exceptions:—Although the *Java* had the same number of guns, and carried the same metal with the *Guerriere*, she was not so large a vessel; but having a sloop of war's crew on board, she was much better manned, and in this respect her numbers rendered her, to say the least, equal to the *Constitution*. And the result goes fully to prove, that something more than English spirit, English loyalty, or English skill, is necessary to give victory to their efforts:—wood and iron, after all, assert their value in the contest; and we should consider this battle as conclusively refuting the favourite nautical opinion of the enemy, that their 38's were equal to any single decked ships that floated,—had not their own Admiralty, on learning the fate of the *Java*, admitted the error of their opinion, by ordering the commanders of their 38's, when meeting our 44's,—in plain English, to run away. We say ordering, out of respect to the English officers; for unless we are correct, as was stated openly at the time, it is pretty certain they did it without orders. The *Constitution* laboured

under heavy disadvantages in this action ;—she was to leeward, and had her wheel shot away very early in the fight. Commodore Bainbridge was compelled to work his ship up under the guns of his enemy, and to steer his vessel by the wheel-ropes—passing his orders below by a chain of men placed for that purpose. It would be unjust to a man who lost his life in serving his country, not to mention, that the defence of Captain Lambert was a brave one, and the ship given up only when it would have been madness to attempt longer to defend her. Notwithstanding this acknowledgment, the impression is irresistible on our minds, that in most of the actions during the war, the English were much more characterized by courage than skill : In this engagement, as in all the others we have spoken of, the disparity of loss was entirely disproportioned to the difference in force.

In the action between the *Hornet* and *Peacock*, which soon followed, this disparity was yet more evident. The vessels were nearly of a size : The former was a ship carrying 18 thirty-two pound carronades, and 2 long nines ; the *Peacock* was a brig carrying 16 twenty-four pound carronades, and 2 long sixes ; she had changed her metal, some time before, for channel service, and, her commander, perhaps entertaining the old opinion, of the little moment of a few pounds more or less of iron in small vessels, had neglected replacing her thirty-twos. Had her metal been fourfold, it would have made no difference—for we assert, on the best of testimony (that of our own eyes) not a single round shot of the *Peacock* touched the hull of the *Hornet*, excepting one that grazed her larboard bow. This was a complete triumph of gunnery and manœuvring ; and was perhaps sooner decided than any fight ever was in naval warfare, where boarding was not resorted to. In number of men the vessels were nearly equal—perhaps a dozen in favour of the *Hornet*. We know (for we heard them) that the prisoners affected to believe the *Hornet* was a much larger vessel, every way, than their own ; and on their arrival in New-York, they found many proselytes to their opinions, by saying, she was so large they mistook her for the *John Adams*, a vessel they had been in company with before the war, and carrying 24 forty-two pound carronades, and 200 men. This kind of logic satisfied many people, —but, after all, it was not the *John Adams*, but the *Hornet* that whipt them ; and the latter is a vessel about one third smaller and lighter every way, than the former. Now we confess our stupidity, perhaps, when we say, that we do not see what the belief of those gentlemen proved, unless it was, that (owing to circumstances we will not presume to intimate) they saw double :—We will not venture to say they were frightened—but this much we will say, that had they been so, their ship could not have been worse manœuvred, nor worse fought than it was ; and we humbly suggest to

them the expediency, under all circumstances, of omitting, in future, that part of their narrative which states their mistaking, within half musket shot, a medium sloop of 18 guns—for a razed frigate.

So far our success had been uniform; and our national vanity rose in proportion. We began to exchange characters with our enemy—to believe in our own invincibility—and imagine that Victory must ever be the accompaniment of Battle:—but a reverse of fortune soon taught us that we were subject to its vicissitudes. That ill-fated ship, the *Chesapeake*, has twice given a lesson to the navy, which renders her a vessel of more importance to our service, however humbling she may have been to our pride, than the *Constitution* with all her boasted victories. Let us endeavour to profit by them. She tarnished the reputation, and blasted the hopes of the gallant and injured Barron—and it was on her deck the high-souled Lawrence shed his blood, a victim to the overweening prepossessions of his countrymen. It is enough for us to say, here, that in every thing but circumstance, the combat was a fair one;—the vessels of very equal force <sup>a</sup>—equally manned, and of equal size;—she was desperately defended, and bravely carried:—but we will leave to another pen the incidents of this unlucky action—linked as we were to the regretted Lawrence by no ordinary feelings. We have witnessed his coolness in danger—were familiar with his lofty and generous spirit—and have experienced his kind and liberal friendship, in too many instances—to speak of his services with that impartiality which the subject requires.

In the engagement between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer*, fortune soon after smiled upon our arms. This was, also, as nearly an equal fight, as can be expected to occur in sea-service:—it was well contested for the size of the vessels, and decided in favour of the one on whose side there was a small difference of force. The *Enterprize* had two guns more than the *Boxer*—the same metal—a few more men—and was rather a heavier vessel—sufficiently so, we think, to have made it discreditable not to have conquered. But we did conquer, and in the handsomest manner;—both commanders lost their lives in the contest—and there is no praise justly paid to the gallant Burrowes, which is not also due to his less fortunate rival. We will here allude to one circumstance, which, in its termination had an effect, the very reverse of brilliant, and which, we think, grew out of mistaken notions of duty and honour: Captain Blythe nailed his colours to the mast; and when necessity compelled his second in command to ask for quarters, he was deprived of the ordinary means of doing so by lowering his flag—but was subjected to the mortifying necessity of hailing, to ask mercy

<sup>a</sup> For we consider the difference of two or three guns in favour of the *Shannon*, as of little consequence in vessels of their force.

of his enemy with his voice—and of stating explicitly, for the satisfaction of his wary adversary, the reason of his keeping his colours aloft. Now, in addition to considering this as humiliating a situation as a ship could be placed in, we are averse to any forced exhibition of resolution, which may, in the end, reduce us to conduct very far from our duty as men and as officers. Had accident not killed Captain Blythe early in the engagement, the probability is, that many more lives would have been sacrificed to his pride of feeling, long after resistance would have been useless. We certainly think it always the safest for an officer to err on the side of resistance, and would advise our countrymen to adhere to their guns, so long as there is a remote chance of using them to advantage; but we dislike that kind of forestalling courage, which ties one up to do a duty, after the manner of the low Irish who forswear getting drunk, for it may compel one to acts his conscience must disapprove; or, as in the case before us, may sometimes make one look—extremely foolish.

But one other instance occurs to our arms, of unsuccessful combat in this war, where ship was opposed to ship, and this was the capture of the *Argus* by the *Pelican*. Both vessels were brigs,—the Englishman an 18 gun sloop, carrying 18 thirty-two pound carronades, and 2 long twelves, with the usual complement of men:—The *Argus* was a much smaller and lighter vessel, having been built for, and until the commencement of the war, carrying, 16 twenty-four pound carronades and 2 long nines,—two more carronades had been crowded on her, by using the bridle ports;—in number of guns therefore the vessels were equal.—But in consequence of the crew of the *Argus* being weakened by the prizes she had manned, it is understood there was a material difference in the number of their men. The *Pelican* was undeniably a much heavier vessel than the *Argus*—and it was not to be expected that a brig of the description of the American vessel, could successfully contend against a heavy sloop of 18 guns, manned and equipped for the express purpose of falling in with her antagonist. At the same time that we assert the difference in favour of the enemy to have been at least as four to three, we acknowledge that the enemy did his duty manfully, and conquered the *Argus* in a very reasonable time; and in so doing, overcame a man who had no superior of his years in the American navy. We regret to add, that his own life was the forfeit of his defeat.

The action between the *Peacock* and *Epervier* was conspicuous for nothing, but the feebleness of the defence of the latter.—The *Peacock* was one of our new vessels built during the war: they were all corvettes of a larger size and more guns than vessels of their grade had been before in our service,—most of them carried 22 guns—thirty-two pound carronades—and from 150 to 170

men. The *Epervier* was much smaller, and had but 18 guns and 120 men, or thereabouts,—the metal was the same. On this action we will only remark, that the *Peacock* could not have done much more—nor the *Epervier* much less.

The two actions of the *new Wasp* followed soon after each other. The defence of the *Reindeer*, a brig of 18 guns—twenty-four pound carronades—was one of the best things of the enemy during the war,—and the conduct of Captain Manners, her commander, conspicuous for judgment and personal intrepidity. It reflects the more credit on Captain Blakely, who maintained his superiority of force, by a corresponding superiority of effect. The battle lasted but 19 minutes, and the English ship was surrendered by a master's mate.

The *Avon*, though a heavier vessel and with heavier metal—being but little, if any, inferior to her antagonist—made a much less creditable resistance, as the *Wasp* received but little injury from her fire. It will be remembered that Captain Blakely was compelled to abandon his prize, by the coming up of the *Castilian* and *Tartarus*; and the English government endeavoured so to use this circumstance as to inculcate the idea that the *Avon* had not yielded, but had, if any thing, forced the *Wasp* to retire. We should have thought this *Little-Belt* kind of victory would not have gone down with the people, after the number of combats which had been fought confessedly to their disadvantage—but it seems that if John Bull is ever to be choked, it will not be with any thing he swallows;—for a short time there was a faint murmur of rejoicing through the land, and the story was so much improved, that they sunk the *Wasp* by a broadside from the *Castilian*, added to the damages she sustained from the *Avon*. A cartel, however, soon dispelled these high raised hopes; and an English merchant Captain, a prisoner on board the *Wasp* at the time, gave public vent to his spleen by certifying, that she received no injury from either of her enemies.

One more prize was sent in by this ship, and all afterwards is mystery. She was left near the Western Islands in high condition, and with her crew in good spirits, anxious for another trial with the enemy; and from that time we have no account of her.—She probably was lost in a gale, or ran under in a squall.

The *Constitution* was destined to add another laurel, to 'the wreath,' in her capture of the *Cyane* and *Levant*. The former of these vessels is a small frigate carrying 22 thirty-two pound carronades below, and 12 eighteens on her quarter-deck and forecastle. The *Levant* is a corvette of 22 thirty-two pound carronades. The reader will always bear in mind that every vessel armed with carronades, is provided with two or more long guns to use as chase-guns in cases of necessity, and which we include in our estimate of

force : these are always of less calibre than the short guns, to preserve the proper weight of metal. Although the Cyane and Levant, united, had 56 guns,—two more than the Constitution could fight—they were by no means an equal match for her. Their ability to annoy was equal to that of the Constitution, but their capability to endure fell far short of hers. One or two well directed broadsides from the Constitution ought to destroy the efficiency of vessels such as the Cyane and Levant : and Captain Stewart appears to have done with his ship, exactly what he ought to have done—He took them both, after a short fight, and with little loss : and the result has excited no other emotion in us, than curiosity to know what his countrymen think now of the veracity of Captain Bingham, who more than insinuated that with one vessel of the force of the Levant, he beat off the counterpart of the Constitution ! If the war had no other effect, it has established the certainty of Commodore Rodgers' statement upon that occasion, and falsified that of his opponent.—We may be excused here, a digression on that obsolete question, for a moment, as it marks the disposition of the English people to credit their own statements, in opposition to all others, and even to probability. A man appeared before the Mayor of Bristol or Liverpool (we forget which) and made oath that he was on board the President in her rencontre with the Little Belt—and that the former ship did actually commence the action, by firing a whole broadside into the latter. The tale was told with much of circumstance, with the names of subordinate officers, and particularly of one of her lieutenants. This affidavit was published in all the English prints as corroborative of the statement of Captain Bingham : and none of their editors discovered that the oath as effectually gave the lie to their own officers, as did the official account of Commodore Rodgers. Captain Bingham, we know, makes the President the aggressor, but in an entirely different manner, from this oath-taking seaman :—we will only add that no such lieutenant, as named by him, was ever in the navy, much less the ship.

The closing action of the war, was between the *Hornet* and *Penguin*. This was a very equal combat, and decided in our favour in as short a time as could be hoped for.—The English commander seemed willing to atone for his want of discipline, by his personal efforts ; and it is said that when her first lieutenant endeavoured to board the Hornet, his men refused to follow. Guns, men, and metal, were all very nearly equal.

We have passed by the actions on the lakes, as the official accounts of these engagements give the most minute statements of the force on either side ; and as they were battles fought, as it were, in the heart of our country, the community were in some degree witnesses to the events, and their attendant circumstances. The result, no one in either country has now to learn. But in their eagerness

to palliate defeat, their writers seize upon every incident with avidity, which can possibly admit of a construction in their favour. Thus it happened that Captain Young, of the army, was on board the vessel of Captain M'Donough, and made a report of the action to his commanding officer. This has been interpreted into so large a reinforcement of soldiers, as to give to the army a portion of the credit of the victory. That is doubtless as it should be, but in a way the English writer is not perhaps aware of:—There were no marines in our squadron,—by looking at the returns, he will see no marines hurt—no officer's name mentioned belonging to them ;—there being none,—to supply their places a company of soldiers was put on board the vessels—Its commander was amenable to his own officer, and very properly reported the battle and its effects on his command, to his proper chief.—It is excessively weak, at this time of day, for the British to pretend their inferiority to the squadron of M'Donough ;—they were the assailants—had thousands of men within a mile of their ships—and whose whole movements were suspended until Captain Downie declared himself ready for the undertaking. To undervalue an enemy, who had so often overcome them, is a greater folly than we can believe them to have been guilty of. We believe, but without knowing it, that in both engagements on the Lakes, the enemy was, to say the least, our equals in force; and there are many things to confirm this belief, besides the assertions of the honourable men who led our arms on those memorable days.

Neither have we touched upon the loss of the *President* and *Essex*, both vessels having been captured by more than one ship. But, leaving the officers of the *Pomone* and *Endymion* to quarrel about the honour of taking the former vessel, and the officers of the *Majestic* and *Tenedos*, while they finger their prize money, to laugh at both, we will write a few lines concerning the affair of the *Essex*. It appears by the official letter of Captain Porter, that both the *Essex* and *Phœbe* mounted more guns, than properly belonged to their respective rates. He describes the *Phœbe* to have had 46 guns in regular broadside, and 30 of them to have been long eighteen. To carry this number, we presume she had guns in her bridle-ports and gang-ways. But the important point to be remembered in this engagement is, that the *Essex* fought chiefly with 6 twelve pounders, opposed, in one ship alone, to 30 eighteens,—her caronades being useless, from the distance at which the enemy chose to keep his ships. The *Essex*, in running off the coast, had lost her main-top-mast in a squall, and consequently was at the mercy of Captain Hillyar, who was in full chase at the time. We do not say, we think it was the duty of the English officer to run his vessel close along side of the *Essex*, knowing her to be a ship of inferior force and armed chiefly with caronades ; on the contrary, we

think he was right—his method was the best one to ensure success, and that is always the primary object to be considered by an officer. But we do say, that whenever an Englishman boasts, in the extremely offensive manner so peculiar to his countrymen, that uncalculating and headlong gallantry are the characteristics of his nation—and that every British officer remembers the standing order of Nelson, that “no captain can go wrong who lays his ship yard-arm and yard-arm with his enemy”—he should be reminded, that Captain Hillyar is an exception. Captain Porter has not gained great reputation as an author; and, perhaps, when we take into view the lax morals deducible from his work, the opinion of his countrymen on his merits with the pen, is a just one;—but certainly he is more expert with the sword. No one has been found hardy enough to say, that his defence was not bravely continued;—but some have called it desperate. ‘Nil Desperandum’ is a good motto for the commander of a ship, under any ordinary circumstances of disadvantage,—and although we view the condition of the Essex as peculiarly unfortunate, there does not seem a period at which there was not some hope of saving the crew, if not the vessel, from capture. The first object of a commander is victory,—when this is denied him, he should turn his thoughts to the best escape. The resistance of the Essex appears to us, to have been persevered in to the last moment, we admit, but not a moment too long. The contents of that officer’s book have disposed one portion of the community, to quarrel with every thing he does; and there is another portion, always ready to quarrel with any thing that endangers the life or honour of an Englishman. Thanks to the European critics, and our own right arms, these sticklers for the fame of Old Albion have become very rare. We beg Captain Porter to be consoled, as, if the accusation be admitted, fighting too much, is a more pardonable offence than fighting too little.

We will close this glance at our naval conflicts, by turning the attention of the community to an occurrence, but little noticed at the time, yet fraught with consequences of vastly more importance than any that resulted from the most brilliant of the preceding actions,—and conspicuous for a gallantry and self-devotion which should place the name of Thomas Ap Catesby Jones on the fairest scroll of our naval records. This officer, then a young lieutenant, (now a master commandant,) was in command of a division of five gun boats off New-Orleans, at the time the enemy made his descent upon Louisiana. The defenceless situation and hair-breadth escape of that State are well known at the present hour,—but it is not known, that the manœuvres of this little flotilla retarded the operations of the British, for two days; and that when compelled to fight, its defence was so obstinate and so fatal to the assailants as to make a strong impression with regard to the kind of foe they

were to contend with. In carrying these little gun boats by boarding, in which they were much aided by accident—the enemy acknowledged a loss of about one hundred, and it is believed that the truth would have more than doubled this number.—We all know, that a day gained, at that eventful period, enabled the military Commander to save the city.

We think it clearly evident, from this succinct, though cursory view of the principal naval actions, that, although the physical, and perhaps moral superiority, upon which some among us are so fond of dwelling—are not to be found so strikingly exemplified by the results, as such *patriotic faith* would determine; yet we met the enemy fairly—conquered him frequently with equal and inferior vessels,—and where the physical strength was in our favour, were always successful—and, generally so, with an effect far exceeding the difference which existed against our opponent. To what was this superiority owing? we will not enter upon any subtle deductions which involve national character, or national enterprise and aptitude for sea-service: we leave such nice distinctions for greater ingenuity than we can pretend to; but will, in a very few words, give our reasons for the superiority we did, most evidently evince. On what then did this difference depend? and will it continue? Our navy was small—its officers few and select—and our ships admirably equipped and well found:—we had been taunted and sneered at by our enemy, as a people deficient in every quality necessary to form fighting men or officers.—Contempt is a dangerous weapon, to him who uses it, and a powerful incentive to him who is hurt by it.

To whom should the contempt belong now? Not to us. Policy—self-preservation—and a better courtesy, forbid it.—But the excitement should never sleep. We *must* have a navy—powerful, in some measure, as our nation. Nature—our interests—our safety seem to require it: And whatever may be the checks its advancement may receive, from the contracted policy of time-serving politicians,—the navy of the United States must and will, at no distant period, become our chief defence against foreign wrongs, as it can never become dangerous to our domestic rights. It rests much with those, who guide its destinies at the present hour, to confirm its character, or to let that stimulus sleep, which has given it its nobly accomplished renown. For ourselves, we are warmly, though not blindly attached to its interests: and beg leave to close our remarks with saying to those young men, who constitute its present pride and future hope, that the connexion, between private virtue and public benefit, is close—That the discipline, subordination, and confidence in each other, which gave them the laurel, can only preserve it to them; and though we are no strenuous advocates for high sounding mottos at the mast head, or

pompous displays on the fore- topsail, we would recommend to them never to lose sight of the words of the departed Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship."

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ART. IV. *Letters, to James Monroe, President of the United States, from WILLIAM KING, late a Colonel in the army of the United States. 1820.*

THESE letters, make no pretensions to literary merit. 'Writing,' says the author, 'is not my trade, and nothing but the most dire necessity, could have induced me to undertake a task, for which, neither education, habits nor pursuits have fitted me.' Still, in other and more interesting points of view, their publication is important: they let us into the secret of the existing state of our military discipline; they present an exposition of the principles, practices and character of our military courts; and lastly, they offer the defence of a soldier, whose past services and standing, entitle him, at least, to a patient and impartial hearing. With this brief introduction, we hasten to the story.

Colonel King having funds in one place and necessities for money in another, proposed, in January, 1819, to sell to the sutlers of his regiment (Nelson and Randolph) a bill upon his agent in Maryland for \$1000. Fearing, however, that these *Banquiers Ambulans* might not be in condition to furnish cash to the full amount of the bill, he applied to one Hogan, to make good, what they might not be able to raise, and in reply, received from him a promise—that *he would let them have "a few hundred dollars."*

Now this money-lender had, it seems, no less than four different characters—either of which would warrant an application of this kind: 1st. he was a cotton-planter on the Alabama; 2d. he was head of the principal commercial-house at Mobile; 3d. he was a holder of bank stock in that city, to a large amount; and 4th. he was paymaster of the regiment, and of course the handler of public money. In which of these characters, he was to give the assistance, requested by Colonel King, is not stated, and need not be inquired, as Nelson's answer—that *he could not take the bill*—put a full stop to the negotiation. A few weeks, however, wrought a change in the circumstances of the sutlers:—they now wanted funds in Baltimore, and King, having his bill yet to sell, the bargain was promptly made and satisfactorily executed.

That real festival, (the pay-day of the regiment,) had now arrived: the sixpenny heroes were all on tip-toe for their wages—and Mr. Hogan was called upon to perform his duty—but, accord-

ing to the Colonel's statement, could render only "a pitiful account of empty boxes." This state of things could not fail to produce explanations,—in the course of which, the secret came out, that *\$1,500 of the public money, had, by a short cut, got into the hands of Messieurs the sutlers, without passing as usual, through those of the soldiers*; and, what was still worse, *that they could not now be got back again*. In this dilemma the paymaster's ingenuity did not forsake him;—he boldly presented himself to the Colonel, and whispered in his ear, that of the \$1,500 that were deficient, \$1,000 had been loaned on the authority of his (the Colonel's) letter, of the 13th of January, 1819, *requesting him, to enable Nelson and Randolph to make good their purchase of the bill as already mentioned*. This very unexpected communication induced the Colonel to pause; he thought it very improbable that Mr. Hogan, with all his readiness to oblige, would have loaned money, to any amount, on a mere suggestion, made so long beforehand and without renewal, on the part of the maker,—he thought it still more improbable, that he would have loaned \$1,000, when but "*a few hundreds*" were solicited and promised; he thought it quite incredible, that doing either, he would have permitted a month to pass by, without saying a syllable about it, or that Nelson, when he paid the money, should not have intimated, that Hogan was the lender. These considerations satisfied King, that the paymaster's story was a falsehood, from beginning to end; but that he might leave no room for any other person to doubt on that head, he sought and found Nelson, and ascertained from him, that—when Hogan gave him the money—he had remarked, "*that now he could buy the Colonel's bill*," to which he (Nelson) had replied—"no, *I will not buy, for I do not want it*." Thus fortified, the Colonel went on to his object, and arrested Hogan, on several charges; one of which was, "*the lending \$1,500 of the public money to Nelson and Randolph*."

Of the official issue of this measure, we know nothing; but of its effects on the temper of the paymaster, we have abundant proofs. Shrewd, vindictive, and persevering, he set himself seriously to work, to retaliate the annoyance, the vexation and disgrace inflicted, or intended to be inflicted, upon him; and as all things, having the colour of guilt, (even those in which he had himself an agency,) suited his purposes equally well, he was not long in mustering and marching to Washington a formidable column of charges against his Colonel and Commander. Nor did his labours or adroitness stop here. He well knew that government, in the abstract, is 'a sly, slow thing, with circumspective eyes'—that its decisions are those rather of policy than of justice, and that from causes, both incidental and inherent, our own government is particularly liable to this infirmity. To meet, therefore, 'these signs

‘of the times,’ the pay-master availed himself (as is said) first, of a little *newspaper pressure*; and again, of “*the threats of two noisy members of Congress*,” whom he had contrived to enlist on his side of the question, and, with these auxiliaries, did actually obtain an order, thirteen months after the alleged offence, to bring to trial an officer virtually charged (among other peccadilloes) with whipping, cropping, drowning and shooting soldiers of his regiment, not only without the colour of law, but in direct violation of its provisions and injunctions!

The next step in the business, was the institution of the court—and here again, there is room for wonder. The law expressly provides, that “no general court martial shall consist of less than *thirteen* members, where that number can be convened, without *manifest injury to the service*:”—And again, that “no officer shall be tried by others, inferior in rank to himself, if it can be avoided.” Yet, in the face of injunctions, so carefully interposed for the protection of the prisoner, and in a time of profound peace, when every grog-shop in the country could have furnished a member, the court was not only constituted of a number, *less* than *thirteen*, but, with the exception of the President,<sup>a</sup> altogether of officers inferior to the prisoner in rank! Nor was this all—for, when the time for convening the court arrived, neither the President detailed, nor the officer<sup>b</sup> authorized to supply his place, (should he be absent,) attended the sitting:—Yet the seven other members, without a shadow of authority, proceeded to organize a court;—to create a president; to arraign the prisoner; to administer oaths; to receive testimony, and, finally, to pass sentence on the accused! And (what can alone be considered more incredible) proceedings, thus illegal and irregular, were received, approved and enforced by the government!

The personal characters, of the major part of the court, according to Col. King's printed statement, were scarcely less extraordinary, than the other circumstances we have mentioned; and though assuredly, in the main, no laughing matter, can hardly fail to excite a smile in the gravest reader. Lieutenant-Colonel *Lindsay*, the President *de facto*—is represented, in point of intellect, as a shrewd, sensible fellow, who would not walk into a well at noon-day; and in point of morals, as one of that highly respectable fraternity known, of old, under the title of *Laudoceni*—upon whose judgments and opinions, good viands and good liquors, had the most lively and lasting effect. ‘What,’ says Colonel King, ‘will you, and every other honest man, think of the President of the Court, when I tell you, that (forgetful of the respect due his own character and the justice he owed the accused,

(a) General Bissell. (b) Colonel M'Rea.

' and insensible to that delicacy of sentiment and regard for decorum  
 ' which prescribe, that the members of a court martial, while the  
 ' trial is in progress, shall have as little intercourse as possible with  
 ' the parties at issue) he left the quarters of Major Denkins, the  
 ' commanding officer—where accommodations had been prepared  
 ' for him—and went to room [or lodge] with my *private accuser*  
 ' and the *public prosecutor*; with whom he continued to live, in  
 ' habits of the closest intimacy, during the whole period of the  
 ' trial.'

Lieutenant-Colonel Arbuckle, the next in order, is described by the Colonel as a different sort of animal—not to be caught by the throat or the teeth;—but cool and calculating, and both able and willing to stifle either resentments or conscience, should they become troublesome or inconvenient. On his way from Fort Hawkins, he acknowledged an old grudge against the prisoner, and declared, that "so strong was this prejudice, that he would object to 'himself as a member of the court.'" 'Yet,' says Colonel King, 'instead of obeying this honourable impulse, he immediately on his arrival at Montpelier, although lame, hobbled over to my quarters to pay his respects to me; notwithstanding I was then in arrest and had no claim on his attention, either from my official situation, or our personal intimacy. Had this visit been one of mere ceremony, I should have thought the less of it; but he remained with me, from sunset until ten or eleven o'clock at night, and in a frank, old-soldier conversation, studiously sought to do away any suspicions I might have of his hostility.—How this gentleman could take his seat at my trial after having admitted his prejudice, can only be understood by viewing him as heir apparent to my commission, (which in fact he was,) and that his object in remaining on the court, was *promotion*.'

Major Fanning is represented by the Colonel as a loquacious egotist, who, unfortunately for himself and others, has been permitted to see Europe, and who is now only solicitous to discharge upon every man or woman he meets, that immense fund of anecdote, which a ramble of six months had enabled him to acquire. To win him, it was but necessary to listen with patience and, if possible, with approbation. The paymaster could do both—the colonel could do neither.

Major McIntosh (the last, though not the least in this roll of worthies, and whose vote actually decided the award of the court) was, according to the Colonel, rarely, if ever, in a condition to know whether he did right or wrong, and, 'on one occasion, was so beastly drunk and so outrageously ungovernable, that they were obliged to tie him hand to foot, and throw him into a bunk to sober.'

After this brief and mortifying description of the majority of the

court,<sup>a</sup> we hasten to examine their proceedings. These divide themselves into sentences, or verdicts, of four different descriptions: those connected with alleged abuses in furloughing and discharging soldiers;—those having relation to abuses of public money;—those founded on denials of public justice, and certain corporeal punishments, to which soldiers of the 4th regiment were sentenced, in violation of law.

Under the *first* of these heads, the court convicts Colonel King of having furloughed Sergeant Gary, and of having employed him, during the period of his furlough, as the manager of a plantation; of having also so furloughed and employed Sergeant Lotta; of having furloughed and discharged Sergeant Whitten, three months before the regular expiration of his enlistment; and, lastly, of having frequently given to the men of the 4th regiment, furloughs for several months immediately preceding the expiration of their respective terms of service; and of giving at the same time, discharges so dated, as to take effect when the aforesaid furloughs should expire.

Under the *second* head, (abuses of public money) the court convicts the prisoner, of having ordered the quarter-master to pay to Sergeant Childers, thirty dollars, for apprehending Neil Cameron, a deserter, whom he did not bring back to the regiment, but fusiled on the spot where he overtook him; of having requested the said quarter-master to pay to Nelson and Randolph at two different times 1500 dollars, on his private account; of having paid 1157 dollars extra, to the owners of the ship General Hand, for transporting his family, baggage and slaves, from Baltimore to Mobile; and, lastly, of having written, on the 14th of January, 1819, a note to Paymaster Hogan, inducing him to lend Nelson and Randolph 1000 dollars of the public money.

Under the *third* head, (denials of public justice) the prisoner is convicted of 'failing and refusing (although thereunto requested) to investigate the cause and manner of the death of Charles Mason, a private of the 4th regiment, who was drowned in the harbour of Pensacola, while undergoing a ducking, inflicted by order of Lieutenant Lear, and executed by Sergeant Stark—without the form or authority of a court martial; ' of failing and refusing also to see justice done to Benjamin Tackwell; a soldier, who had honestly fulfilled all his public engagements, (excepting the service of a few days,) and who, in consideration thereof, had been regularly furloughed and *discharged*; but having, in some way unfortunately offended his High Mightiness, Lieutenant Lear, was by his order, pursued, caught, brought back, stripped, and whipped with

<sup>a</sup> The other members of the court—Majors Many, Bankhead, and Montgomery—are known to be highly reputable men.

fifty lashes, robbed of his discharge, and made to serve out the last moment of his enlistment.' And, lastly, 'of failing, refusing and neglecting to cause an immediate inquiry into the circumstances attending the death of Neil Cameron, a deserter from the 4th regiment, who was, *in the most inhuman and cruel manner, put to death* by Sergeant Childers; although said Cameron made no resistance, and begged to be taken back and tried for his offence, by a general court martial.'

Under the *fourth* and last head, (sentencing to certain corporeal punishments soldiers of the 4th regiment, contrary to law,) the court convicts the prisoner 'of approving the sentence of a regimental court martial, awarding to Corporal Roberts *twenty-five lashes*, and to Private Whiteley *forty-five lashes*, and ordering the same to be carried into effect, excepting so far as it related to Corporal Roberts; of sanctioning the proceedings of a general court martial, in the case of Private Newley, of the 4th regiment, who was found guilty of desertion, and sentenced to have his *head shaved, his left ear cut from his head*, to receive fifty lashes, and then to be drummed out of the service,—and of enforcing said sentence, so far as related to *the fifty lashes*: Of approving the proceedings of a general court martial in the case of Henry Benner, found guilty of desertion, and sentenced to receive *fifty lashes*, and to be drummed out of the service, and of enforcing said sentence, so far as related to *the lashes*: and, lastly, of issuing, on or about the 1st of August, 1818, a verbal order to Lieutenant Sands, acting adjutant of the 4th regiment, then stationed at Pensacola, to select two confidential non-commissioned officers, and a suitable command for each, and to send them in pursuit of soldiers of the 4th regiment, who were reported as deserters; and, if taken within the limits of the province of West Florida, *instantly to put them to death*; and of continuing, and causing to be continued in force, the aforesaid verbal order, issued as aforesaid, both at the Barancas and Pensacola, during the whole period that those posts were occupied by the American troops.'

Colonel King's defence, against these several charges and findings of the court, may be reduced to the following statement:

1st. 'Having, in March, 1819, determined to establish myself in this (the Alabama) country, as a planter, I solicited General Gaines, then here, to discharge Sergeant Gary, for the express purpose of making him my manager. The General declined granting the discharge, but authorized me to give him a furlough 'till the 6th of August following, when his term of service expired. This was accordingly done, and though I immediately afterwards left the country, the sergeant was permitted to remain 'on my plantation, under the very eye of the Major General and the Commandant of the regiment, until he was regularly

discharged by the latter ; and not one word was breathed against the propriety of the measure. This part of the charge being barred by the act of limitation, and deemed too ridiculous to be of any moment, I took for granted, that it would be thrown out of court, and therefore did not think it necessary to put General Gaines to the trouble of attending the court as a witness : the court, however, in defiance of law, overruled my objections, and obliged me to plead to it. As for Mr. Lotta, he was on furlough from Colonel Brooke, and, being in want of an overseer, I employed him fifteen or twenty days, before the expiration of his term of enlistment. How the court could find me guilty of so much of the specification as relates to Mr. Lotta, I am at a loss to conceive ; for there was not even an effort made to support it, nor was there any evidence adduced that had the most remote bearing upon the fact, and I thought the prosecution had abandoned the charge. In both instances, those persons were taken into my employ more from a disposition to assist faithful soldiers, who had for years been my companions in arms, than for any other reason :—to both I gave wages at which the best planters in the country could have been obtained. In giving to Sergeant Whit-ten (as faithful and meritorious a soldier as ever carried arms) a furlough for three months, I did only what law, and every day's custom of the army, fully warranted me in doing, and I owe no accountability for the act. The discharge given him was so dated as to take effect the day his term of service expired, and was, until then, a dead letter ;—had it been withheld, he would have been at the expense and trouble of returning five hundred miles to obtain it.'

2d. 'The next accusation is of a similar character ; it ascribes to me abuses in relation to public money, with a view (excepting in one case) to my own pecuniary benefit. Let us begin with the exception, viz. that I ordered \$30 to be paid to Sergeant Chil-ders, who had apprehended and killed Neil Cameron. The re-gulations of the War Department authorize the payment of that sum, to such person as shall apprehend and deliver up a deserter. Now, that Cameron was a deserter, and that Childers apprehended him, is not denied by any one :—nor can it readily be doubted, that, when in the possession of a detachment of the regiment, he must be considered also as virtually delivered. These are the two conditions that give title to the reward, and these were both performed in this case. The killing was a subsequent act, and done in obedience to orders, received from the officer command-ing the regiment. Whether, therefore, the orders were in them-selves right, or wrong, it was incontestably the duty of the Ser-geant to obey them ; and having done so, would it have been justifiable in me to have made that very obedience a reason for

' withholding the reward? I thought not, and therefore ordered the quarter-master to pay it.'

' Again: In requesting this officer to pay also \$500 on one occasion, and \$1000 on another, I did nothing contravening either law or propriety; as, in the first case, I had reason to believe, that the money would have been advanced from the quarter-master's private funds; and as, in the second, I sought only the benefit of an exchange between current paper bills and hard money—the former being as good for the purposes of the public as the latter. But, besides this consideration, the transaction was abortive—the exchange did not take place, and of course, not a shilling of this hard money was received by me.'

' The court have done me equal injustice in relation to the \$1157 extra, paid to the owners of the ship General Hand. This extra sum was paid by *the express order of the Government*, and not in consideration of the transportation of my family and slaves at all, (as taken for granted by the court,) but on account of *a change of destination given to the ship, for public purposes.*'

' The last ground of conviction, under this general head, is my having written a letter to John B. Hogan, paymaster of the 4th infantry, on or about the 13th of January, 1819—thereby inducing the said Hogan, to accommodate me with \$1,000 of the public money. Yet, in this very note, I do not ask Mr. Hogan to lend me \$1,000, but only "such portion of that sum, as Nelson and Randolph may not be able to make up:" nor do I ask him to lend a single shilling of the public money. But besides these facts, the very day after my note was written, the reason for writing it at all, ceased; Mr. Nelson having declared, that "*he did not want, and therefore would not buy any bill on Baltimore.*" Nor did he buy *mine*, till the 15th of February following; yet, according to Mr. Hogan's own showing, it was on the 15th of January, that the loan of \$1,500 was made by him to Mr. Nelson. The testimony of this man, though my inveterate enemy, would have put down this charge for ever; but I could not compel his attendance, and he would not give it voluntarily.'

' 3d. Under this head (denials of public justice) it is proper that I should remark, that the death of Mason, was the result of accident, and one of those unfortunate occurrences that could not be foreseen, and for which there was no remedy. This was fully established by the evidence; and being satisfied, that no criminality attached to either the lieutenant or sergeant, it would have been highly censurable, to have put the service to the expense and inconvenience of a general court-martial to investigate charges, which I knew I could not support. Under this charge, as in many other instances, the court found me guilty of matters, not only unsupported by evidence, but utterly destitute of all foun-

‘ dation in truth, viz. that I did refuse, although thereunto requested, to cause the investigation; and again, that totally refusing to do my duty, I had had both the lieutenant and sergeant released from arrest. I never did refuse to cause the investigation, because it never was requested; and, by reference to the evidence of Major Denkins it will be found, that I but informed him, that I had no objection to their being released, and that it was *he* who released them. I mention these facts, to show how over anxious the court must have been to convict me, and not because my conduct would have been criminal, admitting the charge in its fullest extent. That the superior is, in every instance, the judge of the propriety of ordering an investigation into the conduct of an inferior, you must admit; else, on what principle did the secretary of war, on a recent occasion, refuse to grant the arrest of a general officer, on the specific charges of a colonel in the army; or how will the President justify his refusal to cause an investigation, into the conduct of another general officer, on the application of the representative of a foreign power?’

‘ 4th. We have now reached the last head of accusation, and that which has no doubt placed me in the disagreeable situation in which I now stand, viz. Certain orders, approving the sentences of regimental courts which had decreed, that lashes should be inflicted on soldiers of the 4th regiment; and certain other orders, issued by me, and directing that deserters should be shot, when apprehended. The findings, in both these cases, are true. I did approve such sentences—I did issue such orders, and with the same frankness that I make the acknowledgment, I now proceed to offer the motives which governed my conduct.’

‘ If, in inflicting corporeal punishment, I violated any law, I did it in common with the whole army: for *there is not, in service, an officer of any rank, who has not been necessarily compelled to resort to corporeal punishment*, since 1812—in order to restrain licentiousness, insubordination and mutiny; and until the Congress of the United States, in their profound wisdom, shall devise some system, for improving the morals of that class of the community, from which the ranks of the army are filled, it is folly, in the extreme, to think of enforcing discipline, without the fear of corporeal punishment. At this moment, if I am correctly informed, the regiments are in a state bordering on mutiny; and unless the law which I am found guilty of having violated, be repealed or more liberally construed, the army, sooner or later, will become a burthen to the government, and a curse to every section of the country, in which it may be quartered. By what rule, that description of punishment, which is expressly authorized in the navy (and to which it in a great measure owes its discipline and success) should be prohibited to the army, I am at a loss to

'conceive; nor can any good reason be assigned, why the infliction of stripes, or lashes, should be exploded from the army or navy, whilst it continues to be practised, under the authority of the civil tribunals in almost every state in the union. I am not even accused of having practised it myself, or tolerated in others, the infliction of corporeal punishment, to an extent, *unusual to the service*; and there was not, I assert without fear of contradiction, an officer on my court, who has not indulged, in the infliction of corporeal punishment, and to an extent, *far beyond what has been laid to my charge*. This fact is established, by *the refusal of the court to permit me to ask the President and other members, what had been the custom at the posts, at which they had served, since 1815, in relation to the infliction of stripes and lashes —lest they should criminate themselves.*'

'Under the other, and more important section of the charge, I am held accountable for the fate of Neil Cameron; although it was fully established by evidence, that *the order to pursue and shoot him was given by Major Denkins*, (when I was at this post, seventy-five miles distant)—and for which, the Major has ever considered himself, and not me, responsible. But waiving the question for the present, and fully admitting, that I did, in several instances, give orders to put deserters to death on the spot, (if overtaken in the province of West Florida) it is but due to myself to make known the circumstances under which I acted.'

'At the close of the Seminole and Florida campaigns, I had been left, with a handful of men, to defend a province just wrested, by force of arms, from a foreign power. I was to all intents and purposes in an enemy's country,—for the territory of Spain had been violated—her flag trampled upon—her strong holds wrested from her at the point of the bayonet, and their garrisons sent as prisoners of war to the Havana. I was besides within striking distance of a powerful dependency of the Spanish crown, and bound, upon every military principle, to hold myself in the same attitude, as if a formal declaration of war had taken place. The Captain General of the Island of Cuba, (with ample means to recover from the force under my command, the Province I was left to defend) lay within three days' sail of me; and had he been a soldier, he would have washed out, in the blood of my garrison, the reflection which his master had cast upon his character for the loss of Fernandino. In this state of things, and when the whole effective force within the province of West Florida, fell short of *two hundred and fifty men*, desertion prevailed to an extent, rarely before witnessed in the American army. Colonel Brooke, commanding at the Barrancas, reported on the 22d July, that—“the desertion from Peters' company alone, is alarming; no less than eight men have gone off in twenty days, and

"we have ten in confinement, who have been apprehended, and whom I wish courtmartialed, as a severe example is necessary to deter others." On the 27th of the same month, the same officer reports,—"I have despatched Lieutenant Minton on command, to ensure the deserters being taken; because I believe *that* to be the best possible means of putting a stop to it; and when the soldiers become certain, that every effort will be made to overtake all deserters, the inducement to leave the service will be destroyed, under the idea of the impossibility of escape. I think it highly problematical, whether a command under a non-commis- sioned officer would return to the post. I am convinced Peters' men will desert every good opportunity." Captain Wilson, then the adjutant of the regiment, stated before the court, that "the men deserted in parties of two, three, and four, with their arms in their hands; and, that at one period, eight desertions took place from Pensacola alone, in the space of three days." The number of men necessarily kept out in pursuit of deserters was so great, as sensibly to impair our strength and affect the ordinary duties of the garrison.'

'Under those circumstances, and at a moment when it had been communicated to Colonel Brooke, the officer next in command, by several respectable inhabitants of Florida, that a plot was actually in existence, formed by the Spanish military and others, for the purpose of rising upon my garrison, and attempting to recover the town of Pensacola and the fort of St. Carlos De Barancas for Spain, so soon as the American force should be sufficiently reduced by desertion to warrant the effort; and when it was confidently believed, that certain persons were encouraging the men to desert, by every means in their power, it became, I conceived, my imperious duty, to put a stop to the practice of desertion, *by the application of such means as were within my reach*. I therefore gave orders, to the parties sent in pursuit, to *shoot down the deserters on the spot, if overtaken within the province of West Florida*, trusting that a few examples would have the desired effect. This order I considered justifiable from the necessity of the case, and I went upon the broad principle, that the soldier who deserts the standard of his country, when on foreign service, having forfeited his life to the law, it little matters in the eyes of Justice, whether that life be rendered up at the foot of the gallows, or on the bayonets of his pursuers.'

'The extraordinary excitement that my order to put deserters to death has created, would almost lead to an opinion, that this was the first instance, in any age or nation, where a military offence had been capitally punished, on the responsibility of the commanding officer. But without going beyond the history of our own country, to show the stretch of power, to which a milita-

‘ry man may, with propriety resort, (when in his opinion the interests committed to his charge shall require it,) cases of the very highest authority may be cited to justify my order. In the year 1779, whilst the American army was operating on the North river, desertion prevailed to such an extent, as to claim the attention of the commander in chief, (General Washington,) who accordingly gave orders precisely similar to those given by me, at Pensacola, viz: *To put all deserters to death, who should be overtaken in the fact* :—and General Reed, a representative in Congress from Maryland, stated on the floor of the house of representatives, in the debate on the Seminole campaign, that he had himself, when a lieutenant commanding an advanced post, caused a deserter, taken in the fact, to be executed on the spot,—whose head he sent to the head quarters of the army, where it was publicly exposed; and thus, an effectual stop put to desertion. In 1781, a mutiny breaking out in the New-Jersey line, the commander in chief ordered General Howe to march to suppress it, and to put to death on the spot all the ringleaders.’

‘I am sensible of the vast and immeasurable distance between these cases and mine, and to such as make this difference a ground of objection, I offer another precedent, extracted from the journal of congress of the 27th of March, 1786, by which it appears, that in the month of January, of that year, Major John P. Willys, of the army of the United States, commanding at Fort M’Intosh, in order to put a stop to the frequent desertions from his garrison, caused three deserters (taken in the fact) to be put to death, without any form of trial, and entirely on his own responsibility. The circumstance having been communicated to congress, that body, on the 27th of March, 1786, ordered Major Willys to be arrested, and a court of inquiry to be instituted, with directions to report to the secretary of war a statement of facts only—in order to be presented to congress. On the 4th day of August following, that body resolved, that *the secretary of war direct Major Willys to be released from arrest.*’

‘Here then, we see the congress of the United States sanctioning the conduct of a major, who, *in a state of profound peace, and in the very bosom of the union, caused three deserters to be executed, on the parade of his garrison, without even the form of a trial*; whilst I, one of the senior colonels of the army, when on foreign service, and charged with the defence of a conquered country, liable to be assailed by the enemy without, and threatened with an insurrection of the inhabitants within—have been suspended from office, for the period of five years, for having merely given an order to shoot deserters, though, under this order, no deserter ever was put to death. Not satisfied with even this, and, in defiance and contempt of the constitution, a committee of the

' house of representatives take up my case anew, and as a supplementary punishment for this very act, report to the House a resolution, calling upon the President to dismiss me from the service of the United States ! ?'

Though certainly not very desirous of dwelling on this subject, still there is one branch of it—we mean the *penal* part of our military code—which may be supposed to render necessary a few additional remarks. In 1812, some amiable and ingenuous men, under a belief, that hard labour, short allowance, black holes, solitary confinement and chains and balls—were less revolting to the feelings of soldiers, and more analogous to the spirit of free governments, than cobbing and lashes,—set themselves to work, to new-model the existing rules and articles of war. Nor did they labour in vain:—all who believed, in the dignity and perfectability of man; in the steadiness and rapidity of his march from vice to virtue; from ignorance to knowledge; from folly to wisdom; joined in the new creed; and left, in the minority, only a few practical men who were not deceived themselves, and who would not deceive others;—but who, after all, were far from being disengaged to see the new doctrine subjected to the test of new experiments. The consequence was, that the flogging system, derived to us from our ancestors (and which had served their purposes well, and had carried us successfully through the war of the revolution) was discarded, to make room for an *enfant trouvé* which, by its folly and feebleness and inapplication, has—as we are now told—made every officer in the army a violator of the law. It is to this degrading and dangerous state of things, we invite the attention of our rulers, and solicit from them a new and careful investigation of the subject.

For ourselves, we have no hesitation in believing, (with Solomon) that the rod has many and great virtues; and that, on children, on servants, on sailors and on soldiers, it ought not to be spared. In all these cases the reason is the same; it is applied, without difficulty or delay, and unless carried to an excess (which may be easily prevented) returns the culprit to his duty *immediately*, and in a condition as able to perform it, as though no punishment had been inflicted.

Of the many substitutes which have been imagined, none even approaches this character of singleness and efficiency; but on the other hand, *all* are slow of execution,—abstract the soldier from his duty,—lead to new and adverse habits, and some of them (as short allowance, hard labour and close confinement) tend, though perhaps not in an equal degree, to impair his physical powers. Such are the objections which exist against the present system.

Those made to the old one, may be brought under two heads—

the *moral degradation*, supposed to be inflicted by lashes ; and the desolating effect that such a mode of punishment, if extended to the *militia*, would produce upon that body. Both appear to us to be emanations from the same cause—a *Utopianism*, unknown, or unacknowledged, by the men who achieved our independence, and utterly unworthy of ourselves. We employ this strong language, because we do most conscientiously believe, that the doctrines we combat, have not the slightest foundation in truth or experience. When, and where, and by whom, was the discovery made, which they proclaim ? Has this mortal degradation—this fatal poison, been seen operating on our own navy, or on that of Great Britain ?—Was it felt in the victory of Leipsic,—in the storm of St. Sebastian,—or at the battle of Waterloo ? Far from it—in these, as in all other combats of the war, of which they make a part,—whether fought by Prussian, Russian, Austrian, or British armies, no trace of this pretended degradation is to be found :—yet is the cord or the cane, the talisman by which all these mighty machines are kept in a state of order, activity and efficiency !

If to this be objected, the example of the French army—it will avail nothing, unless it could also be shown, that the materials of that army (like our own) are gathered from the brothels and dram shops and jails of their cities and villages. But to our present purpose, even this argument is unnecessary ; for, if any inquirer will take the trouble of examining Gromoard, (on the duties of the Staff,) he will find,—that although it is not the fashion to strip French soldiers and whip them at the head of their regiment, yet it every day happens, that they are sent to the *Prevôt*, where an officer of Police—without other guide than his own discretion—punishes a whole class of offences, with the *bâton*.

We do not mean, by these last remarks, to be understood as saying—that there may not be one state of national manners, less favourable to flogging as a military punishment, than another ; or that this mode, even at present, agrees as well with French constitutions, as with Irish, English, and German ;—but what we do mean most distinctly to assert, is—that in no country, with which we are acquainted, has this supposed sublimated state of society been yet attained—and that until *We* have attained it, true wisdom bids us strictly to follow the old and approved recipe for making heroes—“ Clothe well—feed well—pay well and *flog* well.”

**ART. V.—Yamoyden, a Tale of the Wars of King Philip, in Six Cantos.** By the late Rev. JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN, A. M. and his Friend. 12mo. pp. xii. 339. Published by James Eastburn. New-York, 1820.

IT is curious to observe, with what facility the vehicles of public opinion, when they find its current too strongly set in a particular direction for them to attempt to control it, can submissively conform to what they would feign consider themselves entitled to direct. This would be less remarkable, were it not, that the establishment of public journals, conducted in the main for years by the same leaders, and supplied by the same contributors, seems to imply consistency of sentiment, at least, at different periods of the existence of an individual work. But such permanence of opinion, which would give to works of this description a high claim to the confidence of the community, whose sentiments they attempt to lead, is sought in vain, even in the best of them. On every important question, whether of religion or polities, of science or of literature, they are split into opposite parties; and each defends its own side, with a zeal that appears to spring from a hearty conviction of the soundness of the opinions it advocates, and of the strength of the cause to which it is attached. In the same journal too, an invidious memory might adduce conspicuous instances of the oracle having been forced, in the very temple, to declare those ‘invincible,’ against whom it had previously pronounced an evil omen; or towards whom it had resolved to preserve a dammatory silence. But, ‘life runs whirling like a chariot wheel,’<sup>a</sup> and opinions of men and of things are as mutable as events: even in the immaterial world of intellect, there is nothing stable; and the incessant fluctuations and oppositions of sentiment, which every day’s experience exhibits, carry with them to each individual the salutary privilege of giving himself the casting vote, on any subject which falls under his particular examination.

We have been led to these remarks by a sudden, although perhaps anticipated change in the disposition displayed towards the literature of our country, by a work exercising, perhaps, an authority as unquestioned, as any that has ever swayed the understandings of the reading world. It is not long since we were teased with a set of triumphant interrogations, which were intended to convict our countrymen, not only of incapacity in every walk of genius and taste, but of utter helplessness, even in relation to the vulgar arts of life.—The manufacture of comfortable blankets, as well as of sensible books, was tauntingly declared to be beyond

(a) *τροχος αρματος γαρ οια, Βιοτος τρεχει κυλισθεισ.*—*Anac.*

the stretch of American faculties ; and we were advised to content ourselves with foreign warmth and imported wisdom. It was natural that we should rebel under such idle tyranny. It may be said, without unbecoming exultation, that a battery, full as well placed, and as well served, as that which had been so long pouring its unresisted strength upon us, has at last compelled our trans-atlantic brethren to do us hearty, though procrastinated justice. It would be sullen in us, now, not to forget the past ; especially, since, in the opinions lately pronounced of American works, (we allude particularly to the *North-American Review* and the *Sketch Book*,) they have given us practical testimonies of their repentance and reform.

It would, however, be well worth our while to consider, whether the barbarous nakedness of literature, with which they have charged us, and which is in some respects undeniable, be not owing rather to fastidiousness of taste, than to paucity of talent among us ; whether, being without the advantages of the institutions and the associations, by which foreign talent has been developed, we have not affected the difficulty of being pleased, which belongs to palates already satiated with literary luxuries ; whether we have not aped the airs of the connoisseur, rather than imitated the productions of the artist :—if this be so, we have the faults of our own style of criticism to correct, as well as to resist the prejudice and the injustice of foreign literary tribunals.

It is our business to nourish the stem, rather than to prune the tree ; and instead of taking for ourselves the severe and haughty maxim, that “when the criminal is acquitted the judge is condemned,” we ought to say, that numberless offences should escape unwhipt from literary justice, rather than that one instance of native genius should pass from before us, without the praise for which it has toiled. If we could be brought to put the stamp of our own approbation upon our literary coin, without waiting for the image and superscription of the foreign potentates of taste, there would be more of it in the market ; and we should grow richer by the liberality of our policy. If the productions of our country were cherished by ourselves, with an interest more nearly proportioned to the benefits we may derive from them, as well as to their deserts, it would oftener be in our power to silence the taunting question, ‘Who reads an American poem ?’ A question, to which, it will be our own fault if the work before us does not furnish many a triumphant answer.

The circumstances attending the composition of the poem ‘*Yamoyden*,’ are of unusual interest. One of its authors has gone to an early grave. The other has brought the best of offerings to the memory of his friend, by ushering into the world their joint production, and asserting his own and his friend’s claim to be re-

membered among those who have deserved well of the republic of letters. The history of the plan and progress of this poem, is succinctly related in the preface ;<sup>a</sup> and the proem and conclusion are in a style of sentiment, and expression, not unworthy of one, who might have drunk deeply into the spirit, of the exquisite tribute of Milton to his 'loved Lycidas.' The incidents are, as they should be, simple ; although history has given 'a local habitation' to the fictitious hero, the fancy of the authors has supplied him with his 'name.' The scene is Mount Haup ; a spot to which its own romantic beauty, and the death of the warrior king, have given just celebrity. Setting aside the beautiful descriptions of scenery, with which the poem abounds, and the Indian superstitions which form its machinery, and are thoroughly wrought into its texture, the story is briefly told.—After the general defeat of the Pequots with other barbarous tribes, and the destruction of Narraganset Fort, Philip, with his followers, is lurking in the forests of Mount Haup.—He recounts to them their injuries in a powerful harangue, and rouses them to a general expression of revengeful determination, by their characteristic war-whoop ;—one of them, Agamoun, does not join the cry ; and being sternly questioned by Philip, confesses that he considers all further attempts to resist

a The account prefixed to this poem, shows that it was written in separate portions, by the late Rev. Mr. Eastburn and his friend the Editor, during the winter of 1817—18, and the following spring. Mr. Eastburn was pursuing the study of divinity at Bristol, R. I. and mentioned to the Editor the project of a poetical romance, the theme of which should be the adventures of King Philip, the Sachem of Pokanoket : the plan was drawn up in conjunction. The poem was written according to the parts severally assigned ; and transmitted, reciprocally, to Bristol and New-York, in the course of correspondence. Mr. Eastburn was ordained in October, 1818 :—“ Between that time and the period of his going to Accomack county, in Virginia, whence he had received an invitation to take charge of a congregation, he transcribed the two first Cantos of this Poem, with but few material variations, from the first collating copy. The labours of his ministry left him no time, even for his most delightful amusement. He had made no further progress in the correction of the work, when he returned to this city, in July, 1819. His health was then so much impaired, that writing of any kind was too great a labour. He had packed up the manuscripts, and intended to finish his second copy in Santa Cruz, whither it was recommended to him to go, as the last resource, to recruit his exhausted constitution. He died on the fourth day of his passage, Dec. 2d, 1819.

“ He left among his papers a great quantity of poetry, of which his part of ‘ Yamoyden’ forms but a small proportion. His friends may think proper, at some future period, to make selections from his miscellaneous remains, and arrange them for publication.” p. vi.

their civilized invaders, useless ; and advises that they should purchase peace by submitting to their power. Philip instantly executes the summary justice of a Sachem, upon his traitorous officer ; and threatens Ahauton, a leader of the same tribe, who interposes in behalf of his friend, with similar punishment ; Ahauton desists, and since he is unable to save, determines to avenge his brother warrior. The dangers, to which Philip and his tribe are exposed, requiring exclusive devotion on the part of his followers, he orders several of them, among whom is Ahauton, to remove secretly the wife and child of Yamoyden, a Nipnet chief attached to his cause, so that being free from the ties of domestic affection, he may yield himself up entirely to the hatred of their enemies and the service of his leader : this introduces two new characters of considerable interest; Fitzgerald, who, having killed his own brother in Cromwell's wars, and having been afterwards bereaved of a beloved wife, flies in remorse and disgust of life to the wilds of America ; and Nora, his daughter, who adds another to the list of her father's woes by deserting him and following her lover, Yamoyden, to his retreat. She and her child are seized, during Yamoyden's absence, by the party commissioned by Philip ; but she is afterwards rescued by a party of Indians and settlers, among whom is her father ; one of the Indians whose prisoner she had been, escapes with her child ; but Ahauton surrenders himself, and offers to guide the enemies of Philip to his retreat ; in order that he may accomplish his purpose, of avenging his friend Agamoun : He does so ; the followers of Philip are massacred ; and he falls himself by the hand of Ahauton ; the child of Yamoyden is unexpectedly delivered by Fitzgerald from being sacrificed to Hobamoqui, the evil spirit of Indian superstition : Yamoyden is killed by one of the followers of Philip, in attempting to avert a blow aimed at Fitzgerald ; and Nora, who has been an agitated spectator of the whole contest, expires on the body of Yamoyden.

We shall present our readers with a few extracts, from the body of the poem ; enough to enable them to judge of some of its merits ; but, we hope, not enough to prevent them from reading the poem itself, and forming for themselves a fair estimate of the claims of its authors, to the 'ivy wreath.'

The following passage affords a touching picture of the destitution of the barbarous lords of the soil, after the destruction of Narraganset Fort. p. 16—18.

' Stabbed in the heart of all their power,  
The voice of triumph from that hour  
Rose faintly, mid the heathen host,—  
Sunk was their pride, and quelled their boast.  
Broken and scattering wide and far,  
Feebly they yet maintained the war.'

Spring came ; on blood alone intent,  
 Men o'er her flowers regardless went ;  
 Thro' cedar grove and thicket green,  
 The serried steel was glistening sheen ;  
 Earth lay untilled ; the deadly chase  
 Ceased not of that devoted race,  
 Till of the tribes whose rage at first  
 In one o'erwhelming deluge burst,  
 No trace the inquiring eye could find,  
 Save in the ruins left behind.  
 Like wintry torrent they had poured ;  
 O'er mounds and rocks it raved and roared,  
 Dashed in blind fury where it broke  
 In showery spray and wavy smoke ;  
 And now, sad vestige of its wrath,  
 Alone was left its wasted path.

Stark thro' the dismal fens they lie,  
 Or on the felon gibbet high  
 Their mangled members hung proclaim  
 Their constancy—their conquerors' shame.

Ah ! happier they, who in the strife  
 For freedom fell, than o'er the main,  
 Those who in slavery's galling chain  
 Still bore the load of hated life,—  
 Bowed to base tasks their generous pride,  
 And scourged and broken-hearted died !  
 The remnant of the conquered band,  
 Submissive, at the victors' hand,  
 As for a boon of mercy, crave  
 A shred of all their Fathers' land,  
 A transient shelter and a grave.  
 Or far where boundless lakes expand,  
 With weary feet the exiles roam,  
 Until their tawny brethren gave  
 The persecuted race a home.'

The description of the spot in which Philip assembles his council, has much descriptive beauty ; and it concludes with an exceedingly happy poetical conception. pp. 21, 22.

'Toilworn and few and doubtful met  
 The PANIESE in their council sate.  
 High rose the cliffs ; but proud above  
 The regal oaks their branches fling,  
 Arching aloft with verdant cove,  
 Where thick their leaves they interwove,  
 Fit canopy for woodland king.

Vines, with tenacious fibres, high  
 Clomb o'er those rocks luxuriantly ;  
 Oft o'er their rugged masses gray,  
 With rustling breeze the wild flowers play ;  
 While at the base their purple hues,  
 Impearled with morning's glittering dews,  
 Bloomed round the pile of rifted stone,  
 Which, as in semblance of a throne,  
 The hand of Nature there had placed ;  
 And rambling wild, where lower still  
 Bubbled and welled a sparkling rill,  
 These simple flowers its margin graced.  
 Clear as the brightest steel to view,  
 Thro' mossy turf of greenest hue,  
 Its lymph that gushing fountain spread :—  
 And still though ages since have sped,  
 That little spring is seen ;  
 It bears his name whose deeds of dread  
 Disturbed its margin green ;  
 As pure, as full, its waters rise,  
 While those who once its peace profaned,  
 Have past, and to the stranger's eyes  
 Nor trace nor memory hath remained.'

The three succeeding passages have a felicity of colouring, which could be attained by none who had not 'looked round on Nature with the eye which Nature bestows only on a poet.'

The first is a description of a bright summer morning, with which the poem opens. pp. 7—10.

' The morning air was freshly breathing,  
 The morning mists were wildly wreathing ;  
 Day's earliest beams were kindling o'er  
 The wood-crowned hills and murmuring shore.  
 'Twas summer ; and the forests threw  
 Their chequered shapes of varying hue,  
 In mingling, changeful shadows seen,  
 O'er hill and bank, and headland green.  
 Blithe birds were carolling on high  
 Their matin music to the sky,  
 As glanced their brilliant hues along,  
 Filling the groves with life and song ;  
 All innocent and wild and free  
 Their sweet, ethereal minstrelsy.  
 The dew drop sparkled on the spray,  
 Danced on the wave the inconstant ray ;  
 And moody grief, with dark control,  
 There only swayed the human soul !

With equal swell, above the flood,  
The forest-cinctured mountain stood ;  
Its eastward cliffs, a rampart wild—  
Rock above rock sublimely piled.  
What scenes of beauty met his eye,  
The watchful sentinel on high !  
With all its isles and inlets lay  
Beneath, the calm, majestic bay ;  
Like molten gold, all glittering spread,  
Where the clear sun his influence shed :  
In wreathy, crised brilliance borne,  
While laughed the radiance of the morn.  
Round rocks, that from the headlands far  
Their barriers reared, with murmuring war,  
The chafing stream, in eddying play,  
Fretted and dashed its foamy spray ;  
Along the shelving sands its swell  
With hushed and equal cadence fell ;  
And here, beneath the whispering grove,  
Ran rippling in the shadowy cove.  
Thy thickets with their liveliest hue,  
Aquetnet green ! were fair to view ;  
Far curved the winding shore, where rose  
Pocasset's hills in calm repose ;  
Or where descending rivers gave  
Their tribute to the ampler wave.  
Emerging frequent from the tide,  
Scarce noticed mid its waters wide,  
Lay flushed with morning's roseate smile,  
The gay bank of some little isle ;  
Where the lone heron plumed his wing,  
Or spread it as in act to spring,  
Yet paused, as if delight it gave  
To bend above the glorious wave.

Where northward sprēad the unbounded scene,  
Oft, in the valley's bosom green,  
The hamlets' mouldering ruins showed,  
Where war with dæmon brand had strode.  
By prostrate hedge and fence o'erthrown,  
And fields by blackening hillocks known,  
And leafless tree, and scattered stone,  
The midnight murderer's work was shown.  
Oft melting in the distant view  
The cot sent up its incense blue,

As yet unwrapt by hostile fire ;  
 And, mid its trees, some rustic spire,  
 A peaceful signal, told that there  
 Was sought the God of peace in prayer.  
 The WAMPANOAG from the height  
 Of Haup, who strained his anxious sight,  
 To mark if foes their covert trace,  
 Beheld, and curst the Christian race !'

The next is a morning, of different aspect. p. 236.

' Sad rose the morning ; not in bloom  
 Awakening radiant from the gloom ;  
 All nature gladdening as it spread,  
 And light and life, and glory shed ;  
 Not sporting on the gentle gale,  
 That floats o'er stream and dewy vale ;  
 Not bursting mid the kindling heaven,  
 Its hues in gold and purple given ;—  
 For now, in dreary twilight lay  
 The scene beneath its mantle gray ;  
 Mute was the melody of morn,  
 And hushed was nature's harp forlorn.  
 Alone, above the vaporous clouds,  
 That hung, with mournful hue, like shrouds,  
 O'er every distant peak,  
 Rose a faint line, as morning here  
 Thro' the dark hosts her flag would rear,  
 The coming day to speak.  
 Purple it seemed, yet lost and blending,  
 With the dull hues around ascending ;  
 And a soft roseate tint was seen,  
 At intervals, the shades between ;  
 As changeful, as unfixed it spread,  
 As the last bloom, ere life has fled.  
 But as the light of day uprose,  
 Those transient tints of beauty close ;  
 In volumes dense, o'er earth and main,  
 Descend the wreathing mists again ;  
 Pocasset's long and verdant coast  
 In that unwelcome veil was lost,  
 With sweep of hills and forests wide,  
 And sparkling waves between that glide ;  
 Where, glancing o'er the sunny isles,  
 That stud the water's dimpling smiles,  
 The eye might ocean's breast explore,  
 Or scan the western streams that pour  
 Their tides on Narraganset's shore ;

Or upward, to Patuxet's side,  
 Extend the tribute of their pride.  
 But now the scene had narrow bound,  
 And scarce the mountain's base beyond,  
 Was aught distinctly seen ;  
 Strange were the shapes that seemed to rise  
 Imperfectly upon the eyes ;  
 And wildered fancy here might form  
 The awful spirit of the storm,  
 In all his terrors drest ;  
 Stretching his giant arms abroad,  
 And throned where footsteps never trod ;  
 Or high in gloomy car upborne,  
 Rushing to combat with the morn,  
 Upon the tempest's breast.'

The third is an exquisite picture of an evening scene. p. 56  
 —60.

'The sun is sinking from the sky  
 In calm and cloudless majesty ;  
 And cooler hours with gentle sway,  
 Succeed the fiery heat of day.  
 Forest and shore and rippling tide  
 Confess the evening's influence wide,  
 Seen lovelier in that fading light,  
 That heralds the approaching night ;  
 That magic colouring nature throws,  
 To deck her beautiful repose ;—  
 When floating on the breeze of even,  
 Long clouds of purple streak the heaven,  
 With brighter tints of glory blending,  
 And darker hues of night descending.  
 While hastening to its shady rest  
 Each weary songster seeks its nest,  
 Chanting a last, a farewell lay,  
 As gloomier falls the parting day.

Broad Narraganset's bosom blue  
 Has shone with every varying hue ;  
 The mystic alchemy of even  
 Its rich delusions all has given.  
 The silvery sheet unbounded spread,  
 First melting from the waters fled ;  
 Next the wide path of beaten gold  
 Flashing with fiery sparkles rolled ;—  
 As all its gorgeous glories died,  
 An amber tinge blushed o'er the tide ;

Faint and more faint, as more remote,  
 The lessening ripples peaceful float ;  
 And now, one ruby line alone  
 Trembles, is paler, and is gone,—  
 And from the blue wave fades away  
 The last life-tint of dying day ?  
 In darkness veiled, was seen no more  
 Connanicut's extended shore ;  
 Each little isle with bosom green,  
 Descending mists impervious screen ;  
 One gloomy shade o'er all the woods  
 Of forest-fringed Aquetnet broods ;  
 Where solemn oak was seen before  
 Beside the rival sycamore,  
 Or pine and cedar lined the height,  
 All in one livery brown were dight.

But lo ! with orb serene on high,  
 The round moon climbs the eastern sky ;  
 The stars all quench their feebler rays  
 Before her universal blaze.  
 Round moon ! how sweetly dost thou smile,  
 Above that green reposing isle,—  
 —Soft cradled in the illumined bay,  
 Where from its bank the shadows seem  
 Melting in filmy light away.

Far does thy tempered lustre stream,  
 Chequering the tufted groves on high,  
 While glens in gloom beneath them lie.

Oft sheeted with the ghostly beam,  
 Mid the thick forest's mass of shade.

The shingled roof is gleaming white,  
 Where labour, in the cultured glade,  
 Has all the wild a garden made.

And there with silvery tassels bright  
 The serried maize is waving slow,  
 While fitful shadows come and go,  
 Swift o'er its undulating seas,  
 As gently breathes the evening breeze.

Solemn it is, in greenwoods deep,  
 That magic light o'er nature's sleep ;

Where in long ranks the pillars gray  
 Aloft their mingling structures bear,—  
 Mingling, in gloom or tracery fair,  
 Where find the unbroken beams their way,—  
 Or through close trellis flickering stray,

While sheeny leaflets here and there  
Flutter, with momentary glow.  
'Tis wayward life revealed below,  
With chequered gleams of joy and wo !  
And those, pure realms above that shine,  
So chaste, so vivid, so divine,  
Are the sole type that heaven has shown  
Of those more lovely realms, its own !'

Yamoyden's enumeration to Nora of the wrongs of Philip is forcible. p. 72.

" Fear not ; his wasted power forbids  
The secret hope of hostile deeds.  
Yet if Revenge the spirit be  
That holds the Sachem company,  
How shall his foes the outlaw blame,  
Or marvel whence the dæmon came ?  
Can he forget, while heaves his breath,  
An outraged brother's captive death ?  
Can he forget the lurid light  
Of Narraganset's bloody night ?  
The forests broad his fathers swayed,  
O'errun beneath the oppressors' tread ;—  
The bones that bleach in every fen,  
The perished race of warrior men ;—  
The limbs once cast in freedom's mould,  
Fettered in slavery's iron hold ;—  
The wanderer of the lonely place  
Waylaid, and tortured to confess ;—  
His kindred slain, or captive led ;—  
A price upon his homeless head ;—  
O ! his are wrongs that but with death  
From burning memory can depart ;  
All the pure waters of thy faith  
Could wash them ne'er from human heart !"

These lines may be added, from a preceding part of the same dialogue :—

" And I must go," the chieftain cried,  
" To join the children of despair ;—  
The eagle may fly to his mountain side,  
And the panther from toils and death may hide,  
In his wood-circled lair ;  
But they, the lords of earth and sea,  
May to no home of refuge flee !"

The song of Nora conveys a fanciful tradition, in as vivid co-

louring, and as melodious versification, as belong to the best of Moore's there is nothing in the three first stanzas, which we quote, to impede the delightful flow of sentiment or expression.

## 1.

“ They say that afar in the land of the west,  
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,  
Mid fens where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,  
A fair lake unruffled and sparkling is spread ;  
Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,  
In distance seen dimly, the green isle of lovers.

## 2.

“ There verdure fades never ; immortal in bloom,  
Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume ;  
And low bends the branch with rich fruitage deprest,  
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east ;  
There the bright eye of Nature, in mild glory hovers :  
’Tis the land of the sunbeam,—the green isle of lovers !

## 3.

“ Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss  
The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss ;  
Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs  
Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires  
The dance and the revel, mid forests that cover  
On high with their shade the green isle of the lover.”

The following spirited sketch of the motives that drove our fore-fathers from the comforts of civilized life, into the privations and dangers of a desert, is ingeniously wrought into the narration. pp. 99—101.

‘ Amid the Christian corps there stood  
A gray old man ; the book of God  
Was in his hand, with holy verse  
That spoke the ancient heathen’s curse,  
He blest the murders they had done,  
And called on heaven the work to crown.  
As o'er the past their converse turned,  
His eye with inspiration burned,  
While thus his speech began to flow  
O'er earlier scenes of toils and wo.

“ Nor lure of conquest’s meteor beam,  
Nor dazzling mines of fancy’s dream,  
Nor wild adventure’s love to roam,  
Brought from their father’s ancient home,  
Mid labours, deaths, and dangers tost,  
O'er the wide sea, the pilgrim host.  
They braved the battle and the flood,  
To worship here their fathers’ God.

With shreds of papal vesture tied  
 To flaunting robes of princely pride,  
 In formal state, on sumptuous throne,  
 Daughter of her of Babylon,  
 Sat bigotry. Her chilling breath  
 To fires of heavenly warmth was death ;  
 Her iron sceptre England swayed,  
 Religion withering in its shade.  
 The shepherd might not kneel to call  
 On Him, the common sire of all,  
 Unless his lips, with harsh constraint,  
 Were tuned to accents cold and faint :  
 For man's devices had o'erwrought  
 The volume by a Saviour bought ;  
 And clogged devotion's soaring wing  
 That up to heaven should instant spring,  
 With phrases set, that bore no part  
 In the warm service of the heart.  
 But why recount their sorrows past,  
 From the first martyr to the last ?  
 Or pope's or bishop's bigot zeal,  
 Alike their hate of Christian weal ;  
 Or torture's pangs and faggot's flame,  
 Or fines and exile, 'twas the same,  
 Same Antichrist, whom prophets old  
 With sad announcing voice foretold !

“ Such were the wrongs that cried to heaven—  
 What time shall see those wrongs forgiven !  
 O ENGLAND ! from thine earliest age,  
 Land of the warrior and the sage !

\* \* \*

Parent of bards whose harps rehearse  
 Immortal deeds in deathless verse !  
 O ENGLAND ! can thy pride forget  
 Thy soil with martyr's blood is wet ?  
 Bethink thee,—like the plagues which sleep  
 In earth's dark bosom buried deep,  
 As the poor savage deems,—that o'er  
 Thine head, the vials yet in store,  
 Vials of righteous wrath must pour !

“ Strong was the love to heaven which bare  
 From their dear homes and altars far,  
 The old, the young, the wise, the brave,  
 The rich, the noble and the fair,  
 And led them, o'er the mighty wave,  
 Uncertain peril's front to dare.

Strong was their love ; and strong the Power  
 Whose red right arm, in danger's hour,  
 Was bared on high their path to show,  
 Through changeful scenes of weal and wo ;  
 By signs and wonders, as of old,  
 When Israël journeyed through the waste,  
 Was its mysterious guidance told ;  
 Though lightnings flashed, and thunders rolled,  
 The sunbeam glorious smiled at last.'

The passage is too long for us to venture upon extracting the whole of it ; but the succeeding part of it is scarcely inferior in force to the part selected.

The intension of interest, with which Ahauton watches the countenance of Nora, as she is recovering her lost senses, after her child had been torn from her by a party of Philip's, is finely illustrated. p. 82.

' He bore the waking lady up  
 And lingered last of all the group ;  
 Nor e'er at superstition's shrine,  
 Did votary mark the fire divine,  
 When wavering in its golden vase,  
 With feeling more intense,  
 Than o'er her wan and death-like face,—  
 Like morning blushing o'er the snow,—  
 The warrior watched the beaming glow  
 Of lost intelligence.'

The Fourth Canto is chiefly occupied with a vivid picture of Indian superstition. We believe it to be substantially faithful ; and the management of this part of the poem furnishes one of its strongest claims to general admiration. Although it is not to be denied, that the invocation is extended to a length rather incompatible with the continuance of interest, which it is generally possible to sustain in passages of the same sublimity of character, yet the variations of measure, in which great skill is displayed, tend considerably to relieve it. We cannot allow ourselves more than a very short extract from this part ; quite insufficient to display the general strength of the passage. pp. 143—147.

1.

“ SPIRIT ! THOU SPIRIT of subtlest air,  
 Whose power is upon the brain,  
 When wonderous shapes, and dread and fair,  
 As the film from the eyes at thy bidding flies,  
 To sight and sense are plain !

2.

“ Thy whisper creeps where leaves are stirred ;  
 Thou sighest in woodland gale ;

Where waters are gushing thy voice is heard ;  
 And when stars are bright, at still midnight,  
 Thy symphonies prevail !

3.

“ Where the forest ocean, in quick commotion,  
 Is waving to and fro,  
 Thy form is seen, in the masses green,  
 Dimly to come and go.  
 From thy covert peeping, where thou layest sleeping,  
 Beside the brawling brook,  
 Thou art seen to wake, and thy flight to take  
 Fleet from thy lonely nook.

4.

Where the moonbeam has kist the sparkling tide,  
 In thy mantle of mist thou art seen to glide.  
 Far o'er the blue waters melting away,  
 On the distant billow, as on a pillow,  
 Thy form to lay.

5.

“ Where the small clouds of even are wreathing in heaven  
 Their garland of roses  
 O'er the purple and gold, whose hangings enfold  
 The hall that encloses  
 The couch of the sun, whose empire is done,—  
 There thou art smiling,  
 For thy sway is begun,—thy shadowy sway,  
 The senses beguiling,  
 When the light fades away ;  
 And thy vapour of mystery o'er nature ascending,  
 The heaven and the earth,  
 The things that have birth,  
 And the embryos that float in the future, is blending.

II.—1.

“ From the land on whose shores the billows break,  
 The sounding waves of the mighty lake ;  
 From the land where boundless meadows be,  
 Where the buffalo ranges wild and free ;  
 With silvery coat in his little isle,  
 Where the beaver plies his ceaseless toil ;  
 The land where pigmy forms abide,  
 Thou leadest thy train at the even tide ;  
 And the wings of the wind are left behind,  
 So swift through the pathless air they glide.

2.

Then to the chief who has fasted long,  
 When the chains of his slumber are heavy and strong,

SPIRIT ! thou comest ; he lies as dead,  
 His weary lids are with heaviness weighed ;  
 But his soul is abroad on the hurricane's pinion,  
 Where foes are met in the rush of fight.  
 In the shadowy world of thy dominion  
 Conquering and slaying, till morning light !

## 3.

Then shall the hunter who waits for thee,  
 The land of the game rejoicing see ;  
 Through the leafless wood, o'er the frozen flood,  
 And the trackless snows his spirit goes,  
 Along the sheeted plain,  
 Where the hermit bear, in his sullen lair,  
 Keeps his long fast, till the winter hath past,  
 And the boughs have budded again.

SPIRIT OF DREAMS ! all thy visions are true,  
 Who the shadow hath seen, he the substance shall view.

The apostrophe of Yamoyden in the Fifth Canto is eloquent. p.  
 189.

“ Roar on ye winds ! your voice must be  
 Sweet as the bridal chant to me.  
 Widowed in love, with hate I wed,  
 Espoused within her gory bed.  
 The storm of heaven will soon be past,  
 And all be bright and calm at last ;  
 But man in cruelty and wrong  
 The tempest's fury will prolong,  
 And pause not in his fell career  
 Save o'er my brethren's general bier.  
 Then come my foes ! your work is done !  
 I cannot weep, I will not groan.  
 My fathers winced not at the stake,  
 Nor gave revenge, with torture rise,  
 One drop its burning thirst to slake,  
 To the last ebbing drop of life.  
 My heart is cold and desolate ;—  
 I shall not struggle long with fate.  
 Had I a mortal foe, and were  
 His form to rise upon me here,  
 There is no power within my soul,  
 My arm or weapon to control ;—  
 Sunken and cold ! but it will rise,  
 With my lost tribe's last battle cries ;—  
 And death will come, like the last play  
 Of lightning on a stormy day !”

The introductory stanzas—impressively descriptive of the departing voice of the Indian race—lead the imagination to extend the catastrophe of their destruction and expulsion from our original colonies, to their entire extermination, in the course of ages, from the whole Continent.

'Hark to that shriek upon the summer blast !  
 Wildly it swells the fitful gusts between,  
 And as its dying echoes faint have past,  
 Sad moans the night-wind o'er the troubled scene.  
 Sunk is the day, obscured the valleys green ;  
 Nor moon, nor stars are glimmering in the sky,  
 Thick veiled behind their tempest-gathered screen ;  
 Lost in deep shades the hills and waters lie ;  
 Whence rose that boding scream, that agonizing cry ?

Spirit of Eld ! who, on thy moss-clad throne,  
 Record'st the actions of the mighty dead ;  
 By whom the secrets of the past are known,  
 And all oblivion's spell-bound volume read ;—  
 Sleep wo and crime beneath thine awful tread ?  
 Or is't but idle fancy's mockery vain,  
 Who loves the mists of wonder round to spread ?  
 No ! 'tis a sound of sadder, sterner strain,  
 Spirit of by-gone years, that haunts thine ancient reign !

'Tis the death wail of a departed race,—  
 Long vanished hence, unhonoured in their grave ;  
 Their story lost to memory, like the trace  
 That to the greensward erst their sandals gave ;  
 —Wail for the feather-cinctured warriors brave,  
 Who, battling for their fathers' empire well,  
 Perished, when valour could no longer save  
 From soulless bigotry, and avarice fell,  
 That tracked them to the death, with mad, infuriate yell.

Spirit of Eld ! inspire one generous verse,  
 The unpractised minstrel's tributary song ;  
 Mid these thine ancient groves he would rehearse  
 The closing story of their Sachem's wrong.  
 On that rude column, shrined thy wrecks among,  
 Tradition ! names there are, which time hath worn,  
 Nor yet effaced ; proud names, to which belong  
 A dismal tale of soul oppressions borne,  
 Which man can ne'er recall, but which the muse may mourn.'

We cannot swell this article with any further extracts from this interesting poem. We have reason to be proud of it ; and although we are not unfrequently reminded of Campbell and Byron, of

Southey and Scott, in the undefinable shadowing of the imagery, or in the fall of the verse, yet this is no detraction from its merit :—it would be well for such as are disposed to make this an objection to the work, to remember that some of the highest praise which any author of our country has received, is, that he has successfully copied the style of Addison, Goldsmith and Mackenzie. But its style is the least of its merits. It is a complete and consistent poem. It aims at dressing some of the facts of our early history, in the bright robes of poetical fiction. “A mixture of a lie (says Lord Bacon—meaning a lie of poetical invention) doth ever add pleasure.” And those who have attempted, with any degree of success, to give a romantic interest to the matter of fact occurrences of our national history, deserve well of all who love to pause upon the striking features of the annals of their country ; or who have at heart the advancement of its character in the intellectual world.

**ART. VI. *The Brief Remarker on the Ways of Man ; or Compendious Dissertations respecting social and domestic relations and concerns and the various Economy of Life. Designed for the use of American Academies and Common Schools.*** By EZRA SAMPSON. 12mo. pp. 264. A. Stoddard, Hudson. 1820.

To those who are familiar with the character of Mr. Sampson, as a citizen, a scholar, and a divine, our commendation of this work is unnecessary. For opinions and principles, political, moral, and religious, he is an excellent guide to the youth of our country. The work in question is fraught throughout with good sense and judicious practical allusions to American manners, circumstances and interests, and will be found not only instructive for the young, but amusing to those more advanced in life. As a series of moral essays, in a style of unassuming simplicity, it ranks with the best which have appeared on either side of the water during the present age. As a literary composition, though not faultless, it is highly respectable. For a work on such subjects, it has the merit of much originality, and in its new dress as prepared for a class book in academies and schools, is well adapted to its purpose. We have great pleasure in recommending this little volume—and are gratified to see it publicly approved by the Superintendant of common schools and the Regents of the university of New-York ; because this course, while it does justice to the work, manifests an increased attention to the interesting, but too much neglected, subject of elementary instruction.

## ARTICLE VII.

## AMERICAN ACADEMY OF LANGUAGE AND BELLES LETTRES.

The origin and objects of this National Institution will be best explained and most fairly understood, by the circular letter of the learned gentleman who has since been elected to the station of Corresponding Secretary. The prelude to this letter requests the attention of the person to whom it is addressed, "to an association of scholars for the purpose of improving American Literature."

New-York, October 1, 1820.

"THIS association, though yet at its commencement and unknown to the public, has been the subject of an interesting correspondence for some months past; and it is believed will not be deemed unimportant as connected with the best interests of our country.

"To settle at once a point on which some difference might exist, it is not designed, independent of England, to form an American language, farther than as it relates to the numerous and increasing names and terms peculiarly American; but to cultivate a friendly correspondence with any similar association or distinguished individuals in Great Britain, who may be disposed to join us in an exertion to improve our common language.

"The objects of such an institution which directly present themselves, are, to collect and interchange literary intelligence; to guard against local or foreign corruptions, or to correct such as already exist; to settle varying orthography; determine the use of doubtful words and phrases; and, generally, to form and maintain, as far as practicable, an English standard of writing and pronunciation, correct, fixed, and uniform, throughout our extensive territory. Connected with this, and according to future ability, may be such rewards for meritorious productions, and such incentives to improvement, in the language and literature of our country, and in the general system of instruction, as from existing circumstances may become proper.

"These objects will not be thought trifling, by those who have spent much time in the cultivation of literature, or attended to its influence on society. Such persons need not be told how directly they are connected with our progress in general knowledge, or our public reputation; or that their influence may extend from social to national intercourse, and to our commercial prosperity. Perspicuity in language is the basis of all science. The philosophy that professes to teach the knowledge of *things*, independent of

*words*, needs only be mentioned among enlightened men to be rejected.

"Most of the European nations have considered the improvement of language as an important national object, and have established academies, with extensive funds and privileges, for that purpose. An interference of the government has, perhaps, been omitted in England, from a singular and rather accidental reliance on the acknowledged superiority of a few leading individuals; and so long as all the literature in the English language had its origin and centre in London, there was less danger in thus leaving it to the guidance of chance. Science may be comparatively recluse; but literature is social; and American scholars, spread over 2,000,000 square miles, are not to be drawn to a virtual and national association without the form.

"It is very properly said of France that its literature has frequently saved the country when its arms have failed. The advantages resulting to that nation, from the exertions of a few academicians, have been incalculable, and may serve to show, in some degree, what such a confederacy of scholars is capable of performing. The effect of their influence was not barely to elevate France in the literary world, and to improve its learning within itself; but to extend their language throughout Europe; to introduce, at the expense of other nations, their books, their opinions, and, in aid of other causes, their political preponderance. The Philological Academies of Italy and Spain, though unaided by the same powerful co-operation, have effected very great improvements in the language and literature of their respective countries. The great work now performing by the German scholars, in addition to what they have before done, is a noble example to other nations, and calculated to elevate the condition of our nature. With how much greater force does every consideration connected with this subject, apply, in a free community, where all depends upon the virtue and intelligence of the great body of the people.

"Without dwelling a moment on invidious comparisons between England and the United States, the time appears to have arrived, in reference to ourselves, when, having acquired a high standing among nations, having succeeded in a fair trial of the practicability and excellence of our civil institutions, our scholars are invited to call their convention and to form the constitution of national literature.

"We have some peculiar advantages in an attempt to establish national uniformity in language. Happily for us, our forefathers came chiefly from that part of England where their language was most correctly spoken, and were possessed of a good degree of intelligence, according to the learning of that time. Though in a country as diversified as ours, there are, from various causes, many

particular corruptions, we hardly find any thing that can properly be called a provincial dialect. We have at present no very inveterate habits to correct, where gross barbarisms, through large districts, are to be encountered. The attempt therefore, seasonably and judiciously made, presents a prospect not only of success, but of comparative facility. Our scattered population seem only to want from a competent tribunal, a declaration of what is proper, to guide them in their practice. The present appearances are more favourable than the most sanguine among the projectors of the plan dared to predict. There is the best reason to expect the general concurrence of our distinguished literary men in favour of a measure which promises so many advantages, so nationally important in its principles and effects, and to which so little can be objected. It is deemed unnecessary at present to dwell minutely on the details of the plan, which probably will not be difficult to settle, if the leading principles are generally approved. It is equally useless to enter upon a train of arguments to prove the advantages of such an association under the present circumstances of our country. The commanding influence of literature upon national wealth and power, as well as morals, character, and happiness, especially in free communities, will not be doubted by those whose minds have been most directed to this interesting branch of civil policy. Perhaps there never has been, and never may be, a nation more open to the influence of moral causes, than the American Republic at the present time. In every country truly free, public opinion is in effect the governing law; and public opinion, and all the complicated interests of society, greatly depend on the state of national literature. That independence which is our boast must consist in the proper independence of the mind. Without contemning the experience of past ages, we ought not too slavishly to follow the path of others. It is enough to respect the Europeans as honourable competitors, without regarding them as absolute masters. American ambition should aspire to noble objects, if we mean to rise to excellence: for, besides that the imitator is almost necessarily inferior to his model, the old world can furnish no model suited to the circumstances and character of our country. We are a world by ourselves. Our privileges, resources, and prospects, are of the highest order. Happily exempt from hereditary despotism or bigoted hierarchies, from jealous and powerful bordering nations; the professed advocates of rational freedom, the world may justly claim from us an example worthy of such a situation and such a cause. Our numbers and wealth are greater than those of England were, when the last of her splendid colleges was erected: we may have the learning of Europeans in common stock, with an exemption from their burdens, and the highest eminence

which others have attained, ought to be the American starting point in the career of national greatness.

“ And is there any thing impossible, or even particularly difficult, in reducing these ideas to practice? Without expecting to render human nature perfect, or to fix an unalterable standard for living language and literature, may there not be some regulation which will place the decisions of the wise in preference to the blunders of the ignorant? When can a more favourable time be expected, to correct the irregularities yearly multiplying upon us, and becoming more and more embodied with the literature of our country? Why should chance be expected to accomplish, what, from its nature, can result only from well-regulated system? It would indeed be imprudent to attempt too much. Sound discretion will point out a middle course between a wild spirit of innovation and a tame acquiescence in obvious error. Language is too important an instrument in human affairs to have its improvement regarded as useless or trifling. Of all the objects of national identity, affection, and pride, national literature is the most laudable, the most operative, and the most enduring. It is to the scholars of antiquity we owe all we know of their statesmen and heroes, and even their distinctive national existence. In the long train of ages their tables of brass have mouldered away, and their high-wrought columns crumbled to dust. Cities have sunk, and their last vestige been lost. The unconscious Turk half-tills the soil manured with decayed sculpture: but the monuments of genius and learning, more durable than marble and brass, remain the subject of undecreasing admiration and delight. The fame to which great minds aspire, is, to soar above the local contentions of the day, and live to after ages in the esteem of their fellow men. The thought of this animates the patriot’s hope and nerves his arm, in danger, toil, and want. Shall it not be the ambition of Americans to proclaim the honour of their benefactors, and transmit the glory of their country to the latest age of the world? We are not here to awe the ignorant by the splendour of royal trappings, but to command the respect of the wise and good by moral greatness. These objects are neither above the capacity, nor beneath the attention, of our countrymen. They are interwoven with our individual happiness, our national character, and our highest interests. When we survey this vast assemblage of States, independent, yet united; competitors in useful improvement, yet members of one great body; the world has never prepared such a theatre for the exhibition of mental and moral excellence: and if the men of all ages, whom we most delight to honour, have made it their chief glory to advance the literature of their respective countries, shall it be degradingly supposed, that, in this favoured land, either talents or zeal will be wanting in such a cause? If it is said, that Americans

have not paid that attention to education which the subject demanded ; it is true ; and neither justice nor sound policy requires us to disguise the fact : but has any fatality ordained that the people most interested in diffusing the light of instruction, *must* be degraded in the republic of letters ? Much irritation has been produced by the observations of foreign writers upon the learning and intellect of our countrymen. We ought not to waste time in idle complaint on this subject. Is not there in America enough of genius, of scholarship, and of patriotic spirit, if properly organized and conducted, to raise our literary character above the influence of any combination abroad ? Shall our numberless blessings remain an unprized possession ? Will foreign pens maintain and elevate American character ? Is it not time to make a *national* stand in the *moral* world, as the expositors of our own principles, the vindicators of our institutions, and, under a beneficent Providence, the arbiters of the destiny of unborn millions ? Even if, contrary to all human expectation, such an association should fail in its objects, would it not justly be said, ‘ *magnis tamen excidit ausis?* ’

“ It is not intended to bring the society before the public by a premature and unnecessary parade, but to make it known chiefly by its practical good.

“ The following is a general outline of the institution alluded to, subject of course to such variations as may be thought to increase the prospect of its utility.

“ **To be called ‘THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF LANGUAGE AND BELLES LETTRES.’**

“ Its prime object is to harmonize and determine the English language ; but it will also, according to its discretion and means, embrace every branch of useful and elegant literature, and especially whatever relates to our own country.

“ To be located in the city of New-York, where accommodations will be furnished free from expense.

“ To commence with fifty members ; maximum number, one hundred and twenty. More than that would lessen the credit of membership, and diminish rather than increase its authority.

“ Members to be divided into three classes. Resident, who reside in or near New-York ; Corresponding, those whose distance prevents their regular attendance ; and Honorary, those at home or abroad, whom the body may think proper expressly to admit as such : but, perhaps, it will be thought best to make very few honorary members in the United States. The only reason for making a difference between resident and corresponding members, is to give to the latter all practicable privileges and facilities in communicating their opinions, propositions and votes in writing, as a compensation for the difficulties of personal attendance. In ques-

tions requiring a ballot, the written opinions and wishes of distant members are taken as votes on all points to which they directly relate. As most of the questions likely to arise will relate to written language, and as few of them will require haste in the decision, there will be a particular fitness in arriving at a general result through the means of the various opinions in writing.

"It will be a standing request, though not absolutely required, that each member shall, within one year after his admission, deliver personally, or by writing, a discourse upon some subject relating to language or general literature, or to the situation and interests of the United States.

"The Society, when organized, will send a respectful communication to such literary gentlemen in the British dominions as may be thought proper, explaining to them the design of the establishment, and inviting their co-operation. Public policy, as well as general convenience will point out to them the importance of improving our language, facilitating its acquisition to foreigners as well as native citizens, and preserving its uniformity throughout the extensive regions where it now does, or hereafter may prevail.

"The *Modus Operandi* should be the result of the joint wisdom of the body, when formed; but almost every disputed point in language, and in ours they are very numerous, may be made a *CASE*, subjected to rule as far as possible, and brought to a decision, endeavouring to have this decision concurrent between the British and ourselves.

"But besides the acknowledged corruptions which prevail in the language of this country, our peculiar institutions and circumstances; our discoveries and improvements, have given rise to a large class of new words—*Americanisms*, if the critics please—necessary to express new things. To adopt and regulate these is not to alter the English language; but only to supply its deficiencies. This is particularly a work of our own. It is also important that attention should be paid to the numerous names of places, French, Spanish and Aboriginal, which are daily becoming incorporated with our literature, and concerning which so much diversity at present exists.

"The unprofitable disputes among teachers and the authors of elementary books, who are often very unskilful advocates of their opposing systems, and whose arguments tend only to increase a difference which ought not to exist, would be in a great degree obviated. *The Professors of RHETORIC and LOGICK, in our best universities, should at least agree in spelling the names of the important sciences they teach.* Our numerous youth would then be left free to pursue the straight course to the knowledge of a language which might be, not only strong and copious, but, to a far greater extent, regular and fixed. In addition to other advantages,

there cannot be a rational doubt that such an institution may have a beneficial influence in exciting emulation and national concert, in our literature in general, and that many might be drawn to this interesting subject, who are now less profitably and less honourably employed in other pursuits.

"The object here contemplated is certainly of sufficient national importance to merit an adequate fund from the public. Should this fail, it would be improper to lay a burdensome expense on the members. Expenditures to any considerable amount are not considered indispensably necessary ; for though individuals may not be able to accomplish all that may be desired, much may be done at a moderate actual expense. Twenty-five dollars at the admission of a member, and two dollars a year afterwards, though trifling to some, is considered enough to impose by any imperative rule.

"The only objections which have been made to the proposed plan, are on the ground of its practicability. The difficulties alleged are, the superiority of the British in literature ; the contempt with which they will look on our institutions and offers of correspondence ; the prejudices of our own people in their favour, and the consequent necessity of waiting for them to lead the way. These difficulties, if correct to the extent that some of our citizens seem inclined to admit, show at least the necessity of TRYING to produce a favourable change. If in literature and science we are greatly inferior to any other people, it is not because we are deficient in natural, political, or moral advantages, or have not as strong reasons as any nation ever had to encourage letters ; but because we have hitherto neglected any general or systematic means for their advancement. The arguments are fallacious which attempt to find in the circumstances or dispositions of our people any disqualification for the highest mental attainments. American genius and enterprise properly directed, may as well be displayed in the highest walks of literature and science as in any thing else. One difficulty is, our scholars, as such, have very little intercourse, and have too long been strangers to each other. *Homo solus imbecilis.* Concert will excite a generous emulation. This, upon the plan proposed, will operate upon a vast and highly reputable field ; it will be identified with the national character and the dearest interests of a great and rising people, and cannot fail to produce excellence and command patronage and respect. The bare circumstance of exciting attention to the subject is an important point gained. '*Aude et faciat.*' A colonial servility in literature is as unworthy of our country as political dependence. The necessary limits of this letter forbid a course of reasoning upon the subject : it may be thought proper to give a fuller exposition in a pamphlet

form. The general principles explained above are deemed sufficient as the basis of preparatory arrangement.

“ Among the respectable persons consulted respecting the proposed institution, the sentiment, as far as ascertained, is very general and zealous in its favour. It is designed to carry it into effect with as little delay as sound discretion, in reference to character and advantageous arrangements for a favourable commencement, will admit.

“ The constitution formed for the Society is purposely a very short one, intended chiefly as the basis for a commencement. A body of scholars, associated for the laudable object of promoting the literature of their country, many of them very familiar with public proceedings, will need fewer legal rules than a bank or a state. Whatever may be the deficiencies of this constitution, experience will be more competent to supply them than any wisdom of anticipation.

“ From the peculiar circumstances of our country, the institution will have no guide in any thing which has gone before; but liberal criticism will make some allowance for the difficulties necessarily attendant on first attempts. The same regular progress will not be expected in an untrodden field as on a well travelled road; but in pursuing a noble object with good intention, there is the consolation that those best qualified to judge are least inclined to condemn. If our beginning is a small one, so was that of the Royal Society of London; and we can have no reason to dread more obloquy from the illiberal, than they received.

“ Very generous subscriptions, by a number of gentlemen who are not expected to be members, are volunteered, *pro patria*, and there is an encouraging prospect for funds. If among the variety of character in our country, there is a portion too ignorant, or too grovelling, to depart from their own narrow views of immediate gain, it is hoped that, among ten millions of people, there are enough possessed of talent to estimate, and spirit to maintain, an institution, whose aim is to promote the best interests and lasting honour of the United States. In such a cause it is deemed unnecessary for the institution to solicit pecuniary aid, farther than by a fair exposition of its principles and objects. The subscriptions are to be a free-will offering upon the altar of our country; yet it will be no less creditable to the society, than just in itself, to hold in grateful remembrance, and transmit to future generations, the names of those generous citizens who, by their donations, become at once, the patrons of learning and the vindicators of the American name. It may be one of the good effects of this society to bring patriotic generosity more into fashion, by causing it to be more honoured.

“ In behalf of the Association,—Sir, I have the honour to be, &c.  
“ WILLIAM S. CARDELL.”

The following are extracts of letters, to gentlemen of the association, from a few of the distinguished individuals in various parts of our country, to whom the circular had been addressed—illustrating at once the important objects of the academy, and the spirit with which it will be supported. The names of the writers (if we were permitted to publish them) would give the highest authority to the opinions expressed.

“The period has arrived when an institution of this kind seems necessary; and your general plan is, perhaps, the best that can be devised at the commencement of the undertaking. To attempt the formation of a national language, different from the English in its dialect, would indeed be absurd and impracticable. To fix the standard of a living language, and think to arrest the progress of innovations, which many will adopt as improvements, though condemned by others as corruptions, is a task of equal difficulty. Yet much advantage may be derived from the united efforts of distinguished scholars. Their influence will assist us to banish all cant phrases, to correct vulgar solecisms and improprieties, check the affected pomp of pedantry, and prevent the introduction and increase of foreign phraseology inconsistent with the idioms of the English language. A great number of new names and appellations, as well as terms peculiar to America, expressive of our various customs, inventions, modes of transacting business, both of a public and private nature, arising from our new situation, must necessarily be adopted, for which England can furnish no example or standard. To adopt them is not to change the language, but only to supply the deficiencies of its vocabulary.

“But the value and importance of such a society to the public, will depend wholly on the energy and ability with which its labours shall be commenced and prosecuted, and the united efforts of its members.”

“The plan and the objects of this new society meet my unequivocal approbation. Nothing can be more useful to us than to bring together the literary taste and talents of our country, and to excite by generous competition a noble emulation to establish our literature upon a solid foundation. Hitherto we have been somewhat indifferent to objects of this nature, and have rested our national character principally upon our political and civil institutions. Learning, as it usually forms the last, so it constitutes the highest grace of a refined society.”

“The evils of a doubtful and fluctuating orthography, pronunciation, and use of particular words are not few, nor without re-

proach to that portion of the community, who claim any considerable knowledge of their native language.

“It is of much importance, that all questions on these subjects should be settled with accuracy; but it is of still more importance that they should be *settled*—although not, in all cases, in strict conformity to philosophical principles.”

“I am inclined to think, that such associations often fail of their object, by making it too general and extensive—Unless specific subjects are selected for investigation, and those subjects few in number, not much is usually achieved, which proves permanently useful.—There may be speeches, orations and correspondence, but they will evaporate in the day which gave them birth, like water spread over a large surface—and neither new discoveries will be made, nor doubtful rules settled, nor errors exploded.—The active duties will of course devolve on the ‘resident members’—and after consulting on what are the greatest deficiencies in our ‘Language and Belles Lettres’—those deficiencies will I hope be selected for discussion and correction, and the attention of the members concentrated on them alone, till there is hopeful evidence of a reform.”

“The objects, which it proposes, are of the greatest importance to all communities speaking the English language. The inconveniences of our present literary condition are extensively felt by every individual, who has any solicitude to be an accurate and elegant scholar,—in regard to orthography; orthoepy; punctuation; obsolete and neoteric words; those also, which are entirely provincial; those, which retain their old meanings, but have acquired new ones, and are thus partly provincial; the manner, in which English poetry is scanned; and some of the received principles of prosody at large. There are some anomalies, which may be corrected. Improvements are yet to be made in our mode of studying the language. The want of a National Philological Academy is particularly obvious in the western interior. Education is not yet reduced to a system here; and, while we greatly need some standard, to which we shall be willing to appeal, we have not to contend with some prejudices, that have gained an influence with you, in consequence of existing establishments. An institution of the kind, which you have projected, will, if conducted upon liberal principles, and supported with animation and energy, acquire a useful literary power, and be extremely salutary in its operations.”

“I entertain no doubt, that the proposed association may, by proper exertions, be rendered highly useful and honourable to our country, and I perceive no sufficient reasons, why it should be

commenced with any indications of conscious inferiority. It is scarcely two hundred years, since the English language was first adopted as the language of science and philosophy in England itself. During the last century, some of the best specimens of British literature, are to be found in the writings of men, who were neither Englishmen, nor educated in English universities. Our ancestors who settled this country, were of that class of energetic men, who first broke the chains of tyranny, and established civil and religious liberty in Great Britain. They possessed a full share of the learning of their age ;—and the history of their descendants proves, that they were never deficient in any branch of knowledge, adapted to their circumstances. Their literary treasures have never been collected and arranged. They are, in a great measure, unknown to the present generation and are wholly inaccessible to foreigners. If the elegancies of language and the refinements of prosody have not been extensively cultivated ; if the compilation of books has not been pursued merely as a lucrative profession ; still we have not been deficient in men of powerful talents, brilliant wit, and extensive erudition, whose elevated researches have conferred dignity and happiness on their own country, and eminently contributed to awaken the intellectual energies of mankind, after a long repose under systems of barbarism, ignorance and servility.

The English language, amplified and embellished by the wonderful improvements in science and in the arts, which have signalized the last age, (to which the United States have furnished their full proportion) is now the language of the dominant race of men throughout North America. It is firmly established in a great part of Asia ; is widely extending in Africa ; and is daily becoming more and more the language of commerce, throughout the world. Nothing now tends to destroy its purity, symmetry and elegance, so much as its rapid extension.

I sincerely hope that men of liberality and learning in every country where the English language is spoken, will perceive the utility, and unite in promoting the views, of the Society ;—or if concert of action should be found impracticable, that an active and efficacious support may be realized throughout the United States."

" The object of the new society has my most hearty approbation. I wished to have seen the business fairly before the public many years ago. Our language is enriching in vocabulary beyond any thing I have known, but its idiomatic proprieties are in a state of progressive deterioration. I rejoice that New-York has taken up this seemingly low concern. You say that objections are made ; but what good thing has ever been seen without appended objec-

tions. What may be the result, nobody knows—but it is a fair, legitimate object of trial. I, for one, go into your plan most cheerily. If I have, or ever should have it in my power to promote such an object, count upon me."

" As to the fear suggested of " British Critics," I confess their insolence and injustice to American literature rather stimulates me to resistance and independence ; which, if maintained with due caution and modesty, will, very soon, liberate us from their odious tyranny. I would show no rash contempt for legitimate authority in English literature ; but this is to be found rather in the authors of the last century and beyond it, than in the impudent pretensions of some of those who now affect to give examples and laws to the republic of letters. Instead of being innovators, let us be the restorers of genuine purity and taste ; instead of pretending to form a new language, I would revive the strength and energies of that which has been neglected for meretricious ornaments and disgusting affectation. I am so unfashionable as to prefer the poetry of Dryden, Spenser, Pope, Goldsmith, &c. to all the forced prettinesses of Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and the whole school of modern poets, with their gaudy singularities, tricks and surprises."

" Doubts, difficulties and ill forebodings, constitute the *sapience* of little minds,—which never stay to observe the operation of those tacit, but powerful agents, in the disposition of human affairs, time and circumstance. It is from this quarter you are threatened with the lowering front of the literati of Europe :—from whom you have nothing to fear. The influence of that mighty struggle which has so shaken the world for the last five-and-twenty years, has not been confined to the political relations of countries—the effect upon the *human mind* has been prodigious ;—the days of literary vandalism have gone by, and those who do not perceive it, are deceived by the mist raised by scribblers, which forms the halo around the living literary genius of a country.—But although you have no *hostility* to apprehend from the true literary genius of Europe, I presume you do not look for *active services*. Depend on it, the fate of your institution will be decided in your own country. To Europe you can only look for a good wish ; and a friendly interchange :—But the existence of the academy must depend upon the literary attainment and taste in the United States ; and not upon the frowns, jealousies, or favours of the old world. That your national pride will suffer occasional mortification in the beginning, is, I presume, expected by you. It must be so, because the great struggle with us is, and has been, for wealth. Literature has occupied but a secondary place. In saying this, I say nothing in support of the often repeated slander that we are an

avaricious people. We are not one atom more so than the Europeans. The difference between us, lies in that boundless field for the acquisition of wealth, which is opened to every class of our people, by the nature of our government, the comparative thinness of our population, the situation and extent of our new country, and the native fertility of our soil. Hence it is that you see such a universal struggle for money, because it is within every one's reach. Give the European the same *means of wealth*, and he would be equally assiduous. Upon what ground, different from that which would influence an American, does he expatriate himself and come to this country? and when here, an adopted citizen, who sees him less attentive to his interest than a native? But, although this will relieve us from the charge of depravity, it is impossible that it should free us from the natural consequence of things. That faculty which is most cultivated, will always be in most perfection; and should we turn out *at this time*, better Traders than Scholars, we should neither be surprised nor discouraged. We must take the same course which other nations have taken,—with the certainty, from the actual state and situation of our country, and of the world, of immensely outstripping every thing that has gone before us. If the academy fail, it will not be for want of *talent*, but for want of talent enough at *leisure*, to cultivate the learning required.

There has never been a greater mistake, than in exhibiting the undoubtedly superior fruits of the mind which Europe can furnish, as evidences of a more excellent native grade of intellect than we possess. Not to insist upon the disparity in years and advantages, the very difference in the mode of life between us and the European, would account for all. In Europe, every thing is pursued *singly*; and the whole time and talent of the individual, are devoted to one object. If, for example, he betakes himself to literature, he never mixes agriculture nor merchandise with it as a vocation, and so *vice versa*,—as is almost always the case in the United States. It is plain, therefore, if we would equal them, we must pursue the same course; or Nature must give us double the intellect she gives the European. I mention this to show that you ought not to be discouraged, although the academy should for some years be less brilliant, than similar institutions on the other side of the Atlantic. That we shall, at no distant day, be first in literature, in commerce, and in arms, does not, I think, require any conjuring to foretell. The unprecedented immensity of the *raw material* existing within our limits, imperatively declares, that it must and shall be so. But if you *now* find, as I fear you will, the literary attainment of our country fall short of what is looked for, by yourself and your associates, I again say, be not discouraged, nor cease to trim the lamp you have lit in the Temple. We are but pursuing the course which it has pleased God to mark out for the

sons of men; with this difference, that we cleave the air on the wings of the eagle, while other nations, creeping along the earth, have only gained the point where we now stand, through the slow progression of ages.

I have looked attentively over your constitution, and as I see nothing palpably wrong, I consider it a good constitution to begin with. That it has been so fortunately constructed as not to require new modelling, is what no man on earth can tell, however grave he may look, or wise he may pretend to be. The fitness of a law, or the soundness of a constitution, can only be disclosed by the working of events. The constitution of any society, whether great or small, must not guide, but be guided by, the genius, habits and opinions, of those who are to live under it. The facility with which your constitution can be altered, therefore, is one of the best points in it. In this *susceptibility of change*, there is an immense difference between a literary society and a state; therefore do not suppose me to confound them. In the government of a nation, to have its constitution as open as its statute book to amendment, would be little short of keeping a mine, ready loaded, where people habitually pass with brands and torches.”<sup>a</sup>

A Constitution has been adopted, founded upon the principles stated in the Circular Letter, as follows,—

The Preamble and 1st Article express the name and objects of the Institution.

The 2d Article embraces the classification of Members—(as at p. 73.) the fees of Membership—and the mode of admission.

The 3d Article states the Officers to be—a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, and thirteen Counsellors—of whom the President and Corresponding Secretary are two:—to be chosen annually [1st Monday in June]—a vacancy to be filled at any quarterly meeting:—The officers to form a standing committee,—who may appoint a Librarian, &c.

The 4th Article provides for a quarterly meeting on the 1st Monday, in each season of the year—and other meetings by adjournment.

5th. That a member is to be selected to deliver a public address at each annual meeting.

6th. That amendments to the constitution, may be adopted at one meeting for consideration, and shall be carried, by two thirds of the votes at a subsequent quarterly meeting.

The 7th and last provides for confirming this constitution by fifty members.

[a This letter is from a gentleman of North-Carolina.]

The following gentlemen have been chosen to the offices provided, and have accepted,—viz :

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, LL. D. President.

Hon. BROCKHOLST LIVINGSTON, }  
Hon. JOSEPH STORY, } Vice-Presidents.

Hon. WILLIAM LOWNDES, }  
WILLIAM S. CARDELL, Esq. Corresponding Secretary.

ALEXANDER M'LEOD, D. D. Recording Secretary.

JOHN STEARNS, M. D. Treasurer.

Ten Counsellors have been subsequently elected, as follows :—

Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER.

THOMAS C. BROWNELL, D. D. LL.D. Bishop of Con.

JAMES KENT, LL. D.

JOHN M. MASON, D. D.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON, LL. D.

PETER S. DU PONCEAU, LL. D.

JOHN AUGUSTIN SMITH, M. D. Pres. of William and Mary Col.

Hon. JOHN LEWIS TAYLOR, Chief Justice of N. C.

Hon. HENRY CLAY,

WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.

The following Honorary Members have been chosen :—

JOHN ADAMS.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

JAMES MADISON.

JOHN JAY.

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY.

JAMES MONROE.

JOHN TRUMBULL, LL. D.

The following advertisement has been issued by the Academy :

“ At a meeting of “the American Academy of Language and Belles Lettres,” held at the City Hall in the city of New-York, October 20, 1820, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted.

“ As the proper education of youth is in all communities closely connected with national prosperity and honour ; and as it is particularly important in the United States that the rising generation should possess a correct knowledge of their own country and a patriotic attachment to its welfare ;—

“ Resolved, that a premium of not less than four hundred dollars, and a gold medal worth fifty dollars, be given to the author, being an American citizen, who within two years shall produce the best written history of the United States, and which, with such history shall contain a suitable exposition of the situation, character and interests, absolute and relative, of the American Republic : calculated for a class book in academies and schools. This work is to be examined and approved by a committee of the institution, in reference to the interest of its matter, the justness of its facts and principles, the purity, perspicuity and elegance of its style, and its adaptation to its intended purpose.

“ Though it is wished to interfere as little as possible with the freedom of judgment, in authors ; yet it will be expected that the examining committee, in ac-

cepting a work which is to receive the premium and sanction of the society, will suggest the alteration of any word, phrase or figure, which is not strictly pure and correct, according to the best usage of the English Language.

"By order of the Academy,

ALEX. M'LEOD,  
Recording Secretary."

It is believed that the concluding condition of this advertisement, which reserves the right of suggesting to the author any alteration that the Committee of the Academy may think important, is one which would not be exacted of a work intended for general readers. But it is of the highest importance, that productions which are to receive the sanction of the Academy for the *use of schools*, and are to give the first impressions to the rising generation, should be scrupulously exact in their statements, correct in grammar, and pure in language.

Premiums for several other works have been proposed ; but, with a view to the best choice, there is a necessary delay for collecting the opinions of distant members.

#### ART. 8.—WRITING BY CIPHER—Rees' CyclopediA.

The following exposition of plate III. (in vol. VI. part II.) of Rees' CyclopediA, may be acceptable to some of the subscribers to that work. The plate represents "an example of ready and undecipherable writing by dots, of the author's own invention"—and the author of the Article 'CIPHER' (vol. VIII. part II.) "defies "any of his readers to explain the principle by which it [the example] is composed, or to give him a similar piece of writing."

The writing consists of dots, placed in different positions over, under, and upon a line. The dot above the line signifies 1—on the line, 2—and under it, 3. Each letter is represented by four dots, or figures, and by arranging the figures 11, 12, 13—21, 22, 23—31, 32, 33, above the key, opposite to the letters in the upper line, and the same figures in the same order at the left side of the key, beginning at the top, the plate will be deciphered with ease by drawing lines perpendicularly and horizontally from the figures denoted by the dots. Thus, the four first dots represent 31. 31, which in the key direct to the letter *T*: The next four, 12. 23, which answer to *h*: Then 11. 32, answering to *e*—which gives the word *The*.

In the article 'CIPHER,' in the CyclopediA, are four paragraphs, to be deciphered by the same key, but in a different manner. The 2d is in figures, and can be easily read by taking two figures for each letter, thus 1,5 the 1st line and 5th letter *T*; 2,6 the 2d line and 6th letter *h*; 1,8 the 1st line and 8th letter *e*—then 0 for the end of a word: 3,5 the third line and 5th letter, &c.

The next paragraph is in letters, and must be deciphered by taking two letters, for two figures, which direct to the letter in the key represented by them ; thus, *b, a* :—*b* is the 1st letter in the column, and therefore represents 1, and *a* is the 5th letter in the column, in which it is found in the key, and therefore represents 5,—the 1st line and 5th letter, as before, representing *T* :—*w, m*, are the next two letters : *w* is the 7th letter of the column in which it is found in the key, and *m*, the 2d—the 7th line and 2d letter *h* ; &c.

The first and third paragraphs have not been deciphered.

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ART. 9.—INSCRIPTION UPON THE TOMBSTONE OF DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON—AT STRATFORD, CON.

‘M. S.  
SAMUELIS JOHNSON, D. D.  
Collegii Regalis, Novi-Eboraci,  
Præsidis primi,  
Et hujus Ecclesiae nuper Rectoris.  
Natus Die 14to. Octob. 1696,  
Obiit 6to. Jan. 1772.

‘ If decent dignity and modest mien,  
The cheerful heart, and countenance serene ;  
If pure RELIGION, and unsullied TRUTH,  
His age’s solace, and his search in youth ;  
If piety, in all the paths he trod,  
Still rising vigorous to his Lord and God ;  
If charity through all the race he ran,  
Still wishing well, and doing good, to man ;  
If learning, free from pedantry and pride,—  
If faith and virtue, walking side by side ;  
If well to mark his being’s aim and end,  
To shine, thro’ life, a husband, father, friend ;  
If these ambition in thy soul can raise,  
Excite thy reverence, or demand thy praise ;  
Reader,—ere yet thou quit this earthly scene,  
Revere his name, and be what he has been.

MYLES COOPER.’

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ART. 10.—LINES ON THE LATE DOCTOR JOSEPH R. DRAKE.

The following stanzas, for beauty and exquisite finish, are infinitely superior to the verses generally afforded on similar occasions. They were written by a friend of the late Dr. J. R. Drake, of this city.

To commemorate the virtues and the talents of a departed friend, or to weigh with impartiality his claims to public attention, is indeed no easy task ; but the subject of these lines was worthy of all the commendation and all the sorrow here so beautifully expressed. A devotion to the muses marked his early life ;

and many of his unpublished productions would not discredit (we speak it confidently) the pen of a Moore, or a Campbell.

He fell an early victim to the *Consumption*,—a disease, which seems peculiarly to select for the objects of its attack, the amiable, the intelligent and the virtuous.

Green be the turf above thee,  
 Friend of my better days !  
 None knew thee, but to love thee,  
 Nor named thee, but to praise.  
 Tears fell, when thou wert dying,  
 From eyes unused to weep ;  
 And long, where thou art lying,  
 Will tears thy cold turf steep.  
 When hearts, whose home was Heaven,  
 Like thine, are laid in earth,  
 There should a wreath be woven  
 To tell the world their worth :  
 And I, who woke each morrow,  
 To clasp thy hand in mine,  
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,  
 Whose weal and wo were thine ;  
 It should be mine to braid it  
 Around thy faded brow :  
 But I've in vain essayed it,  
 And feel, I cannot now.  
 While memory bids me weep thee,  
 Nor thoughts nor words are free,—  
 The grief is fixed too deeply  
 That mourns a man like thee.

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(COPY.)

“Queries to the Reviewer of General Wilkinson’s Memoirs.

1st Why was General Hampton permitted to escape, without a trial and without arrestation ?

2d Why was General Wilkinson’s private letter to General Lewis, opened and read at the war office ?

3d Why is the history given by General Wilkinson, of the causes of the capture of Washington, passed over in silence ? Was it because his story is unanswerable ?

“D. F. An inquirer after truth.”

Though the shape in which our correspondent D. F. presents himself, is somewhat questionable, still as he may be a mere inquirer after truth, we will speak to him in our next number. [Ed.]

**SELECT.**

ART. 1.—*From Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine—London, Sep. 1820.*

**A REVIEW OF SOME LEADING POINTS IN THE OFFICIAL CHARACTER AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY. BY A CORRESPONDENT.**

THE Royal Society of London, as Chamberlayne remarks, “chose for its motto *Nullius in verba*, to testify their resolution not to be enslaved by any of the greatest authority in their inquiries after nature :” and so long as their Presidents were changed with moderate frequency, and no one acquired any more authority or influence than was due to his talents and his virtues, independently of his rank (whatever that might be,) all continued to go on well. The arts and sciences, in their numerous departments, were promoted by the labours and inquiries of the different members of the Society ; each brought from his own stock to deposit in the general storehouse ; all was harmony ; and bickering and usurpation were alike unknown. The distinctions which prevail in human society were not *forgotten* ; but they were not permitted to operate injuriously in a society where all were, by its original constitution, **FELLOWS**. An authorized list of the members of the Royal Society circulated in 1693, only thirty years after its incorporation by charter, terminates thus :—“ The reader may perceive by this list, how many sober, learned, solid, ingenious persons, of different *degrees, religions, countries, professions, trades and fortunes*, have united and conspired, *laying aside all names of distinction*, amicably to promote experimental knowledge.”

Indeed, it is only by determining thus to “ lay aside all distinctions,” except those which talents and genius confer, that a Society formed for the purpose of augmenting the sphere of natural knowledge in all its branches can be adequately efficient : for if it be “with wise intent” that

“ The Hand of Nature on peculiar minds  
Imprints a different bias, and to each  
Decrees its province in the common toil,”

it is surely wise for such an institution to collect, arrange, and classify, the results of the individual energies of its members, however diversified their several pursuits, or however varied the stations in political society which they occupy. Thus has the Royal society proceeded in different periods of its history. It did not ex-

pel *Isaac Newton* at a time when he was too poor to defray the weekly charges of the Society; nor did it refuse to admit *Edmund Stone* or *Thomas Simpson*, or *James Ferguson*, although one had been a *gardener's son*, the other a *weaver*, and the third a *shepherd*.

These, and other important benefits, likely to accrue from the voluntary association of men of science, may undoubtedly be preserved, although any one of their number, chosen to be their President should continue such for a series of years, or although he be a man of elevated or noble rank. The history of the Royal Society presents instances of this kind; as will be evident from the subjoined list of Presidents from the commencement of the Society to the present time. But, in order that benefits like these may continue to result, be it recollect, as has always been observed and will doubtless in future be found, that the Presidents of the Royal Society who most successfully promote its interests, are men ardently attached to some one branch of science, yet not depreciators of other departments of human research, men of candour, men free from the love of political intrigue, and free from its usual associate—the love of domination.

It will appear evident, then, without further preliminary observation, that the character, disposition, and talents, of a President of a literary or a scientific society, will have an influence upon its members, its proceedings, and its utility, bearing some natural proportion to the interval during which he presides over it. Consequently, since the late Sir Joseph Banks occupied the chair of the President in the Royal Society for more than forty years, at an age of the world when science in almost every department and in every country of Europe was making the most rapid advances, it will become the duty of the impartial historian of British science to ascertain what were the qualifications of this gentleman to preside for so many years over that illustrious body, what were the topics of inquiry which he most encouraged, what were those which he uniformly repressed, and what have been the consequences with regard to certain sciences of Britain, in comparison with the cultivation and augmentation of the same in other parts of the world.

Several of the eulogists of the late President have fancied that they could render his merits more prominent by placing them in contrast with those of his immediate predecessor, Sir JOHN PRINGLE. I shall therefore be the more readily pardoned for adopting a like proceeding in this review.

Sir John Pringle was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in the year 1745, and had even then a high reputation for medical knowledge and skill. Afterwards he wrote pretty copiously upon many subjects connected with his profession, and communicated several interesting papers to the Transactions of the Royal Society; in this manner, as well as in consequence of an extensive

practice, becoming very eminent both as a practical physician and as a medical writer. But his reputation, exalted as it was in these respects, was not confined to them. He had a great love for science generally, and he cultivated it with corresponding ardour. Early in life he had read the works of Bacon with great attention, and his mind became, in consequence, predisposed to the genuine mode of philosophizing by means of well conducted experiments : he never suffered himself to be seduced by mere theory, but most valued and most promoted those sciences which rested on the firm basis of fact. With the exception that he had no relish for poetry, he had a well formed taste ; and he was a man of extensive reading and of deep reflection.

During the six years that Sir John had the honour of being President of the Royal Society, he adopted the practice of delivering an oration on the assignment of Sir Godfrey Copley's medal to the author of some valuable invention or discovery. He was led to this almost entirely by accident ; but the addresses thus delivered, being intended to point out what was actually due to the individual who received the medal, by showing what had been effected before in the same department of research, became exceedingly valuable as brief historical disquisitions ; and being each directed to a different topic of inquiry, they evinced such an extent and variety of reading, such a correctness of judgment, and such a freedom from bias or partiality, as were at once honourable to him, and to the Society who had elected such a President. Of these discourses the 1st was "On the different kinds of air," delivered November 30, 1773, on the assignment of the Copleian medal to Dr. *Priestly* : the 2d, "On the Torpedo," in 1774 on presenting the medal to Mr. *Walsh* : the 3d, "On the attraction of mountains," in 1775, on presenting the medal to Dr. *Maskelyne* for his observations at Schehallien : the 4th, "On preserving the health of mariners," delivered in 1776, on assigning the medal to Captain *Cook* : the 5th, "On the invention and improvements of the reflecting telescope," in 1777, on assigning the medal to Dr. *Mudge* of Plymouth : the 6th and last, "On the theory of gunnery," was delivered on the day of his resignation, when he presented the medal in the name of the Society to Dr. *Hutton* of Woolwich, on account of his important experiments on that subject.

Diversified as were the topics of these discourses, their author seems "at home" in each. His researches are often erudite; his remarks ingenious and solid, sometimes profound; his language elegant and perspicuous, occasionally passing into a stream of genuine eloquence which really enchant's and captivates the reader.

Sir John was a man not merely of scientific, but of high moral character. He was of cheerful habits, but an enemy to all kinds of intemperance. His manners were kind, respectful and obliging :

but, says one of his biographers, “ his sense of integrity and dignity would not permit him to adopt that false and superficial politeness which treats all men alike, though ever so different in point of real estimation and merit, with the same show of cordiality and kindness.”

Such was Sir John Pringle. Let me now attempt to delineate the character of his successor.

Sir JOSEPH BANKS (born 1743, elevated to the rank of baronet in 1781,) was a man of good fortune, and is said to have received a liberal education, partly at Oxford. He early evinced an attachment to the pursuit of natural history, and in 1766, at twenty-three years of age became a fellow of the Royal Society. In 1768 he set sail with COOK in the *Endeavour*, and during the whole of that interesting voyage paid considerable attention to the natural productions of the various parts of the world they visited. He was assisted in his zoological and botanical researches by Dr. Solander, a pupil of Linnæus. I am not minutely acquainted with the nature and extent of the benefits mutually received and communicated by these two celebrated men ; but one of the wicked wits of the day, who affected to be in the secret, attempted to develope it in a single couplet :

“ Though east, or west, or north, or south, they wander ;  
You'll find on shallow *Banks* feeds fat *Solander*.”

After the return from Cook's first voyage, Mr. Banks made considerable preparations to accompany him a second time : but the circumnavigator and the naturalist had agreed so ill while they were together in the *Endeavour*, and Cook had been so thoroughly disgusted with the assumption of the great man and the unaccommodating airs of his companion, that he took effectual measures to free himself from like vexations during his second voyage. Mr. Banks, to hide from the world his chagrin and mortification, and to appropriate to some useful purpose the expensive apparatus he had prepared to accompany Captain Cook, projected a voyage to Iceland : soon hiring a vessel, he was again accompanied by Dr. Solander. Sir Joseph's biographer in the paper called *The New Times* says on this occasion, “ His hazards were rewarded by the discovery of the cave of Staffa.” What was the nature of this *discovery* I cannot conjecture. Staffa had been then long known, and even described, though slightly, by Buchanan. Von Troil, Banks, and Solander, were conducted to Staffa, by Mr. Maclean, a Scotch gentleman of fortune, who had often been there before, and enabled our voyagers to *discover* precisely what he showed them.

Almost immediately after Mr. Banks's return from this northern voyage, he began to take an active part in some of the measures then carrying on in the Royal Society ; and on the resignation of Sir John Pringle, in November, 1778, he was appointed to succeed

him. The world began anxiously to inquire what were his requisites for this exalted station ; but did not then receive a very satisfactory answer. He was known to be a man of enterprise and of strong passions ; a warm friend while his friends were subservient to his purposes, and, if otherwise, what Dr. Johnson denominated "a good hater." He was notoriously fond of farming, fond of grazing, fond of gardening, fond of "damming and sinking,"<sup>a</sup> and fond of domineering ; these, however, were qualifications for the office so dubious that the public naturally sought for something more. What, they asked, has he published ? Where are the *volumes* that bear his name ? When they were answered, "Nowhere," they asked again, What are his *pamphlets*, and on what subjects ? Where are his papers in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Society over which you have appointed him to preside, and on what do they treat ? To these and such inquiries no answer could then be returned : and if similar questions were now to be proposed, his friends would have little else to say, except they felt inclined to exult in his little *Essay on blight*, and perhaps a disquisition or two on the manufactory of gooseberry-wine, or something like it, in the *Horticultural Transactions*.

Indeed, during the whole course of his long presidency he evinced an absolute ignorance of several of the most interesting and useful sciences. Of mathematics, either pure or mixed, he knew nothing. The sublime investigations of Landen, Euler, Lagrange and Laplace, had no more charms for Sir Joseph, than for the rudest peasant that laboured on his Lincolnshire estates. Nor was he merely ignorant of these sciences. He had a *dislike* to them ; and for many years indicated this dislike by some waspish and petulant expression from the chair whenever a mathematical paper was read. Up to more than forty years of age, I am positively assured that he knew scarcely any thing of chemistry ; but in this department of knowledge, it was afterwards said, he made a respectable proficiency. Natural history has been generally acknowledged to be the only study which he pursued with ardour and relish ; yet even here, if I am correctly informed, he made no eminent attainments. A friend of mine had an opportunity, a few years ago, of ascertaining the opinion of a very competent judge, one of the most eminent members of the Linnaean Society, as to this point. The following is an account of what passed between them.

<sup>a</sup> This strange phrase was one which Sir Joseph delighted to give in the shape of a toast, among the Lincolnshire farmers. "Success to damming and sinking," meant success to draining the fens ; but then it was delivered in an enigmatic approximation to profanity, by which he thought he lost no reputation as a gentleman and a philosopher.

Q. Will you allow me, sir, to ask what is your opinion of Sir Joseph Banks as a man of science?

A. I should conceive, sir, there cannot be much need to ask such a question. You know he is called *the patron of science*.

Q. Yes, I know he is: but that does not prove that he *possesses* it. I have some doubts about the matter, and take the liberty to inquire of you, as one who knows him well. Is he really eminent as a natural historian?

A. He has a very extensive and valuable *library* in the department of natural history.

Q. So I have always understood: but pardon me, sir, this does not meet my question. Allow me to ask again, Is he really eminent as a natural historian?

A. Natural history is a very comprehensive classification of knowledge; what department of it do you principally allude to?

Q. Really, sir, I scarcely know how to direct my inquiries to a narrower point, as I am but little conversant with these matters. I have understood, however, that he is an eminent *botanist*: what is your opinion on that head?

A. Why, if he be so reckoned, *it must have been in a company of washerwomen!*

Thus terminated the inquiry. Well, but, say some, If Sir Joseph was not a man of profound knowledge in any one department, or of an excursive turn of mind which made him at least speciously acquainted with several, we presume he was a man of address, and probably one with some pretensions to eloquence. We presume he trod in the steps of his predecessor with regard to the anniversary oration on assigning the Copleian medal. No such thing. For some years Sir Joseph made no attempt of the kind: but it having been insinuated, in the course of the discussions of which I shall presently have to speak, that he was incompetent to prepare and deliver a set discourse on any subject,—to put to silence these impudent calumniators, he delivered an address at the anniversary, November 30, 1784. In that year the medal was assigned to Dr. Waring, for one of his papers *On the Summation of Series*. Of the address delivered on that occasion I have the happiness to possess a copy, probably the only one now in existence: to gratify the natural curiosity of the public on so interesting a matter, I here present the speech, retaining, *bona fide*, the original orthography, punctuation, &c. <sup>a</sup>

a I hold myself answerable for the authenticity of this curious document. No sooner had Sir Joseph terminated this address than a murmur of *Rigmarol!* *Rigmarol!* ran through "the faction," as they were termed. Some of the President's less judicious partisans immediately proposed the *publication* of his "admirable speech;" but they were outvoted by such of his friends as were too wise to risk his reputation, and that of the society, on such a strange pro-

[We have not room for this strange speech—strange, from the head of a scientific society, as containing not a single indication of science,—more strange for the verbosity with which the intended ideas are conveyed,—and uncommonly strange for the ignorance of orthography betrayed.]

By this time the reader will probably inquire with eagerness, Through what strange train of circumstances could an individual, so sadly disqualified, be elevated to “the chair” of the Royal Society? This train, intricate and involved as it has usually been deemed, it will not now be difficult to explore.

Some of the most brilliant discoveries in electricity, were, as every one knows, made by the celebrated Dr. FRANKLIN; and, at an age of the world when this country was agitated by all the trying events of a war with America, Dr. Franklin had the misfortune to be *an American*. Among this philosopher’s numerous happy applications of his electrical discoveries, was that of *elevated pointed conductors* to secure buildings from injury by lightning; an application which was warmly approved, and eagerly recommended by the most eminent electricians then living. In luckless hour, however, Mr. *Benjamin Wilson* (the father, I believe, of the present Sir Robert Wilson, and at that time, or soon after, contractor for the *painting* under the Honourable Board of Ordnance) *objected* to the use of pointed conductors, recommending instead of them conductors with *knobs* at their superior extremities. “It was by *his* obstinacy and improper conduct, (says Dr. Thomson, <sup>a</sup>) that he introduced those unhappy divisions which had so unfortunate an effect upon the Royal Society, and were so disgraceful to science and philosophy.” Disgraceful, indeed, they were, both on account of the temper with which they were conducted, and the incessant violation of the principles of true philosophy which occurred in the writings of Mr. Wilson and his adherents. Philosophers in other parts of Europe wondered what strange fatality could have fallen upon English men of science, that they could force this into a topic of controversy; and neither then nor since have they uttered a syllable in favour of blunt conductors. <sup>b</sup> The truth, however, is, that had it not been for the intermixture of political feeling with the principles of the discussion, it could not have been kept alive for a single month. The American war had been the occasion of scattering the seeds of political animosity far and wide; and, since Franklin was a politician as well as a philosopher. It was simply determined, therefore, that the President’s copy of the speech should be lodged in the archives of the society. On the succeeding day a friend of mine made faithfully and carefully the copy which I now possess. A few days afterwards other fellows of the Society visited the rooms in order to take copies; but the document was removed, by the President or his friends, and has never since been seen.

<sup>a</sup> *History of the Royal Society*, p. 444.

<sup>b</sup> See Biot—*Traité de Physique*, tom. ii. pp. 442—450.

sopher, it was by no means difficult to insinuate, that they who agreed with him in his philosophical speculations, agreed with him, likewise, in his political creed. Thus, with many, the opinions of a philosopher as to the *blunts* and the *points*, were regarded as the index of his opinions as to the American war; and the celebrated dispute among the “*little*” and the “*big-endians*” recorded by Lemuel Gulliver, furnished an apt representation of the folly and the rancour which found their way into this discussion.

Ere long, the Royal Patron of the Society, whose strong feeling in reference to the American war is well known, became interested in the controversy, and often gave unequivocal indications of the manner in which he was anxious to see it decided. This soon reduced it to neither more nor less than a Government question. In 1773, when it was proposed to fix conductors to the powder magazine belonging to the Board of Ordnance at Purfleet, that Board applied to the Royal Society for their opinion as to the most proper kind to be employed. The society replied by quoting their own annual advertisement from the year 1762 downward, “That it is an established rule of the Society, to which they will always adhere, *never to give their opinion, as a body, on any subject either of nature or art, that comes before them.*” The Society were then requested to appoint a Committee, for this purpose. After much discussion this was agreed to, and a committee, consisting of Mr. Cavendish, Dr. Watson, Dr. Franklin, Mr. Robertson, and Mr. Wilson, was appointed. After examining the building, the four gentlemen first named, recommended *pointed* conductors: Mr. Wilson dissented from their judgment, and assigned his reasons in a long paper. His notions were refuted by Nairne, Henley, Swift, and others. Dr. Musgrave, on the other hand, defended his speculations.

In 1777 the Purfleet magazine received damage from lightning, although it had been previously furnished with conductors. The Royal Society, again requested to give an opinion, appointed a Committee of nine of the most distinguished electricians: their deliberate judgment was again in favour of pointed conductors, and again was their judgment opposed by Mr. Wilson. In this stage of the business the Royal Patron of the Society directed Sir John Pringle to employ his official influence in strengthening Mr. Wilson’s hands. Sir John replied, that “duty as well as inclination would always induce him to execute His Majesty’s wishes to the utmost of his power: but, Sire, (said he) *I cannot reverse the laws and operations of nature.*” “Then,” said his Majesty, “*perhaps, Sir John, you had better resign<sup>a</sup>?*” Sir John took the hint, and

<sup>a</sup> Soon after this occurrence a friend of Franklin wrote an epigram which may not be deemed unworthy of preservation here:

While you, great George, for knowledge hunt,  
And sharp conductors change for blunt,  
The nation’s out of joint:

resigned at the next anniversary, Sir Joseph Banks being appointed his successor the same evening. Whether he had or had not engaged to reverse the laws of nature, I am not prepared to say.

Sir Joseph was no sooner seated in the President's chair than he began to manifest his dislike of Americans and American philosophy,<sup>a</sup> and of all those members who accidentally testified their esteem of his learned predecessor. He also gave the most decisive indications of his philosophical bigotry, of his determination, unduly to exalt some branches of inquiry, and as unduly to depreciate others ; and of another determination, which he had not sufficient discretion to disguise, to convert a fellowship or brotherhood of philosophers, into a *monarchy*, or rather into a *despotism* of which he alone was to be the focus of power and authority. Such is the force of self-delusion, when a coterie of sycophantic dandlers surround an individual of this description, and foster his love of domination, that it would seem as though Sir Joseph actually fancied himself a kind of monarch, and formed his phraseology and expected to be approached accordingly. It was no longer the Council of the Royal Society, or the Secretaries of that learned body, but, " *My Council*," " *My Secretaries*," " *My Assessors*," " *My Society*," &c. He held *his court* in Soho Square ; and none but those who were introduced into the regal apartments there in due form, and danced attendance with due frequency, could obtain admission into the Royal Society, or continue to attend its meetings with comfort, if they had been elected Fellows in better days.

That men of real genius and science should be disgusted with all this, was naturally to be expected ; as well as that men of independence should make some efforts to deliver themselves from so disgraceful a thraldom. Hence originated the new class of dissensions which agitated the Royal Society between the years 1781 and 1785, and to which the eulogists of Sir Joseph Banks have now so unwisely recalled the public attention.<sup>b</sup>

'The bitter spirit' (as the writer in the *New Times* calls it) did

Franklin a wiser course pursues,  
And all your thunder useless views  
By keeping to the point.

<sup>a</sup> This anti-American spirit is scarcely yet extinguished. [If it be, there is no proof that their Scientific spirit has increased.] Seven years ago there were not more than *three* American Fellows of the Royal Society ; and even at the present moment there are not *six*.

<sup>b</sup> A biographer of Sir Joseph Banks in the *New Times* of July 14, 1820, whose ignorance of science and of facts is so obvious, that it would be a waste of time to render it more prominent, terminates his misrepresentation of these matters, thus :

" All intellectual propensities have their *merits*, [those of lying, slandering and thieving, for example,] and the use of practical mathematics is important and extensive. We honour the great inventors—the world is debtor to NEW-

not 'break out on the dismissal of Dr. Hutton from one of the secretaryships,' but much earlier. Some of the causes which fomented it will appear by a few quotations from a pamphlet entitled "An History of the Instances of Exclusion from the Royal Society," published early in 1784.

"The charge we bring against Sir Joseph Banks is, that, though not intrusted with any such power, either by statute or custom, and very unfit, from his acknowledged violence of temper and from his incapacity to judge of literary qualifications, in which he is himself shamefully deficient, to be intrusted with it, he has repeatedly interposed in a clandestine manner, to procure rejections of proper candidates, with the visible design of taking away the privilege of the body at large, and making himself the sole master of the admissions,—in other words, the monarch of the Society."

In proof of this charge, we are told that during the twelve weeks which, according to the statutes, the certificate recommending a candidate hung up in the Society's rooms, it was the habit of Sir Joseph to prejudice the minds of those who attended the Soho Square *levees*, by making known his resolution in phraseology not

TON. But of a thousand mathematicians, not the human cube root has ever been, or will be, more than the depository of the dusty problems, that the book-makers of the art, the SIMPSONS, and HUTTONS, and BONNYCASTLES, have transmitted to them. This pride 'that puffeth up,' has had more fatal powers of perversion, and religion has no where found more inveterate prejudice or more morbid repulsion than among those men, rendered incapable of discerning truth unless it came in the whole dignity of an algebraic formula. The bitter spirit broke out in the Royal Society on the dismissal of Dr. HUTTON from one of the secretaryships. How Dr. HUTTON, whose life, till he was mature, was spent in keeping a village school in Westmoreland, [*videlicet*, the *village* of Newcastle upon Tyne,] could have sustained the office without numberless offences against the habits of good society it is difficult to conjecture; and his merits as a mathematician were common-place.

'Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the saying ran, that he could gauge.'

"Sir JOSEPH BANKS, in point of general accomplishment, public utility, and rational and enlarged employment of his understanding, was worth the whole host, of which no single name did honour even to their own narrow pursuit. HORSLEY, afterwards a bishop, was the principal among the disturbers. His Commentary on the *Principia*, the most meagre and inefficient that ever came from the press, is this man's tribute to science. But he was virulent, insolent and intriguing. The Bench restrained him, and he gradually cooled, but in the hostility against Sir JOSEPH BANKS he gave full way to the bitterness of his nature. The President's conduct was put to the vote, and on the 8th of January, 1784, the Resolution "that this Society do approve of Sir JOSEPH BANKS for their President, and will support him," was carried by a great majority. Measures of conciliation were now adopted. A vote was passed, that Dr. HUTTON had done nothing to forfeit the confidence of the Society: and, on the other hand, that it would be more convenient to have his office executed by a resident in London. Since that period opposition has slept. The Presidency has been in honour and activity."

very courtly, but suited to the purpose and varied to accord with the occasion. "We want no *mathematicians*." "No more *worshippers of old Cardan* for me." "I'll have no *schoolmasters*." "Let us have no *country surgeons*." "He! why he is an *author*! Who could think of proposing him? We want no *authors*;" and so on. If these, and similar remarks, scattered with great activity during the twelve weeks' probation, seemed likely to fail in their effect, then "the President would run about the room on a night of election, out of breath with anger and impatience, seducing the ignorant, awing the timid, and deceiving the wise; cajoling as many as possible to put in black balls:" and often "inducing the candidate or his friends, from an apprehension of rejection, to avoid the mortification by taking down the certificate."

Among the candidates rejected principally by black-balling, in the years 1781, 1782, and 1783, were, Mr. Henry Clarke, of Manchester; Mr. Meyrick (by the President asking more than 100 persons in the room to vote against him;) Dr. Bates, a physician at Buckingham; Dr. Halifax; Dr. Enfield (here the cry was "I'll have no *Dissenters*;" ) Dr. Berenbrock and Dr. Blane, two eminent physicians; and Major Desbarres, the friend and maritime tutor of Captain Cook. Shortly after the "black-balling" of this latter named gentleman, the following paragraph appeared in the public papers :

"Yesterday Major Desbarres kissed His Majesty's hand on being appointed Governor of Nova Scotia. This reward, we hear, has been conferred on this able and spirited officer, for great national services, in recompense of much time and much money, for having saved by his *philosophical* labours, many of the king's ships, and the lives of many of our fellow subjects."

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**ART. I.—2. *The Cyclopædia; or, Universal Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Literature, by ABRAHAM REES, D. D. F. R. S. F. L. S. S. Amer. Soc.; with the Assistance of eminent professional Gentlemen; 4to. 39 volumes, besides 5 volumes of Plates, and 1 of Atlas.* Longman. London.**

IT would be unpardonable in us to pass without notice the completion of a Work, which has occupied upwards of eighteen years in its publication; and which, far more than any other single work which has preceded it, or that perhaps has been contemporary with it, has *extended the bounds of useful knowledge*; by putting upon record, and making accessible to general readers, the improvements made and making, in nearly every branch of Science and of the Arts, particularly all those of the latter, which have Chemistry or Mechanics for their basis. The numerous plates (by Lowry)

of machines and apparatus for effecting almost every kind of purpose, which are given in this work, have a minuteness of detail, and a degree of accuracy in the drawing and engraving, which are without a parallel in any work extant: the articles referring to these plates,<sup>a</sup> have in general the merit, of having been written by persons, either extensively engaged in the art or manufacture treated of, or else they have been written by scientific persons, who have, with few exceptions, qualified themselves for the task, by minute investigations and inquiries, carried on in the most extensive of the laboratories, work-shops, manufactories, and public works, which so distinguish our country, by consulting original works, and by researches in the learned transactions and scientific journals, for records of the origin of inventions and improvements, and of the progress and proceedings relating thereto; in the furnishing of which materials, the writer is glad to perceive, that the "Philosophical Magazine" has held a distinguished place in the estimation of numbers of the *Cyclopædia* writers. With respect to most of the other branches of art, and the useful or curious applications of science and literature, the articles thereon, have mostly been written by men, eminent in their several professions, or paths of study, as will be perceived by perusing the following list, which we have prepared, from the acknowledgments made by Dr. Rees, in the preface to the first volume, compared with the announcement of his contributors' names, which were printed on the covers of parts 8 to 28, inclusive, with a few additions, which have happened to fall within the writer's knowledge or inquiries.

Abernethy, John . . . .	Anatomy, Physiology
Aikin, Arthur . . . .	Chemistry, Geology, Mineralogy
Aikin, Edmund . . . .	Architecture
Anderson . . . .	made Drawings
Arrowsmith, Aaron . . . .	directed Maps
Bacon, John . . . .	Sculpture
Bakewell, Robert . . . .	Geology, Mineralogy, Rock, Strata, Wool, Worsted, &c.
Barlow, Peter . . . .	Algebra, Analysis, Geometry, Strength of Materials
Bateman, Dr. Thomas . .	Medicine
Blair, William . . . .	Cipher, Surgery
Bland, Dr. Robert . .	Midwifery
Bonnycastle, John . . . .	Algebra, Analysis, Astronomy
Brande, William Thomas	Chemistry
Britton, John . . . .	Topography

a It would be an act of injustice in the writer, were we to omit mentioning, the large share which Mr. Wilson Lowry has had, in procuring the assistance of able scientific men, as contributors to this work; seeing, that Dr. Rees, in his preface, has wholly omitted to mention this distinguished artist!

Burney, Dr. Charles . . . Musical Biography, Music  
 Carpenter, Dr. Lant . . . Education, Language, Mental and  
     Moral Philosophy  
 Cavallo, Tiberius . . . Dynamics, Electricity, Machinery,  
     Magnetism, Mechanics  
 Clarke, Bracy . . . . comparative Anatomy  
 Clarkson . . . . various Articles  
 Cooper, Samuel . . . . Surgery  
 Cuthbertson, John . . . Electricity  
 Dalton, John . . . . Chemistry, Meteorology  
 Daniell, Thomas and Wm. made Drawings  
 Davy, Dr. John . . . . Chemistry  
 Davy, Sir Humphry . . . Chemistry  
 Dickson, Dr. R. W. . . . Agriculture, Meteorology  
 Donovan, Edward . . . . Conchology, Entomology, &c.; made  
     Drawings for, and arranged Nat.  
     Hist. Plates  
 Duncan, John . . . . Manufactures, Weaving  
 Edwards, Sydenham . . . made Nat. Hist. Drawings  
 Ellis, Henry . . . . Antiquities, and various Articles  
 Farey, John, Sen. . . . Canals, Geology, Measures, Music,  
     Trig. Survey  
 Farey, John, Jun. . . . Machinery, Manufactures, Mechanics,  
     Mill, Steam-Engine, Water, &c.;  
     made numerous Mechanical  
     Drawings  
 Farey, Joseph . . . . made many Mechanical and Miscella-  
     neous Drawings  
 Flaxman, John . . . . Sculpture  
 Fletcher, John . . . . Chemistry  
 Glenie, James . . . . Artillery-Carriages, Cannon, Fortifi-  
 Glover, George . . . . Naval Architecture [cation  
 Haslam, Dr. John . . . Mental Derangement  
 Henderson, Dr. Alexander Medicine  
 Hinckes, Rev. Josiah . . . Geography  
 Hoare, Prince . . . . Sculpture  
 Howard, Henry . . . . Drawing, and various Articles  
 Howard, Luke . . . . Meteorology  
 Jones, Dr. . . . . Grammar, Language  
 Joyce, Rev. Jeremiah . . various Articles  
 Ivory, James . . . . Conic Sections, Curves, Geometry,  
 Kelley, Dr. P. . . . . Coinage, Exchanges, Standard,  
     Weight  
 Kirkman . . . . . made Drawings  
 Koenig, Charles . . . . Gem, Gem-Engraving, Geognosy,  
     Mineralogy

Landseer, John . . . .	French, Italian, and other Schools of Engraving
Lawrence, William . . . .	Anatomy, Human and Comparative, Physiology
Lowry, Wilson . . . .	made Drawings for some, and Engraved very numerous Plates
Macartney, Dr. James . .	Comparative Anatomy, Physiology
Mackay, Dr. Andrew . .	Navigation
Malkin, Dr. . . . .	Biography
Marcet, Dr. Alexander . .	Chemistry
Milner, Dr. John . . . .	Gothic Architecture
Milton, Thomas . . . .	engraved Nat. Hist. Plates
Moor, Major . . . .	Indian Mythology
Morgan, William . . . .	Annuities
Mushett, David . . . .	Blast and Blowing Furnaces, Iron-Manufacture
Nayler, Sir George . . . .	Heraldry
Nicholson, Peter . . . .	Architecture, Carpentry, Joinery, Panorama, Perspective, Projections, Proportional Compasses, Shadows, Stereography, Stereotomy, &c.
Opie, John . . . . .	Painting
Ottley, William Young . .	Painting
Parker, H. . . . .	Prosody, Versification
Parkes, Samuel . . . .	Manufactures
Pearson, Rev. Dr. Wm. . .	Astronomical, Chronometrical, Optical, &c. Instruments, Horology, Planetary Machines, Watch, &c.
Phillips, Thomas . . . .	Painting
Pond, John . . . . .	Algebra, Analysis, Astronomy, Degree, Diophantine, Force, &c.
Porden, William . . . .	Architecture
Pugh, William Owen . .	English History
Rees, Dr. Thomas . . . .	Biography, and various Articles; examined and described the Plates
Rees, Rev. Dr. Abraham, . .	Editor; Atmosphere, Hydrostatics, and various Articles
Russell, John . . . . .	Painting
Sanderson, George . . . .	Arch
Scott, John . . . . .	engraved Nat. Hist. Plates
Smith, Sir James Edward . .	Botanical Biography, Botany
Sowerby, James . . . .	made Nat. Hist. Drawings
Strutt, Joseph . . . . .	Antiquities
Stubbs, George . . . . .	made Drawings

Sylvester, Charles . . .	Chemistry, Definite Proportions, File-cutting, Galvanism, Pottery, Voltaism, &c.
Taylor, Dr. Charles . . .	Bleaching
Taylor, John . . . .	Mining
Thomson, James . . . .	Cotton Spinning and Manufacture
Tooke, Rev. William . .	Geography
Turner, Sharon. . . .	English History
Turrell, Edmund . . . .	Enamelling
Webster, Thomas . . . .	Architecture, Aquatinta
Wood, Rev. William . .	Botany
Woodville, Dr. William	Botany

We could have wished to have been able to distinguish, in each case in the above List, whether *various Articles*, appertaining to the Science or Subject mentioned, or only the particular Article bearing the Name of the Science or Subject, are the production of the Individual mentioned; this, however, we are unable to do. Besides the above names, the Covers above mentioned, announced, that the assistance of C. R. Aikin, John Clennel, E. Coleman, Astley Cooper, Rev. W. Crowe, John Leslie, Dr. Richard Pearson, W. Symonds, and William Thomas, were engaged; but whether all, or any of these Gentlemen furnished any Articles, we are uninformed.

We have been sorry to observe, the Date 1819 affixed to the Title-page of each of the 39 Volumes, instead of that particular Year, in which each Volume was finished; because of the great number of discoveries and improvements in the useful Arts and the Sciences, which have been, for the first time, submitted to the Public, or at least in so methodized a form, in the Volumes of this Work, by the many able, practical, and scientific Individuals, who have written Articles in them; the want of these Dates to the Volumes, can scarcely fail to be the source of much literary injustice, and of high regret by the future historians of Scientific Improvement. We trust therefore, that our Readers will approve our giving here, a List containing the *Dates of Publication*, of each of the 85 Parts of this extensive Work; and to which we have affixed the name of the last Article in each year.

Parts, half Vols.	Year of Publication.	Last Article.
1 to 3, . . . . .	1802, . . .	pt. ANTIMONY.
4—5, . . . . .	1803, . . .	pt. BABEL-MANDEL.
6—7, . . . . .	1804, . . .	BIÖRNSTHAL.
8—10, . . . . .	1805, . . .	CALVART.
11—13, . . . . .	1806, . . .	pt. CHALK.
14—17, . . . . .	1807, . . .	pt. CONGREGATION.
18—22, . . . . .	1808, . . .	DISSIMILITUDE.

23—26, . . . . .	1809, . . . . .	EXTREMUM.
27—31, . . . . .	1810, . . . . .	GNIEME.
32—38, . . . . .	1811, . . . . .	KILMES.
39—45, with A, of plates, 1812, . . .		pt. METALS.
46—51, with B, of plates, 1813, . . .		pt. PASSIFLORA.
52—57, with C, of plates, 1814, . . .		pt. RAMISTS.
58—63, with D, of plates, 1815, . . .		pt. SHAMMY.
64—68, . . . . .	1816, . . . . .	SZYDLOW.
69—73, . . . . .	1817, . . . . .	pt. UNION.
74—77, with E, of plates, 1818, . . .		BALDWIN, of Add <sup>a</sup> .
78, with F, of plates, 1819, . . .		ZOLLIKOFER, do.

To have expected that a Work so extensive as the present, and so long in course of publication, could have been of equal Merit throughout all its parts and departments, or without several Faults, would perhaps be deemed unreasonable: suffice it to say, that its merits are conspicuous, and well understood, as its very extensive sale and patronage, have already evinced. The printing has been executed by Andrew Strahan, in an elegant style, but whose omission of *pages* has been complained of by great numbers, as precluding reference to particular passages in the long Articles.

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**ART. II.—*The Jacobite Relics of Scotland, being the Songs, Airs, and Legends, of the Adherents to the House of Stuart.*** Collected and illustrated by JAMES HOGG, Author of the Queen's Wake, &c. &c. Svo. pp. 444. Edinburgh, 1819.

WE gather, from some remarks in the Introduction to this volume, that the undertaking was suggested at a meeting of the Highland Society of London, to which it is dedicated. Nothing can be more praiseworthy than the purpose of rescuing from the oblivion, to which they were hurrying swiftly, the monuments raised by the poetical genius of our countrymen who had devoted themselves to the exiled family; and he must either be a squeamish politician, or a cold admirer of song, who can suffer the pernicious and absurd principles consecrated in those effusions of the Jacobite muse, to interfere with the wish common to every good Scotchman, that the literary merits of his country, in all ages, should meet with their full share of praise. At the same time, it cannot be denied, that the language held upon this subject by many persons among us in the present times, is peculiarly reprehensible. The controversy between the two families and their partisans is wholly laid at rest, by the course of nature, indeed, as well as of political events; and

long ago it ceased to be at all a practical question. Yet do we find a strange sort of spirit lately sprung up—a sort of speculative Jacobitism, not wholly romantic, neither, we are afraid, but connected with the events of the times, and a sort of twin brother to the newfangled doctrine of legitimacy. The praises of the Cavaliers are lavishly chanted; the devotion of the Stuart partisans is consecrated as something more than human; the exiled house is represented in the most false and favourable lights; and the Whigs are vilified in an equal proportion, and with no kind of discrimination. Now the men who show their zeal in this truly preposterous manner, run no risk, much less do they make the smallest sacrifice; yet they seem to exult in the disinterested gallantry and constancy of the old and real Jacobites, as if they belonged themselves to the caste. In a sound skin, they publish what, even half a century ago, would have cost them either ear; and they would fain persuade themselves that they have a right to glory in the romantic purity of their honest zeal for a beaten cause. Now all this is not mere folly and affectation; nor is it all enthusiasm. The persons who indulge in this lofty strain *have some things* in common with that party whose personal attachment, gallantry and contempt of danger, they have no pretension to share. Like them, they hate the cause of popular principles; they dislike a free and rational government; they had rather see a king unfettered by a parliament; a judge unchecked by a jury; and a press free to praise only the stronger side, and restrained from palliating all abuses save those of power. To promulgate such doctrines openly, even at this time of day, and large as the strides are which have been made within a few years, might not be altogether safe; and accordingly their advocates are eager in seizing every opportunity of crying up those who were the victims of such principles in a former age, and of stamping with every mark of opprobrium and ridicule the great men to whom we owe the whole blessings of the English constitution.

Mr. Scott's avowed writings are not entirely free from this imputation; and those still more popular works which are so generally ascribed to him, abound with instances of the spirit of which we are speaking. But not only are such things far less reprehensible in works of pure fiction; Mr. Scott is an artist of far greater delicacy than his imitators; and a sly hint, or a joke, or an incidental remark, may be allowed to pass unnoticed, while we turn with disgust from the clumsy matter-of-fact statements of Jacobite doctrine which others have not scrupled to put forth. Of these we know none more deserving of censure than the compiler of the volume before us, and, before touching upon its literary merits, we must be suffered to prefix a word or two upon its politics.

If Mr. Hogg had confined himself to the praises which the poe-

tical merit of the Jacobite poetry so often calls forth with justice; if he had only extolled that side of the question as beyond comparison the most 'smit with the love of sacred song; ' or if he had contented himself with giving the misguided adherents of the cause their due applause for disinterested valour, no one could have blamed him, even if, like a truly able and successful defender of those bad principles, David Hume, he had contrived to make the worse appear the better reason by dexterity of statements and skilful narrative. But his is not that judicious abstinence, which gains what greediness never can reach, that delicate hand which feels its way, and gains admittance where brute force knocks in vain. See the plain undisguised manner in which he lays down the most offensive propositions, until he scares those who, by more lenient methods, might have been favourably disposed to him. 'They (the 'songs) are the unmasked effusions of a bold and primitive race, 'who hated and despised the *overturning innovations* that prevail- 'ed in Church and State, and held the abettors of these as dogs, or 'something worse—drudges in the lowest and foulest paths of per- 'dition—beings too base to be spoken of with any degree of pa- 'tience and forbearance.' (p. viii.) Nor can this writer shelter himself under the pretext that he meant here only to describe the light in which the illustrious founders of English liberty were viewed by their adversaries. Throughout the whole book he identifies himself with them; and, in the Introduction, he even brings forward his principles under a sanction which would excite no little surprise, were there the smallest reason to doubt that he has himself been most grossly deceived. 'Had it not,' he says, 'been ren- 'dered necessary for our kings of the House of Brunswick to main- 'tain the sovereignty to which they were called by the prevailing 'voice of the nation, they seem never to have regarded those the 'law denominated rebels otherwise than with *respect*.' The absurdity of this passage is sufficiently glaring. George I. and George II., it seems, would have respected the Balmerinos and the Lovats, had they not been the very persons against whom those worthies rebelled;—but as it was, they testified their respect by the hands of the hangman! But he proceeds to give what he calls *proofs* of the position, that the princes of the House of Brunswick are at heart Jacobites.

The first is, that Frederick, Prince of Wales, rebuked his wife for throwing some blame upon the lady who harboured the Pretender when he flung himself 'upon her protection in the extremity of peril.' 'I hope in God,' said his Royal Highness, 'you 'would have done so in the same circumstances.' Now, to what does this amount, but that even Frederick, perhaps the least magnanimous of all the Brunswick princes, yet felt what every human being must feel on such an occasion, without entering in the least

into the merits of the question out of which it arose? We know that the law calls it treason to shelter a traitor; but the man who most abhors the crime, would feel himself almost as unable to resist the sympathy which overwhelmed him, when he suddenly found a fellow creature's life in his hands, as to perform the last office of the law upon him. This is all that Frederick meant; and we rather marvel that the partialities of his august spouse, for a nobleman of known jacobite tendencies, were not rather cited as evidence that the late king took his jacobitism by descent. However, the author goes on to *prove* his late Majesty also an adherent of the Stuart family, in preference to the Hanoverian. Not only did he restore the forfeited estates, and afford relief in money to the distresses of the exiled house, (why was the restoration of the national dress also omitted?) but Mr. Hogg adds, that since his Majesty is 'now secluded from his government and people, and we may consider him as a deceased monarch,' he will relate 'a trait which marked his sentiments of those who stood for the cause of his unfortunate relative.' We proceed to give this notable trait in the author's own words—premising, that we verily believe neither he nor any man living would have ventured to publish such a thing, had not the late king been, as he says, in the state of 'a deceased monarch.' 'His Majesty having been told of a gentleman of family and fortune in Perthshire, who had not only refused to take the oath of allegiance to him, but had *never permitted him* (the king) *to be named as king in his presence.* "Carry my compliments to him," said the king, "but—what—stop—no;—he may perhaps not receive my compliments as King of England—give him *the Electo. of Hanover's compliments*, and tell him that he respects the steadiness of his principles.'" Now, we will at once take upon us to affirm, from internal evidence, that every one word of this is a pure fabrication, probably of some one who wished to impose on Mr. Hogg's credulity. The late King was no more the man to utter such affected stuff, than Mr. Pitt was the man to die with "*Oh my country!*"<sup>a</sup> in his mouth, even if he had been at the moment in a state of mind to speak coherently. His Majesty was a plain, rational person, utterly incapable of such nonsense. The folly of it was as much beneath his good sense, as its conceit was beyond his ingenuity. If any person could have ventured to tell him the anecdote on which the tale is founded, it must have been in order to laugh in broad grins at the Highlander to whom it related. If the monarch had taken it at all seriously, he would have begun by showing his displeasure at the rash narrator. That he should send his compliments, or, in Mr. Hogg's

<sup>a</sup> We presume the reader is aware, that all Mr. Pitt's friends deny this tale, which some one palmed upon Mr. Rose. Indeed it refutes itself.

words, desire his compliments to be *given*, implies he must have forgotten both the purity of his language, and the etiquette of his station. But the kind of message—the vile buffoonery and clumsy conceit of it—really evinces a degree of vulgarity and affectation in the inventor, which can only be equalled by the profound ignorance which it shows of the King's taste and character.

Not content with this, however, our author must needs put into the mouth of his present Majesty, a speech, which, if not so absurd, is quite in the same taste, and, we will venture to assert, quite as credible as the former. ‘He was heard (it seems) to express himself one day before a dozen of gentlemen of both nations, with the greatest warmth, as follows.—“I have always regarded the attachment of the Scots to the Pretender—I beg your pardon, gentlemen—to prince Charles Stuart I mean—as a lesson to me whom to trust in the hour of need.”’ Really this is too much. Mr. Hogg *must* have been either grossly gulled, or he has exercised his own fancy. When did any one—much less any one of a family remarkable for knowledge of etiquette, even beyond other royal personages—ever talk of Prince Charles Stuart? We shall next hear, we suppose, of Duke Frederick Guelph. These are not trifles—they demonstrate that some one's fancy has been at work; and, to the eye of a person who knows such matters, they do as incontestably disclose the hand of the fabricator, as false Scotch would betray to a countryman of Mr. Hogg, the imposture of any one who should put into his mouth bad verses fabricated in London. But the present king is charged with a greater indecorum in one respect, than even that imputed to his venerable parent. Why, we desire to know, should he trust those who pertinaciously resisted, endeavoured to destroy, and continued successfully to ridicule his whole family, rather than those who uniformly defended them, and whose attachment was at least as steady, though somewhat more successful, than the hostility of the other party? The King, we again assert, is incapable of such a low species of flattery; and one in which the part was so clumsily overdone, as to apologize to ‘a dozen gentlemen of *both* nations,’ for using the ordinary word Pretender. That he should ever have happened in his whole life to be in such a society (partly English, too, be it observed) as should not make the speech in question a most fulsome and inappropriate compliment, we think quite beyond all probability. After such specimens as those we have now given, the reader will wonder the less at Mr. Hogg's concluding, by making the whole family Jacobites in direct terms. This feat he performs in the following fashion.—‘Captain Stuart of Invernahoyle's singular remark was not, it seems, quite without foundation. A gentleman, in a large company, gibed him for holding the king's commission, while, at the same time, he was a professed Jacobite. “So I well may,”

‘answered he, “in imitation of my master : *the king himself is a Jacobite.*” The gentleman shook his head, and remarked, that ‘the thing was impossible. “By G—,” said Stuart, “but I tell you he is, and every son that he has. There is not one of them ‘who (if he had lived in my brave father’s days) would not to a certainty have been hanged.”’ pp. x. xi.

We can excuse the simplicity—the *bon-homie*, to use a word not easily translated—which could make this good old Centurion swallow and retail such nonsense. But Mr. Hogg’s silliness is of a more dull cast ; and it is mixed up with such practical heresies as these—‘Now, when the horrors of the *Catholic religion* have ceased to oppress the minds of men, there is but one way of thinking ‘on the rights of the Stuarts throughout the realm.’ Whereby he means, if the passage has any sense at all, that the only objection to the family was their religion, or rather the hatred unreasonably felt of it in England, and that their right would now be universally admitted if they were still in the field. Truly this writer knows little of either the past or present state of the country.—Do the despotic principles of the Stuarts go for nothing? Did he never hear of the statutes which proclaim the political delinquencies of the Stuarts, and the Liturgy, in which all England still returns thanks for being secured from *arbitrary power* as well as from Popery? But to argue with such writers is waste of time ;—we only notice their follies, because a fashion seems of late to have been springing up of treating the grievous and unpardonable faults of the Stuarts more gently than is consistent with a due sense of the obligations we owe to the great men who drove them from the country which they had misgoverned. Mr. Hogg carries this a step further, and helps to cast imputations on the memory of those founders of a liberty which he either cannot appreciate, because his principles are slavish, or sets little account upon, because its history—its adventures—will not serve to work up into middling poems, and ‘*Tales*’ calculated to lengthen andadden a ‘*Winter’s Evening*.’

The plan of this work, its politics apart, is an extremely laudable one. Many of the Jacobite Songs are worthy of a better cause ; and, indeed, its romantic features were far from being ill adapted to poetry. Certain it is, that if the sound principles lay entirely on one side, the good poetry was exclusively the lot of the other ; and more tame and spiritless productions cannot well be conceived than those of the Whig bards, whose effusions have been subjoined by Mr. Hogg to his Jacobite Relics,—for the purpose, it should seem, of showing their inferiority, rather than with the candid intention of hearing both sides. It is not pronouncing too harsh a sentence on these to affirm, that they rise but little above the average merit of the collections frequently made of the squibs in use at

contested elections among our English neighbours—from whose pens, indeed, our national partialities are somewhat soothed to find that all those rhymes have proceeded. ‘Of all the Whig songs,’ says the editor, ‘there is not one that I can trace to be of Scottish original.’

The Jacobite muse is very differently endowed; though we will confess that her warblings have somewhat disappointed us. Not that we deny the merit of many of them; but because the proportion of insipid, middling, and positively bad is far greater than we had expected. This may no doubt be owing to the compiler’s taste, which is evidently of a coarse and vulgar description. He has certainly had the means of discovering all the relics of value which exist; and few have probably perished in the short period that has elapsed since they were composed. Voluminous collections were open to his researches in the hands of all good Jacobites. Besides innumerable contributors of detached songs, he mentions eleven of those stores; and, at length, they poured in upon him so profuse that he ‘actually grew terrified when he heard of a MS. volume.’ It adds greatly to the value of the collection, that the music of each air is given; and copious notes are subjoined, containing remarks and extracts—the former not always very happy or very elegant—the latter generally from books in common use; but, upon the whole, conveying a great deal of the information requisite to illustrate the text. These notes are, in bulk, exactly equal to the text; and the Appendix, beside the whig effusions already mentioned, gives a number of Jacobite songs, the airs of which he could not discover. This class is inferior in merit, generally speaking, to the other, and comprises several English songs.

The first song in the volume is that famous one, ‘*The King shall enjoy his own again*,’ which is said to have produced such marvellous effects in favour of the Royal cause during half of the seventeenth century,—and, during a great part of the eighteenth, to have animated their falling hopes. It is altogether English, and possesses no kind of poetical merit. Probably the words of the burthen, and the air, may have been the cause of its success. In the notes upon it, Mr. Hogg makes mention of a Dr. Walker who ‘happened to be overseer of the market at Ipswich in Suffolk, on account of giving false evidence at an assize held there.’ (p. 155.) In other words, he stood in the pillory for perjury. Now, if Mr. Hogg thinks to make himself popular by imitating some of the bad and bald jokes of Walter Scott’s notes, we must whisper to him that it was in spite, and not in consequence of such things, that the Minstrel’s fame waxed great. The third and fourth songs are in ridicule and vituperation of Leslie’s Marches—to Scotland and to Marston Moor. Of the former, Mr. Hogg says, ‘It is the most ‘perfect thing of the kind to be found in that or any other age;

'and, wild as some of the expressions are, must be viewed as a great curiosity. It is the very essence of sarcasm and derision, and possesses a spirit and energy for which we may look in vain in any other song existing.' Sure we are, these remarks are any thing rather than either perfect, or spirited, or even 'a curiosity'—except it be for containing at once a specimen of the bathos and the hyperbole. A good notion of the taste of the editor may however be gathered from it. We therefore subjoin two verses of the piece he thus extols—premising that the second is so much coarser than even these, as to preclude our inserting it;—for, of the Jacobite muse, it may be said, as was once observed 'of her Jacobin sister—though she may have the *mille ornatus*, the *mille decenter habet* is quite another matter.'

'March!—march!—pinks of election,

Why the devil don't you march onward in order?

March!—march!—dogs of redemption,

Ere the blue bonnets come over the Border.

You shall preach, you shall pray, you shall teach night and day,

You shall prevail o'er the kirk gone a whoring;

Dance in blood to the knees, blood of God's enemies!

The daughters of Scotland shall sing you to snoring.

March!—march!—scourges of heresy!

Down with the kirk and its whilliebaleery!

March!—march!—down with supremacy

And the kist fu' o' whistles, that maks sic a cleary;

Fife-men and pipers braw, merry deils, tak them a',

Gown, lace, and livery—lickpot and ladle;

Jockey shall wear the hood, Jenny the sark of God—

For codpiece and petticoat, dishclout and daidle.' pp. 5—7.

This extract has brought us at once to the cardinal defect of Mr. Hogg, as the editor of a selection. He praises almost indiscriminately, and he wants delicacy almost entirely. Thus he describes, in one note, a poem on George the First's arrival in England, and public entry into his capital, as having 'more humour of the kind than any thing he ever saw'; as 'being a high treat'; an 'old poem of sterling rough humour,' and so forth; yet, from the six or seven pages of it which he gives as a sample, we should be disposed to think it one of those rough diamonds, (as they are termed,) the roughness of which is admitted—the value uncertain; a remark applicable to the men, as well as the verses, which are frequently so designated. It is dull, flat, and extremely indelicate. Of the coarseness we dare not give specimens; let these lines suffice to show forth its other merits.

'Next these a Presbyterian Shot-man,

In state affairs a very hot man,

Advanc'd among the 'prentice boys

And prick-ear'd saints, those sons of noise,

Who seldom in such pomp appear

Elated, but when danger's near,' &c. p. 277.

We should fatigue our readers were we only to make references

to the instances of this editor's gross and coarse taste, with which this volume abounds. Some songs and prose quotations seem, indeed, selected for no other merits than their vulgar ribaldry. Why else, for instance, is the passage from the mock funeral oration on Hugh Peters given at p. 257? Not surely to display the editor's acquaintance with history, which is so great that he stops to inform his readers who Hugh Peters was, and speaks of him as a person wholly unknown.

But another principle of selection is much more apparent throughout the book. The text is filled with songs, and the notes with extracts, the only merit of which is their virulent abuse of the Hanoverian or Constitutional party, or, as they are generally denominated, the Whigs. And, as the old Whigs of the Covenant are vilified under the same name, Mr. Hogg manifestly indulges in the insertion of attacks upon them, with the hope that the great body of persons now known by that denomination may share the odium or the ridicule scattered by those obsolete lampoons. We must pass over the vile and filthy attacks upon George I. and his favourites, because we cannot, without offence to all propriety, cite them; but, as a specimen of the rancour which dictates Mr. Hogg's selections, we would refer to the several songs against Bishop Burnet, which are utterly destitute of either poetry or wit, and do not even pretend to be of Scotch origin. In scurrility and barefaced falsehood, however, they make ample amends for all their other defects; whereof take one instance. The Bishop is not only represented as having had 'a spice of every vice,' but his *greediness of gold* is particularly specified. In the notes on these pieces, Mr. Hogg says not a word to contradict this notorious untruth; though, with singular ignorance of the subject, he does say that he 'was always a moderate man.' Dr. King, in his Memoirs, (and he was a stanch Jacobite,) while he truly represents him as 'a furious party man, and easily imposed upon,' adds, that 'he was a better pastor than any man who is now seated on the bench of bishops;' and praises him for his exemplary disinterestedness and carelessness of gain, which was so great that he only left his children their mother's fortune, deeming it criminal to save a farthing of his Episcopal revenues. After this the reader will be the less surprised to learn, that the Duke of Marlborough is represented in one song, as as difficult to be rescued from hell as the Bishop; and that King William is celebrated in another for his cowardice in battle. One 'excellent song' is dedicated to the abuse of the celebrated Archibald, Earl of Argyll, who fell a victim, in 1685, to the most atrocious and perfidious tyranny that ever cursed any modern nation. The following is the concluding stanza.

'Thus having yielded up baith his sword and durk,  
These bonny boys convey'd him to Edinburg;

Where with a train he enters the Watergate,  
The hangman walking before him in muckle state,

With a hemp garter,  
The martyr—to quarter,  
And by the lugs to cut the loon shorter.  
The same fate ever wait  
To crown the rebel's pate,

And all such traitors as dare oppose the state.' p. 177.

Not a syllable is added by Mr. Hogg on the vile and dull scurility of this 'excellent Scotch song,' as he is pleased to term it—not a word upon the detestable oppression here dignified with the name of 'the state'; and to oppose which is held so foul a crime. Yet it relates to the man of whom Mr. Fox, in his History, has closed the biography in these memorable words—'Such were the last hours, ' and such the final close of this great man's life. May the like ' happy serenity, in such dreadful circumstances, and a death equal- ' ly glorious, be the lot of all whom tyranny, of whatever denomina- ' nation and description, shall in any age or country call to expiate ' their virtues on the scaffold !' p. 211. And with reference to whom, as if with a prophetic knowledge of the sort of persons who were likely to join in crying down so illustrious a martyr to liberty, he afterwards remarks, that our 'disgust is turned into some- ' thing like compassion for that very foolish class of men whom the ' world calls wise in their generation.'

One of these songs, professing to give the character of a Whig, we are told by the critic, was a great favourite with 'the Tory ' clubs of Scotland during the late war, in detestation of those who ' deprecated the principles of Pitt ;' and he observes, that it is 'the ' most violent of all the party songs, bitter as they are.' For this reason alone is it here inserted ; for its dulness is at least equal to its violence. Of its correct application to the Whigs of our day, the reader may judge, when he is told that it begins with describing them as *saintly hypocrites*. All this, however, suits Mr. Hogg's nice and cleanly palate mightily ; and that we may have enough of so good a thing, he subjoins the prose character of a Whig, 'drawn by the ' celebrated Butler,' and which sets out with stating him to be 'the ' spawn of a regicide, *hammered out of a rank Anabaptist hypocrite* ;' and forthwith becomes too indecent to be further transcribed. We will here just mention, for the edification of Mr. Hogg, that the 'celebrated Butler,' who, among many other vituperations, compares a Whig to the nettle, because 'the more gently you handle 'him, the more he is apt to hurt you,' is well known to those who know any thing of literary history, to have lived in the family, supported by the bounty, of Sir S. Luke, one of Cromwell's captains, at the very time he planned his *Hudibras*, of which he was pleased to make his kind and hospitable patron the hero. Now we defy

the history of Whiggism to match this anecdote,—or to produce so choice a specimen of the human nettle.

That we may not close this article without a specimen of the good songs which the book contains, we shall extract the one which, for sly characteristic Scotch humour, seems to us the best; though we doubt if any of our English readers will relish it.

‘ Donald’s gane up the hill hard and hungry ;  
 Donald comes down the hill wild and angry ;  
 Donald will clear the gouk’s nest cleverly.  
 Here’s to the king and Donald Macgillavry.\*  
 Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly :  
 Off wi’ the counterfeit, Donald Macgillavry.

Donald’s run o’er the hill but his tether, man,  
 As he were wud, or stang’d wi’ an ether, man ;  
 When he comes back, there’s some will look merrily :  
 Here’s to King James and Donald Macgillavry.  
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a weaver Donald Macgillavry,  
 Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly ;  
 Gie them full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

[There are quoted three more such stanzas.]

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## 2. LETTER FROM JAMES HOGG TO HIS REVIEWER.

*Blackwood’s Ed. Mag.*—for Oct. 1820.

Our readers will not expect us to copy much from this angry reply of Mr. Hogg to the preceding review—when we inform them, that he calls his antagonist, “ clumsy booby,” “ jackanapes,” a “ hack of Constable’s,” “ great gawk,” a “ coarse tyke,” four times “ an ass”—and a “ great blackguard !” with a few more indecent epithets. The following are select specimens of his critical wit—and in the rest of this critique under Mr. Hogg’s signature, the reader will find his frankness to be vulgarity, and his bluntness coarse egotism.

“ What would you think, suppose I should just stop a little—and see what kind of a style you write yourself, you who are so desperate severe a critic on other folk. I’m thinking your style is as bald as the face of “ Jem Thomson’s auld mare ;” and it is plain you have no idea of composition.”

\* Donald Macgillavry is here put for the Highland Clans generally.

“ You speak of “ *a sort* of speculative Jacobitism,” being “ *a sort* of twin brother to the new-fangled doctrine of legitimacy.” You must have a fearful bad ear to endure the jingle there, man ; and, besides, “ twin brother to a new-fangled doctrine,” is terrible bad writing.”

“ You gravely tell us that Hume was a “ truly able” man. This is a discovery with a vengeance. Oh, man ! “ truly able” is just one of the stupidest epithets I ever saw. It makes one almost sick and squeamish to look at it.”

“ His is not that judicious abstinence which gains what greediness never can reach—that delicate hand which feels its way, and gains admittance where brute force knocks in vain.” These are, most undoubtedly, two of the very worst metaphors that I ever saw in literature. The charge, too, is perfectly false. I am not a greedy man, though I take my victuals well ; and I am sure that I put it into a better skin than some I could mention. Abstinence, in my opinion, is never judicious, except when one has nothing to eat—and that is not likely to be my case, so long as there are mawkins and moorfowl within the bounds of the forest, fish in Yarrow, and trouts in St. Mary’s Loch. As to a delicate hand, I never had pretensions to it—but it has felt its way, notwithstanding, wherever there was occasion ; and, as to gaining admittance, I have had doors opened to me, before now, by better men in livery than the author of this article. Nobody will accuse him, poor fellow, of “ brute force ;” for he is weak as a willow. Skip over a page or two of drivelling, which I have already done for, and observe your stupidity in what follows.”

“ Pray who are you, who lived so familiarly with his late Majesty. You are not the gentleman, are you, who once happened to sleep in the same bed with Theodore, king of Corsica, and complained of him because he wore spurs, and vowed never again to sleep in the same bed with a king ? I pass over about two score of bad sentences, and come to a piece of severity. “ Mr. Hogg carries this a step farther, and tries to cast imputations on the memory of those founders of a liberty, which he either cannot appreciate, because his *principles are slavish*, or sets little account upon, because its history, its adventures, will not serve to work up into middling poems, and *tales* calculated to lengthen and sadden a ‘ winter’s evening.’ ” The value of a man’s principles is best estimated by his life. Now, I have never flattered any man—asked a favour of any man—lived upon any man’s money—or been the slave of any man. I defy this my secret enemy to say as much. I have been a hard working man all my life, for many long years on the green hill-side, and for not a few in a brown study. I am

better entitled to repeat Smollett's lines than any hack of Constable's :

‘Thy Spirit, Independence ! let me share  
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,’ ” &c.

“ But what is the use of exposing you any farther ? Sitting in among the chaps of the Edinburgh Review, you think yourself, no doubt, a big chiel ; but you are far from it—and you must confess—or if you do not—all the rest of the world will—that I have taken you out by the cuff of the neck—given you two or three kicks on the only part about you that can speak any ways intelligibly, and then let you go back in a great flutter to your cronies, who will be telling you, peradventure, that you have given the Shepherd a dressing, which you will try to believe in spite” \* \* \*

He lives where “the inhabitants, high and low—Scotts, Pringles, Ballantynes, Brydens, Laidlaws, and Higgs—are all (I may say *all*, for the exceptions are imperceptible in quantity, and in quality worthless) *all* animated with the same belief—*all* born and nursed in the same principles—*all* ready at a moment’s warning, to mount and draw for the protection of those institutions, [aristocracy and monarchy] which, with unceasing pertinacity, you have assailed for twenty years,—which, God be praised, you have as yet ineffectually assailed—and which, I trust, will form the happiness and glory of our children’s children, long after it shall have been forgotton that such a thing as the Edinburgh Review ever existed, to say nothing of you and the like of you, that are no better than disgraces to the Review, such as it is.”

“ Your cronies will no doubt tell you that I am in a great passion, and that you have given me a dressing. But I care no more about you than about a cross-bred colley that keeps yowling on a bit knowe by the road-side at folk going by to the kirk—till some one throws two or three chucky-stones at him that make him hide among the heather, till he comes stealing out again, perhaps, by-and-by, and impotently gnaws the very granite that gored his hurdies.”

“ But I have no intention to enter into general disquisition—it does not suit me ; and I am aware of my own place, however different the case may be with those I am encountering.”

“ Yours with disgust,

“ JAMES HOGG.”

[After all this, the Editor of Blackwood’s Magazine, Mr. Hogg’s friend, speaks of “ the Sampson-like style in which Mr. Hogg has quitted himself.”—This style may suit the taste of the Ballantynes, the Brydens, the Laidlaws, &c. but it will not answer for the ‘ wilds of America.’]

**ART. III. *The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia. A pastorale Romance.* By Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. The eighth edition. London, 1633; folio; pp. 482. [Review August, 1820.]**

THE name of Sir Philip Sidney is associated with many pleasing and delightful recollections. We remember him as one of the greatest ornaments of the most glorious reign in our annals—as one who communicated to the court of Elizabeth that tincture of romance, which gives it to our view, when seen through the dusky distances of antiquity, a mellow and chastened richness, not unlike the variegated and brilliant colouring with which the rays of the departing sun are embued by the painted windows through which they penetrate, as they

“ *Illume with mellow light the brown-brow'd aisle.*”

We remember him as the patron and friend of our English Ariosto, the author of that enchanting production, *The Fairy Queen*, which we are sorry to see it is now the fashion to underrate and neglect. And lastly, we remember him as the contemporary of Shakspeare, and as one of the kindred spirits of that enchanted circle, of which Shakspeare was the master magician and wizard supreme.

Few characters, indeed, appear so well fitted to excite enthusiastic admiration as that of Sir Philip Sidney. Uniting all the accomplishments which youthful ardour and universality of talent could acquire or bestow—delighting nations with the varied witchery of his powers, and courts with the fascination of his address—leaving the learned astonished with his proficiency, and the ladies enraptured with his grace, and communicating, wherever he went, the love and spirit of gladness—he was, and well deserved to be, the idol of the age he lived in. He appeared to be a good in which all nations considered themselves to be interested—not the partial and sole property and product of one people, but an universal benefaction, given and intended for all, and in the glory and honour of which all had a right to be partakers. His death, therefore, was lamented by every court he had visited; and, to do honour to his memory, kings clad themselves in the habiliments of grief, and universities poured forth their tribute of academical sorrow. So rare an union of attractions, so unaccustomed a concentration of excellence, such a compound of military renown with literary distinction, and courtly refinement with noble frankness, gave him a passport to every heart, and secured him, at once, universal sympathy and esteem. He was, indeed, if ever there was one, a gentleman, finished and complete, in whom mildness was associated with courage, erudition mollified by refinement, and courtliness dignified by truth. He is a specimen of what the English character was

capable of producing, when foreign admixtures had not destroyed its simplicity, or politeness debased its honour. The very stiffness it then possessed had a noble original; it was the natural consequence of that state of society, when the degrees of order and subordination were universally observed and understood, when the social relations were not broken down by the encroaching power of innovation, and when each was as ready to pay as to exact his tribute of observance and respect. No lax discipline in morals had then interwoven itself with the manners of the great, nor was the court, as in the reign of Charles the Second, converted into a painted sepulchre, where the spirit, the gayety, and the gilding without, could ill disguise the darkness and rottenness within: it was not, as in that court, a great national reservoir of iniquity, where all the degrees of order, and all the barriers of principle, were levelled and overthrown. The most accomplished members of the court of Queen Elizabeth were not less distinguished for the strictness of their moral principles, than for their polish and address as courtiers. Of such a stamp was Sir Philip Sidney, and, such as he was, every Englishman has reason to be proud of him. He exalted his country in the eyes of other nations, and the country he honoured will not be ungrateful. England will ever place him amongst the noblest of her sons, and the light of chivalry, which was his guide and beacon, will ever lend its radiance to illuminate his tomb-stone, and consecrate his memory.

The productions of such a man, were they even inferior to the expectation his renown had excited, deserve surely a better reception than the rigid severity of criticism. He, whose whole end in writing was to make his readers wiser and better men, surely has a right to other treatment from that world on which his comet-like radiance was thrown. If there was nothing else to excite our lenity, yet should his untimely fate dispose us to regard, with favour, productions which can hardly be called other than juvenile, and certainly not the fruits of maturity. There is something very touching in the premature departure of promising excellence—in the cutting short of the bright course of talent, before it has reached its goal and consummation—in the striking, with the lightning of heaven, the uprising shoot of genius, while yet it has only produced the blossoms of paradise, blighted and destroyed before they are ripened into fruit. There is something very melancholy in the thoughts, how many bright ideas and noble creations, how many glowing images and emanations of fancy, have been lost for ever to the world, by the early death of those to whom a longer life would have brought everlasting renown. When we consider what they might have been, had a longer duration been allowed them, to what a blaze of splendour that flame, whose increase we were observing, might at length have shot out, had it not been for ever

extinguished by death, it is impossible not to feel affection and commiseration for victims so soon led to the slaughter. Such was the fate of Sir Philip Sidney; and the pity which it excites should surely prevent us from treating his works, as they have been treated, with sneering insolence and cold-blooded vituperation.—Let us remember that he died at the age of thirty-two; and, if the lives of Milton and Dryden had not been prolonged beyond that period, where would have been their renown, or where the poetical renown of their country?

But the works of Sir Philip Sidney stand in no need of indulgence from considerations of compassion. With a mind, glowing with images of heroism, and filled with the brightest creations and the fairest visions of human and more than human excellence; with a heart which embraced, in its wide circuit of benevolence, the universal good of his species; with an intellect, whose comprehensiveness of observation seemed to claim all arts and sciences, as within the compass of its power and the precincts of its dominion; with a fancy which, delicately beautiful and pensively sweet, overspread the emanations of his genius with an envelope not less delightfully tinted than the covering of the yet unopened rose-bud, and which breathed over all his productions an exquisite finish and relief; he possessed all the essential qualities, from whose operation the everlasting monuments of the mind are fabricated. Unfortunately for the world, the variety of his power and the diversity of his employments prevented him from bestowing on literature the whole energy of his mind, and thus such of his compositions as remain were rather the sports of his leisure, than the full-wrought and elaborate performances of his study. He has, however, left enough to the world, to demonstrate that the name of Sir Philip Sidney has an indisputable right to a place amongst those of our countrymen, who have been most distinguished for virtue or memorable for genius; and that, amongst the contemporaries of Shakspeare, no one has so closely approached his peculiar excellencies, or so nearly resembled him in some of his superlative endowments, as the author of the *Arcadia*. Without launching out into an hyperbolical exuberance of praise, we may safely affirm, that in the art of attracting interest and exciting compassion, in the art of ruling over and awaking the best sympathies of our nature, and of chaining the feelings of his readers to the fate and the fortunes of the personifications of his fancy—in the power of clothing and adorning every subject he treated upon, with the fairest flowers and sweetest graces of poetry, and of giving the charm of his inimitable diction to descriptions fresh from nature, and sentiments marked with the dignified and noble character of his mind—in the power of delighting and enchanting his readers, as with some strange and unearthly melody, which, once heard, is never forgotten, and whose

remembered notes still continue to entrance the senses as long as their perceptions are alive—he is inferior to no writer in his own age, or in any which has gone before or succeeded it. His great defect was the want of judgment, which led him sometimes to adopt the forced conceits and quaintness of his contemporaries, and often induced him to desert, in the imitation of others, his own never-failing and unequalled fountain of invention and thought. From this defect, his poetry is perhaps the least valuable part of his works, and is often little more than a jingle of words, or a collection of strange and ill-assorted ideas—where the magnificent and the ridiculous, the ingenious and the mean, are mingled in one mass of incongruity together. He was not, indeed, qualified to shine in the cold and languid tameness of amatory poetry—his power lay in the representation of all that is most lovely in nature, or the resulting harmony of her productions; in the delineations of those of his species, whose high aspirations seem to point out a loftier and less terrene original, and whose pure flame of affection appears rather to have been kindled at the sacrifice of the altar, than at the grosser fires of love. In short, his forte lay in the description of beings, like himself, romantically generous and enthusiastically constant; of whom he gives us pictures, which must always please as long as high-mindedness is attractive;—pictures, gratifying because they are exalted, and interesting because they are true.

But to proceed from his person to his works.—His *Defence of Poesy*, which may, at some future time, form a subject for our Review, has received an universal tribute of admiration, and would be sufficient of itself, were there no other fruits of his genius extant, to give him a very high place amongst the authors of our country. It is, perhaps, the most beautifully written prose composition of the Elizabethan age, impregnated with the very soul and spirit of poetry, and abounding with the richest adornments of fancy. It is, in truth, merum sal, “the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge,” a production the most felicitous of its kind that ever came “from Nature’s mintage stampt in ecstasy.” There is nothing equal to it in the whole circle of critical exposition, nothing which is at once so judicious, yet so poetical; so inimitable, yet so easy. What has been said of the criticisms of Longinus may, with much more justice, be applied to this composition, that it is itself a living exemplification of the highest excellence of the art it treats of. To those who can read it without feelings of delight and admiration, we can only apply the malediction against the contemners of poesie, with which Sir Philip Sidney concludes it.

His *Arcadia*, the present subject of our remarks, if not so uniformly pleasing and satisfactory, is, after all, the great foundation on which his fame must rest, and to which his right to a place

amongst the great masters of the human mind must depend for its allowance. Like all other works of genius, it is irregularly and unequally written, diversified by occasional risings and falls, ascents to grandeur and sinkings to littleness: yet, from beginning to end, there is perceptible an air of gentle pensiveness, and of melancholy yet not gloomy moralization, which diffuses over all his work a seductive charm, and is always fascinating, from the train of mind which it brings along with it.—The *Arcadia* is a mixture of what has been called the heroic and the pastoral romance: it is interspersed with interludes and episodes, which, it must be acknowledged, rather encumber than aid the effect of the work itself: the main story is worked out with much skill; though interwoven, it is lucid and perspicuous; and, though intricate, it is far from being perplexed. From a chasm which occurs in the third book, the progress of the story is not perfectly deduced to the end: this defect has been supplied by two different continuators: it, probably, arose from the difficulty the author experienced of filling up the vacancy to his satisfaction. This romance was written only for the amusement of his sister, Mary, the Countess of Pembroke, and never intended by the author for the public view; it is even said, that one of his last requests, on his death-bed, was, that it should never be published. Be this as it may, no one who has read the work will be inclined to treat with severity the violators of his injunction: and those who can praise the preservers of the *Aeneid* may readily excuse the non-compliance with Sir Philip Sidney's demand. Were the fastidious nicety and scrupulous exactness of authors, in this respect, to be allowed, the richest treasures of the mind would, like the ring of the tyrant, be prodigally and lavishly cast away, and more would be lost in the pursuit of perfection, than perfection itself could compensate for.

[Here the reviewer gives a sketch of the story, aided by numerous quotations.]

Such is the outline of this interesting story: to continue and supply which, many attempts were made by different authors during the period when its celebrity continued, and brought with it the usual concomitant of familiar acquaintance, the desire of imitation. Amongst these, Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling, may be mentioned, who has attempted to supply the defect existing in the third book, as an imitator not unworthy of Sidney. This performance, as well as the other continuations, is a proof, from the exactness with which the style of Sidney is copied, how great a portion of attention had been paid to its model, and what labour and care were exerted to rival the excellencies of its original. All these attempts, indeed, are, as good imitations, deserving of praise; and, perhaps, that of Johnstoun is the best, but, like all other imitations, they want the spirit of originality; and, however

closely they resemble their precursor in its outward accompaniments, have little of its peculiar and inward character.

The modernization of the *Arcadia*, by Mrs. Stanley, has little to recommend it. With most meritorious industry she has managed, with its occasional quaintness and conceits, to remove all the charms of diction and freshness of expression, which the work itself possessed, and to convert the felicitousness and force of its language into prettiness and insipidity.

The character of Sir Philip Sidney, as a writer, is thus given by his friend, Lord Brook, with more, perhaps, in it of justice, than such characters generally possess.—“His end was not writing even when he wrote, nor his knowledge moulded for tables or schools: but both his wit and understanding beat upon his heart, to make himself and others not in words or opinion, but in life and action, good and great.” Sir Philip Sidney appears to have been possessed of a quick and lively sensibility, of a noble and generous heart, whose emotions, unrestrained by fear and unobstructed by dissimulation, gushed forth, with a spirit of joyous gladness, from their sacred fountain of feeling. To think loftily and to act magnanimously, to speak eloquently and to write poetically, appear in him, prerogatives not derived, but inherent: as if, of all that was elevated or extraordinary in man, he was the sole and rightful proprietary. His most heroic actions were done without any apparent consciousness of their greatness: his most exquisite productions were finished without any apparent effort or labour, and yet are such as no effort or labour can mend. Like the sudden and delightful breathings of an Æolian harp, his overflowings of thought seem to burst forth unstimulated and unexcited, deriving none of their melody from the promptings of a musician’s finger, and having in them nothing of earthly aid or human operation. His power does not seem so much to lie in the intellect as in the heart: not so much in the conflicting strife of intellectual prowess, or in the gigantic grasp of mental mightiness, as in the deep-drawn sighings of the soul—as in officiating as the high priest of its sanctuary—as in exhaling from thence its clouds of imprisoned myrrh and frankincense to heaven. The current of his emotions flows on in unperturbed and imperturbable serenity, undisturbed by troublous eddy or agitated ferment, catching and reflecting all the beauties which expanded nature presents, and receiving splendour and brightness from the silvery gleams which his fancy sheds upon it in its course. Around it are all the luxuriant delights of earth, above it is all the varied grandeur of heaven, and the voice of sadly pleasing and melancholy inspiration is heard along its shores. He appears, indeed, to have followed the counsel which he reports his muse to have given him—“Looke in thy heart and write;” and never was that writing unworthy of his character, when he gave

utterance to the voice of inspiration within. When left to his own delightful windings along the green and bowery by-paths he loved to frequent, when undriven from his haunts to join and commune with the vulgar herd of pilgrims to the sacred fountains of Castaly, when uncontaminated by bad example and uncorrupted by imitation, he never fails to awaken in the mind those feelings of ineffable transport, so seldom called forth to refresh and resuscitate it. Inferior as he must be acknowledged to be, to his contemporary, Shakspeare, it was not in the province of tenderness or the art of exciting pity. There, Sidney reigns pre-eminent and almighty, established on the eternal foundations of nature. With all the sweetness of Fletcher, without his fantastical wildness ; with all the lovely pensiveness of Spenser, without his allegorical hardness ; with much of the delicacy of Carew, and of the fanciful richness of Jeremy Taylor ; our author possessed a kind of peculiar and subtle spirit so completely his own, as to be equally indescribable and inimitable. We may compare it to that finishing touch which evening gives to a beautiful landscape, where the want of glare and distinctness is well compensated by the mellowing softness of twilight's first approach ; or to that fairy-like and round-circling line which appears, to the wanderer on the waves of the ocean, to connect and join its distant blue waters to the sky, thus uniting the opposite harmonies and assimilating the amalgamating tints of earth and heaven. This, whether proceeding from some perfection of fancy or exquisite refinement of nature, is, perhaps, the cause which renders the perusal of Sir Philip Sidney's works so exceedingly soothing and delicious in the open presence of nature ; when, upon some green bank or near some shady fountain, we hang enamoured over his pages, and, dividing ourselves between the sequestered delights of nature herself and the deep-toned inspirations of her favoured prophet, enjoy the rich draughts of intellectual luxury. There is also another circumstance which perhaps contributes to heighten our satisfaction in his compositions, and this is, the constant recurring recollection of the author which forces itself upon our minds, and compels us with his writings continually to associate the memory of the writer. Every great and noble sentiment, every peaceful image of happiness, and touching expression of sadness, which his works contain, seem so manifestly and closely identified with his own feelings, so narrowly and essentially connected with and derived from his own heart, so undeniably the outpourings and workings of his own soul, that it is as impossible, in reading the productions of Sidney, not to revert to and remember himself, as in the dark and gloomy personifications of Byron not to recognise his own personal and individual character. As we read the imaginations of the former, we can almost fancy him breathing through his own pages, or that we are

holding a colloquy with his disembodied spirit: we participate in the distresses of his personages as if they were parts of himself, and therefore to be worshipped; as if they were the representatives and continuations of his own mind, and therefore to be respected. Our minds are filled with mingling remembrances of himself and his fate, of the promise of his youth and the brightness of his manhood, of the radiant progress of that star, which shed its first beams upon the peaceful glades of Penshurst, and diffused its dying glories over the bloody field of Zutphen. If with such emotions we peruse the works of Sidney, who would wish to rob him of that additional splendour, which his personal character has given to his writings and associated with his works? Who would wish to remove that sacred veil of protection, which the nobleness of his life has spread over the meanest of his productions? Little need as there is of such a protection, yet surely the immunities of virtue should never be destroyed. Such a deprivation will, however, little affect the fame of Sir Philip Sidney. He will, we may venture to predict, as long as living language and vivid description shall have attraction, be considered by posterity not less admirable as a writer than memorable as a man.

It has been the fate of the *Arcadia* to be the sport of popular caprice, and to experience all the extremes of admiration and neglect. Immediately on its publication, it was received with unbounded applause. To this, many causes contributed—the high reputation of the author, his rank, his bravery, his unfortunate and premature death, and the real excellence of the work. The ladies were desirous of perusing what might be considered as the testament of so accomplished a courtier; the nobility regarded with eagerness the production of him who was their model and pattern; and the scholars turned with respect to the words of one who was equally qualified to shine in a college or a court. Thus the *Arcadia* became the favourite promptuary and text-book of the public: from it was taken the language of compliment and love: it gave a tinge of similitude to the colloquial and courtly dialect of the time, and from thence its influence was communicated to the lucubrations of the poet, the historian, and the divine.—Imitators in abundance came forth to add their supplements and continuations to it, and the works and person of Sir Philip Sidney were for a long time held up to universal and unqualified admiration.

But the enthusiasm of praise, like all other enthusiasm, will at length have an end, and happy may its victims account themselves, if the height which momentary fondness has raised them to, does not in the end contribute to increase the rapidity of their descent, and precipitate the violence of their fate. What a speaking illustration is furnished on this subject, by the fates of Aquinas, Ramus,

Malbranche, and Picus of Mirandula ; who would, in the zenith of their reputation, have ever believed that the world would one day be as silent of them as it is now ? And, indeed, it is remarkable enough, how few of those who have astonished their contemporaries by their wit and genius, and whose names were in their own age held up to an almost idolatrous admiration, have left behind them memorials sufficient to justify their fame. In the scanty remains which time has left us of the genius of Crichton, we seek in vain for that intellectual vigour and refinement, which, pervading science at a glance, left all others at an immeasurable distance ; and before which, universities themselves and assemblages of the learned shrunk dismayed and confounded. In the compositions of Rochester, what foundation can we find for that reputed predominancy of wit which all his contemporaries allowed him, and which seemed almost to excuse his profligacy and extenuate his vice. We look in vain, in the productions of such men, to find an adequate cause for the lavishness and superabundance of praise which was heaped on them by the devotion of their coevals. It is as if some vivifying charm, some exquisite but fugacious investment of brightness, which hallowed them to the eyes of our forefathers, had departed and left us to inquire what could be that radiance of which we see no vestige or spark behind. It is as if there was in them a spirit volatile and escaping, which, animating the mass for a while, at length vanishes like a mockery, and remains incommunicable and imperceptible to posterity. When time has effaced the light and evanescent strokes of genius, and brought with it other rules of taste and systems of opinion ; when distance has cooled the fervour of admiration and the fondness of personal regard ; when the loud and undistinguishing voice of applause has subsided to a scarcely perceptible murmur, and the favouring examination of friendship has given place to the sharp dissection of critical anatomy ; how great is the variance we find between the judgments of contemporaneous and succeeding critics. The difference is hardly less than that perceived by him, who visits in winter the tree which in summer was his favourite retreat. He finds the same tree still remaining, under which he has so often reposed ; but where is the verdure which appareled and adorned it ; where are the blossoms with which it was overspread ; where are the sunbeams that played upon its branches ; and where is the melody which enchanted him in its shade ?

It would appear, from the fate which the *Arcadia* has experienced in the present age, that a similar disparity existed between its real intrinsic merit and the accredited character of its author ; and that, so far from being capable of sustaining his reputation, its only claim to regard was derived from its bearing his name on its title-page. The present generation seem determined

to disallow the lavish praises of their forefathers, and to equalize the balance by as lavish and heedless censures. It was enough that the work was written after a bad model; that it was interspersed with uninteresting pastoral interludes; that the author had endeavoured to form the English versification after the Latin, and had not succeeded; that there was in it an occasional occurrence of quaintness and conceit; and that the story was in some degree complicated and interwoven; to induce them to consign it to neglect, or to mention it with slighting and ungenerous criticism. The judgment of Horace Walpole is well known and remains on record, an indelible proof of the insensibility of his feelings and the depravity of his taste. His perception, indeed, limited to studious trifles and literary gewgaws, was ill qualified for discussing or appreciating the highest efforts of talent. What could Chatterton hope for from a man who had slighted Sir Philip Sidney? In the footsteps of Horace Walpole, follow Mr. Todd, and Mr. Hazlitt. Mr. Campbell mentions the works of Sidney with much coldness; and the ingenious author of the *History of Fiction*, though upon the whole less unfavourable, yet ends by pronouncing the *Arcadia* a very tedious story.

Against these criticisms the best defence will be found in the work itself, to which we confidently refer our readers. That it has many faults, we do not deny; but they are faults to which all the writers of his time were subject, and generally in a greater degree. It has been said that his language is very quaint; but we may safely ask, what author is there of his age in whose language there is in reality so little of quaintness? Let us remember a work, which the *Arcadia* contributed more than any thing else to consign to oblivion; a work, which for a long time was in high fashion and celebrity; and the style of which is, perhaps, more elaborately and systematically bad, than that of any work in the whole extent of literature.—We mean Lilly's *Euphues*. With it, let us compare Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*—the style he introduced, with the style he contributed to banish; and we shall then regard him as the restorer of the purity of our language, and as meriting our eternal gratitude and respect. The language of the *Arcadia* is, indeed, as much superior to that of the *Euphues*, as is the varied melody of the nightingale to the monstrous harshness of the jay.

Another radical fault in the *Arcadia*, is the defect of the species of writing of which it is a part—the heroic and pastoral romance, either disjunctively or commixed. But so far from lowering, this primary disadvantage ought rather to increase our admiration of his genius, who has been able to give attraction to so preposterous a kind of composition. Who would not applaud the ingenuity of him, who could engraft with success the apricot on the sloe, or the nectarine on the crab? When we see a structure irregular and

clumsy, but built of massy gold ; however we may censure its defective plan, yet surely we must admire the richness of its materials. We wish every one, who dislikes for this reason the *Arcadia*, were compelled, as a punishment, to wade through all the voluminous tomes of its models, the French romances ; and we think they would perceive how different an edifice the powers of genius and dullness will erect on the same narrow foundation. [a] After all, notwithstanding all its disadvantages, the flashes of the gifted mind will force their way ; and he, who, like Sir Philip Sidney, writes from the heart and describes from the eye, will never want readers, or be destitute of admirers, as long as the common feelings in which all human kind participate shall endure, and as long as the common scenery of nature, and the unfading garniture of creation, shall live and flourish undestroyed.

In an examination of the *Arcadia*, we cannot but observe the power which its author possesses of laying hold of the feelings, and exciting the interest, of his readers ; an interest, which gradually augments and heightens to the end. If this be one, as assuredly it is, of the chief arts of imaginative composition, it is certainly an art, of which Sir Philip Sidney was master in a very high degree. No writer surpasses him in exciting commiseration and pity, no one lords over the human heart with more powerful and resistless domination. So far, indeed, from being a tiresome story, it would be difficult, in the whole range of fiction, to mention one which more completely grapples with the feelings, and retains the attention of the reader. We do not say, that it is impossible for any one to desist in the perusal of the work till he has arrived at the conclusion ; but we do say, that he, who in reading it can close its pages without a wish to open them again, has as little in him of laudable feeling as of genuine taste.

In the creations of intellectual beauty, no writer is more successful than Sir Philip Sidney. His heroes are all cast in the mould of perfection, the repositories of "high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesie," the souls of gallant constancy and spotless honour. Though different, they are but the different modifications of human excellence, of mental and incorporeal loftiness, breathing itself into, as it were, and giving a transfused beauty to the person. In his characters, the roughness of superiority is melted almost to feminine softness, yet without losing, as it acquires more of loveliness and attraction, any of its high and exalted appendages. There is a repose and relief about his personages, which, while it dims nothing of their brightness, makes them sweet resting places

[a] Thus it always is with an Englishman ; however liberal and enlightened on other subjects, he seems, with respect to any foreign nation, to hold illiberality a merit, and falsehood a virtue.]

for the mind to fasten on. The character of a hero, Sir Philip Sidney always described *con amore*—it was his own proper and natural character ; and to delineate it, he had only to transcribe the workings of his own mind, and to give expression to its romantic emotions. His heroines are not less faultlessly designed ; they are, in truth, the beaming personifications of virtue, with all the chaste effulgence of heaven-derived and heaven-directed purity—such fair creations of loveliness as the minds of fancy's dreamers love to picture.

Romance, notwithstanding all its tissue of extravagancies, has much to gratify the human mind ; and as the gratifications which it administers have a tendency to dignify and refine the grossness of worldly selfishness, they are not without their attendant benefit. There is a mixture of dauntless courage and submissive humility, of sternness to man and devotedness to woman, of fierceness in the fight and meekness in the wooing, about its doughty heroes, which interests us by its blended variety and the entireness of its united emotions. There are, also, the universal accompaniments of bodily might and intellectual elevation, and these are no small attractions.—The pride, the haughtiness of man, delights to see his species exalted. Like Prometheus, he would rob the heaven of its fire to illumine the habitations of the earth.—His fancy loves to pour itself forth in the formation of creatures of ethereal and impassable brightness, and to ennable himself, as it were, by his kindred to the beings of his own creation. Who can observe, without a secret complacency and satisfaction, the characters of the heroes and knights of romance, their resistless prowess, their patience, their constancy, their fidelity, and their love. We see them going forth with all that can excite or challenge admiration—beauty glowing in their form—strength residing in their right hand, and mightiness and magnanimity encircling them with an immortal radiance. We see them now wielding the sword, which never waves but to conquer, in the defence of the captive or oppressed ; subduing armies and armaments by the force of their own arm, and casting from them, as with abhorrence, all weakness, pusillanimity, and fear ; braving death with an obstinacy he seems to shrink from, and enduring more than earthly perils with more than earthly fortitude. We see them, now kneeling with submissive devotedness before their hard-hearted mistresses, treating them with an almost idolatrous humility of devotion, and trembling beneath their frowns, as if a glance of their eye could cause annihilation. We see them again, refreshing and recruiting themselves in the depth of some untrodden forest or shady grove, or reposing in security under the open canopy of heaven, again to rise to the performance of fresh exploits of valour and achievements of hardihood.

Equally successful is our author in picturing the soft and gentle emotions of love and friendship; in describing those scenes where the heart pours itself forth in the bosom of some sympathetic listener, or those quarrels and reconciliations which only for a while stop the pulse of affection to make it return again more violently to its accustomed beating. Of this, the dialogues between Pyrocles and Musidorus in the first book, and between Pyrocles and Philoclea in the fourth, are delightful examples. Sir Philip Sidney's fairy pencil was principally formed to delineate the pensive and milder workings of feeling. His transparent mirror reflected the emotions of the human mind; but it was not the mind awakened by crime and exasperated by scorn; it was not the mind preyed upon by remorse or tormentors generated within itself. His province was not to portray the dark and horrible in nature, or the dark and horrible in man. His was not the gloomy colouring of Dante or Salvator Rosa. His abode was not on the precipice or the mountain, on the eyrie of the eagle or the birth-place of the storm, but in the bosoms of soft and ethereal moulding, in hearts of loved and loving tenderness, in groves of silent and sacred quiet, and in plains illumined by perpetual spring.

His descriptions of nature and her scenery are universally delightful and sweet. There is an air of freshness and verdure about them, which we look for in vain in other writers. In reading them, it seems as if the breathing zephyr which hovers over scenes of such enchantment and beauty, had found a voice, and is painting to us the delights of its favourite and haunted groves. We feel them as the transfusion into language of nature's universal voice, as it issues forth in the warbling of the birds, the whispers of the forest, and the murmurs of the streams. They sooth us as the sound of a distant waterfall, or, as "a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters." Nature's enthusiastic follower, Sir Philip Sidney worshipped with awe the print of her footsteps; his genius, camelion-like, received a fresh hue from every fresh variety with which she supplied him, and her beauties had always the power of producing from him strains not less sympathetic and delightful than the music elicited by the beams of the morning from the magic statue of Memnon.

The feeling which the perusal of the *Arcadia* excites, is a calm and pensive pleasure, at once full, tranquil, and exquisite. The satisfaction we experience is not unsimilar to that of meditation by moonlight, when the burning fervour of the day has subsided, and every thing which might confuse or disorder our contemplation is at rest. All is peaceful and quiet, and clear as a transparency. The silvery glittering of the language, the unearthly loftiness of its heroes, the ethereality of their aspirations, and the sweet tones of genuine and unstudied feeling which it sounds forth, all com-

bine to embue our souls with a soft and pleasing melancholy. We feel ourselves under the spell of an enchanter, in the foils of a witchery, too gratifying to our senses to be willingly shaken off, and therefore resign ourselves without resistance to its influence. By it, we are removed to other and more delightful climes—by it, we are transported to the shady groves of Arcady and the bowery recesses of Tempe; to those heavenly retreats, where music and melody were wafted with every sighing of the breeze along their cool and translucent streams. We find ourselves in the midst of the golden age, with glimpses of the armed grandeur of the age of chivalry. We find ourselves in a period of conflicting sights and emotions, when all that was lovely in the primitive simplicity of the one, and all that was fascinating in the fantastic magnificence of the other, were united and mingled together; where the rustic festivity of the shepherd was succeeded by the imposing splendour of the tournament, and the voice of the pastoral pipe and oaten reed was joined with the sound of the trumpet and the clashing of the lance.

It has been remarked, that the comic parts of the *Arcadia*, which relate to Dametas and his family, are amongst the worst parts of the book. This is in some measure true, and yet the dislike which we feel in reading them arises not so much out of their own inferiority, as from their unsuitableness and unfitness to form part of such a work. There is an incongruity in their association with the true and natural pictures of his genius, which cannot but excite our displeasure. Our feeling is the same as in seeing the alehouse paintings of Teniers by the Transfiguration of Raphaël. Besides this, we feel it a kind of debasement in the mind of Sir Philip Sidney, to descend from its native height and dignity to the low subjects of burlesque and humour. We feel that he was designed for other purposes than to make us laugh, and that such an attempt is little better than a prostitution of his powers. In so doing, he dissipates all the enchantment which riveted us to him: he mortifies and wounds our sensibility, by destroying the train of feelings which before had possessed us: he weakens and diminishes our faith, by destroying our confidence and arousing our judgment: and when these great foundations are removed, when the heart is hardened to their illusions and the belief convinced of their fallacy, what have the fairy palaces of imagination, and the bright structures of fancy, to support them or to rest on?

We cannot close our article, without paying a tribute of respect to Sir Philip Sidney on the ground of his diction. Perhaps we may venture to pronounce him, notwithstanding his occasional blemishes, the best, the most happy, the most powerful prose writer of the time in which he flourished. Certain we are, that none of his contemporaries ever equalled him in his best specimens.

of composition, in his most finished and consummate productions. There is a certain point, indeed, beyond which language can go no farther ; and which, whosoever has attained, has as little need to dread a rival, as to expect a superior ; and that this point has been frequently reached by Sir Philip Sidney, no one, who has read his *Arcadia*, will doubt or deny. The period in which he wrote was one which presented peculiar advantages and disadvantages, it was one which afforded opportunities of advancing our language to unapproachable perfection, or lowering it to unparalleled degradation. No model being then established, our national dialect was at the mercy of every bold and piratical marauder, who might think fit to shape its form and marshal its riches ; and it was left to the caprice or judgment of every writer, to introduce such new combinations or additions to its phraseology, as his own unbounded desire might direct. That this excess of license should be attended with many of the perversions of bad taste, was easy to be imagined ; but, at the same time, it was the cause and fountain of many surpassing excellencies, such as could never have been produced under the withering power of constraint. The writers, indeed, of that age had almost a power, similar to Adam's, of giving names to all that lay before them in the animate or intellectual creation, and of suiting and modifying the energies of language, to all the various operations of nature and exigencies of mind. Of a power so unlimited, great might have been the abuse, and great the contaminating influence over all our succeeding literature. This happily did not, or did but partially, take place ; and while we find amongst the writers of that time innumerable pieces of exquisite composition, the instances of a contrary kind are very rare, and of those, the principal and efficient cause was the imitation of the bad models of other countries. The conceits and quaintnesses of Sir Philip Sidney's language had their origin from the Italian school ; and, indeed, whatever was bad or unworthy of him in his writings was occasioned by imitation. When he gives free play to his own power of expression, he never disgusts or disappoints his readers. Then he delights us with passages of such unrivalled and inexpressible beauty, that all petty censures and preconceived disgusts are in a moment overwhelmed, and we are compelled to acknowledge him as a great and unequalled master of language, who had the power to modify and mould it to every degree of passion and thought, and unlock and open all its diversified resources and inexhaustible stores.

It would not, perhaps, be overrating the merit of Sir Philip Sidney, or doing injustice to the memory of any of the writers of his time, to ascribe to him and his agency the formation of that peculiar and characteristic style, which pervades the English literature at the close of the sixteenth century, and which has so great

a share in rendering the productions of our dramatic writers, of that period, of inestimable worth and value. We certainly do not know any other writer who has so fair a title to that distinction, from priority of date or superiority of desert. It would, indeed, be ridiculous to affirm, that a book of such celebrity, in its time, as the *Arcadia*, should be of inconsiderable weight in shaping the public taste, and giving a character and impression to our language. Every work, much read and much admired, must have an influence over its native literature, and, if it does not openly and immediately affect it, will, however, sooner or later insensibly deteriorate or improve it. This could not but be the case with Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, and therefore we may regard the whole literary character of that age as, in some sort, derived and descended from him, and his work as the fountain from which all the vigorous shoots of that period drew something of their verdure and strength. It was, indeed, the *Arcadia* which first taught to the contemporary writers, that inimitable interweaving and contexture of words—that bold and unshackled use and application of them—that art of giving to language, appropriated to objects the most common and trivial, a kind of acquired and adscititious loftiness; and to diction, in itself noble and elevated, a sort of superadded dignity; that power of ennobling the sentiments by the language, and the language by the sentiments, which so often excites our admiration in perusing the writers of the age of Elizabeth. It taught them to transcribe their own thoughts, and give to the transcription all the working animation of its original; to paint the varieties of nature, and to make their paintings not copies from the strainers of imitation, but actual and living resemblances, glowing, as in the reflections of a mirror, with all the fidelity of verisimilitude and all the reality of truth. It taught them to give utterance to the simple and enchanting emotions of the heart, which always find or make for themselves language worthy to express them, and the more beautiful for the less it has of adornment. It taught them, in short, all that has rendered their productions so surpassingly and exquisitely delightful—never, then, ought we to forget, while perusing the works of his contemporaries, that it is to Sidney their greatest excellencies are owing—to Sidney, the protecting planet of Spenser, and morning star of Shakspeare.

We will now for a while bid farewell to the productions of this truly great man, who as certainly deserved a kingdom for his genius, as Scaliger a principality for his learning; and who, had he not been early cut off in his race of glory, would have left behind him memorials which criticism would not have dared to censure, or malignity to disturb. Yet, unequal as his writings are, to what he might have written, they will carry his name down to far distant ages, and with them will descend to posterity the traditional rela-

tions which our ancestors have delivered of his achievements and worth. Whatever transient obscuration real merit may occasionally suffer, it must, in the end, be triumphant; and true taste and true feeling, which are the same in all ages, will, at length, vindicate the praises which themselves have bestowed. This temporary eclipse some there are who might lament, yet we lament it not; for, however grateful to the eye may be the brightness of unsullied and uninjured talent, yet never, in our opinion, does genius appear so splendid, so majestic and commanding, as when it, at length, disperses the mists which for a time obscured its face; and rises, like the mighty eagle in Milton's *Areopagitica*, superior to the hootings of the birds of night. And thus it will be with the works of Sir Philip Sidney; upon a candid and impartial examination, it will appear, that the man, of whom nations once rung and courts resounded "in the consentient harmony of praise," still deserves to retain a large portion of his former celebrity; that if the variety of his attempts and the complexity of his character, by diverting his genius into too many channels, contributed to impoverish and distract it, yet that there is still in every thing which he has written an indelible stamp of greatness; and that the edifice of his reputation was not built upon local prejudice or extrinsic regard, but founded upon reason and established upon truth, and can never, but with them, be overthrown. And here we cannot conclude, without taking notice of that blighting spirit of modern criticism which Sir Philip Sidney has, with many other worthies of old, experienced, and which has given to the literature of the present age a character of heartless and spiritless insensibility. There seems to be a malignant desire to reduce the great of former ages to the level of common men; to bring down their superiority, intellectual and personal, to valueless and vapid mediocrity; and to demonstrate, that the lights which shone as the directors of our forefathers were little better than momentary meteors or vapourish exhalations. Far are we from being enemies to just and distinguishing criticism; but surely the illustrious characters of antiquity deserve some reverence at our hands, and the laurels which our ancestors have placed on their heads ought not rudely to be plucked off by the hand of the spoiler. There is a kind of proscription in fame which partakes of the sanctity and inviolability of age, and which it hurts our best feelings and excites our indignation to see infringed. It is not very often that popular judgment errs on the side of admiration; and why then should we be so eager, in this age, to withdraw the praises which an injudicious, but at the same time generous, prodigality has prompted another to bestow?—For ourselves, we can only say, that we shall never wish to be among the number of those who would detract from patriotism its merit, or from heaven-born talent its due. Ever absent from us, and from our pages, be that

ungenerous and ungentlemanlike spirit of criticism, which could induce us to speak coldly of the character of Falkland, or disdainfully of the genius of Sidney!

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ART. IV. *Spare-Minutes, or resolved Meditations and premeditated Resolutions, written by ARTHUR WARWICK.*

— Ego cur acquirere pauca  
Si possim invidear?

*The Sixth Edition. London, printed by G. M. for Walter Hammond, and are to be sold by Michael Sparke in Greene Arbour, 1637.—pp. 179. [Review—August, 1820.]*

We have a few spare minutes (the reader will forgive us the pun) to dedicate to this small volume. It purports to be a posthumous publication. The author was a clergyman, and a pious one, whose high delight was to hold divine colloquy with his own heart—"to feed on the sweet pastures of the soul"—he was an aspirant after good, who was never less alone than when without company. The well, in which truth is hidden, he discovered to be the heart of man—he sought for it in his own heart, and he found it there. He was not without hopes of this world, and already lived in futurity. The style of his work is as singular as its spirit is excellent. Brevity was his laborious study—he has compressed as much essence as possible into the smallest space. His book is a string of proverbial meditations and meditated proverbs. He does not speak without reason, and cannot reason without a maxim. His sentiments are apposite, though opposite—his language is the appropriateness of contrariety—it is too narrow for his thoughts, which show the fuller for the constraint of their dress. The sinewy athletic body almost bursts its scanty apparel. This adds to the apparent strength of his thoughts, although it takes from their real grace. He comprised great wisdom in a small compass. His life seems to have been as full of worth as his thoughts, and as brief as his book. He considered life but his walk, and heaven his home; and that, travelling towards so pleasant a destination, "the shorter his journey the sooner his rest." The marrow of life and of knowledge does not indeed occupy much room. His language is quaint in conceits, and conceited in quaintness—it proceeds on an almost uniform balance of antithesis—but his observations are, at once, acute, deep, and practical. We have thrown the following short meditations together.

' It is some hope of goodness not to grow worse : it is a part of  
' badness not to grow better. I will take heed of quenching the  
' sparke, and strive to kindle a fire. If I have the goodness I

‘should, it is not too much, why should I make it less? If I keepe the goodness I have, ’tis not enough: why do I not make it more? He ne’er was so good as he should be, that doth not strive to be better than he is: He never will be better than he is, that doth not feare to be worse than he was.’ 1st part, p. 11.

‘It is the usuall plea of poverty to blame misfortune, when the ill-finished cause of complaint is a worke of their owne forging. I will either make my fortunes good, or be content they are no worse. If they are not so good as I would they should have beene, they are not so bad as I know they might have beene. What though I am not so happy as I desire, ’tis well I am not so wretched as I deserve.’ p. 14.

‘There is no estate of life so happy in this world as to yeeld a Christian the perfection of content: and yet there is no state of life so wretched in this world, but a Christian must be content with it. Though I have nothing here that may give me true content, yet I will learne to bee truly contented here with what I have. What care I though I have not much, I have as much as I desire, if I have as much as I want; I have as much as the most, if I have as much as I desire.’ p. 24.

‘Nature bids mee love myself, and hate all that hurt mee; reason bids mee love my friends, and hate those that envy mee; religion bids mee love all, and hate none. Nature sheweth care, reason wit, religion love. Nature may induce mee, reason perswade mee, but religion shall rule mee. I will hearken to nature in much, to reason in more, to religion in all. Nature shall make mee careful of myself, but hateful to none; reason shall make mee wise for myselfe, but harmlesse to all: religion shall make mee loving to all, but not carelesse of myselfe. I may heare the former, I will hearken onely to the latter. I subscribe to some things in all, to all things in religion.’ p. 27.

‘The good meaner hath two tongues, the hypocrite a double tongue. The good man’s heart speakes without his tongue, the hypocrite’s tongue without his heart. The good man hath oftentimes God in heart, when, in his mouth, there is no God mentioned: the hypocrite hath God often in his mouth, when the foole hath said, in his heart, there is no God. I may soonest heare the tongue, but safest the heart—the tongue speaketh loudest, but the heart truest. The speech of the tongue is best known to men: God best understands the language of the heart: the heart, without the tongue, may pierce the eares of heaven; the tongue, without the heart, speakes an unknowne language. No marvell then if the desires of the poore are heard, when the prayers of the wicked are unregarded.’ p. 31.

‘It is the folly of affection, not to reprehend my erring friend for feare of his anger: it is the abstract of folly, to be angry with my

‘ friend for my error’s reprehension. I were not a friend, if I should see my friend out of the way and not advise him : I were unworthy to have a friend, if hee should advise mee (being out of the way) and I bee angry with him. Rather let me have my friend’s anger than deserve it ; rather let the righteous smite mee friendly by reproofe, than the pernicious oyle of flattery or connivence breake my head. It is a folly to fifie ill-will by giving a just cause of hatred. I thinke him a truer friend that deserves my love, than he that desires it.’ p. 36.

In the second part, the author is somewhat more diffuse, and does not confine himself so much to abstract thoughts, but generally illustrates them with imagery, which possesses, however, the same terseness and closeness of application as his unadorned meditations. His similes are, indeed, mathematically accurate—they run in parallel lines—they never interfere with the subject in hand, nor approach it nearer at one point than another. Our readers cannot fail to be pleased with the few specimens which succeed.

‘ When I see leaves drop from their trees, in the beginning of autumne, just such, thinke I, is the friendship of the world. Whiles the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarne in abundance, but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man, that hath a true friend at his need ; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.’ p. 44.

‘ The gentle and harmlesse sheep being conscious of their owne innocency, how patiently, how quietly, doe they receive the knife, either on the altar, or in the shambles ? How silently and undaunted doe they meet death, and give it entrance with small resistance ? When the filthie, loathsome, and harmefull swine roare horribly at the first handling, and, with an hideous crying reluc-tancy, are haled and held to the slaughter. This seemes some cause to me, why wicked men (conscious of their filthy lives and nature) so tremble at the remembrances, startle at the name, and, with horrour, roare at the approach of death : when the godly quietly uncloathe themselves of their lives, and make small difference twixt a naturall night’s short sleepe, and the long sleepe of nature.’ 2nd part, p. 7.

‘ I see, when I follow my shadow, it flies me—when I fifie my shadow, it followes me : I know pleasures are but shadowes, which hold no longer than the sun-shine of my fortunes. Least then my pleasures should forsake me, I will forsake them. Pleasure most flies me when I follow it.’

‘ It is not good to speak evill of all whom wee know bad : it is worse to judge evill of any, who may prove good. To speake ill upon knowledge shewes a want of charity—to speake ill upon suspition shewes a want of honesty. I will not speake so bad as I know of many : I will not speake worse than I know of any. To

'know evill by others, and not speake it, is sometimes discretion :  
'to speake evill by others, and not know it, is always dishonesty.'

Our author, notwithstanding his gravity, is very sportive in his diction, and does not scorn a pun, as our readers may have seen, and will see more particularly in the following meditations.

'There is a sort of men which are kind men to me, when they expect some kindnesse from me—who have their hands downe to the ground in their salutations, when the ground of their salutations is to have a hand at mee in some commodity. But their own ends once served, their kindnesse hath its end at once : and then it seemes strange to mee, how strange they will seeme to grow to mee ; as if the cause (their desire) being removed, the effect (their courtesie) must straight cease.' p. 33.

'I see a number of gallants every where, whose incomes come in yearly by set numbers, but runne out daily sans number. I could pitty the cases of such brave men, but that I see them still in brave cases ; and when I see them often foxed, me thinke the proverbe sutes those sutes, *What is the fox but his case ?* I should thinke them to be Eutrapelus his enemies, whom he cloathed richly to make them spend freely and grow deboshed. I will doe those men right, and wonder at them, because they desire it. I will not wrong myself to envie them, because they scorne it. I know that gorgeous apparell is an ornament to grace the court, for the glory of the kingdome, but it is no ornament useful in the kingdome of grace, nor needful in the kingdome of glory. A rich coate may bee commendable in the accidents of armory onely, but it is not the onely substance of a commendable gentleman. I will value the apparell by the worthinesse of the wearer ; I will not value the worthinesse of the wearer by the worth of his apparell. Adam was most gallantly apparelled when he was innocently naked.' p. 37.

'The men of most credit in our time are the usurers. For they credit most men : and though their greatest study be security, yet it is usually their fortune to be fullest of care. Time is pretious to them, for they thinke a day broke to them, is worth a broke-age from their creditor. Yet thus they finde by use, that as they have much profit by putting out, so must they have much care to get it in. For debtors are of Themistocles his minde, and take not so much care how to repay all, as how they may not pay at all their creditors, and make this their first resolution, how they may make no resolution at all.' p. 40.

[Of composition, he says,] 'It is the folly of wit in some to take paines to trimme their labours in obscurity. It is the ignorance of learning in others to labour to devest their paine by bluntness ; the one thinking hee never speakes wisely, till he goes beyond his owne and all men's understandings ; the other thinking hee

‘ never speakes plainly, till hee dive beneath the shallowest apprehension. I as little affect curiositie in the one, as care for the affectation of baldnesse in the other. I would not have the pearle of heaven’s kingdome so curiously set in gold, as that the art of the workman should hide the beauty of the jewell: nor yet so slightly valued as to be set in lead: or so beastly used as to be slabbered with durt. I know the pearle (however placed) still retains its virtue, yet I had rather have it set in gold than seeke it in a dunghill.’

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ART. V. *The miscellaneous Works in Verse and Prose of SIR THOMAS OVERTURY, Knt. with Memoirs of his Life. The tenth edition. London, 1754.* [Review—August, 1820.]

This little volume contains the remains of the unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury, “one of the most finished gentlemen about the court” of James I. who fell a victim, as is well known, before the ungovernable passions of the Countess of Essex. The murder of this accomplished man is one of the most disgraceful passages of the history of England; but as the tragical story is always related there, we shall turn our attention from so gloomy a subject to the agreeable little volume before us. The sympathy which was universally felt for his melancholy fate is demonstrated by the first forty pages, which consist of elegies and tributes of grief and admiration from all quarters, “on the untimely death of Sir Thomas Overbury, poisoned in the Tower,” and on his poem the “Wife,” with manifold regrets that she “had grown husbandless of late.” The only “Verse” by Sir Thomas Overbury himself, in the book, are his famous poem termed the “Wife,” a smaller one on the “Choice of a Wife,” and two or three elegies. The “Wife” is a didactic poem, and though the precepts which it gives are certainly not of a kind which the reader feels disposed to dispute, they have truly very little to recommend them, being far from remarkable for their ingenuity, and certainly not set off by any charms of poetical grace or ornament. Our rage for reviving the forgotten does not extend so far as to inflict upon our readers many passages, containing nothing better than injunctions to disregard beauty, which, as Sir Thomas observes, is but “skin deep,” and to prefer good, which “is a fairer attribute than white,” expressed in a dry style and crabbed versification, though they may be on so universally interesting a subject as the Choice of a Wife.

It is not, however, on the poetry, if it may be so called, of Overbury, that his reputation must be founded—it is the remainder of the volume, “the Characters or witty Descriptions of the Properties of sundry Persons,” which display the fertile and ingenious

character of his mind. From these we intend to make some extracts, which will we hope give a value and interest to this article. The book itself is seldom read, and not, on the whole, entertaining; but there are portions of it, and numerous portions too, which we think will impress the reader with a high opinion of the author's talent for observation, and his power of witty contrast and felicitous, though sometimes obscure, expression.

The "Noble Spirit" is in a noble style—a character of true philosophical elevation, which could have been composed by no one who did not "speak what the spirit within him dictated."

### *A Noble Spirit*

'Hath surveyed and fortified his disposition, and converts all 'occurrences into experience, between which experience and his 'reason there is marriage, the issue are his actions. He circuits 'his intents, and seeth the end before he shoots. Men are the in- 'struments of his art, and there is no man without his use; occa- 'sion incites him, none enticeth him, and he moves by affection, 'not for affection; he loves glory, scorns shame, and governeth 'and obeyeth with one countenance, for it comes from one consid- 'eration. He calls not the variety of the world chances, for his 'meditation hath travelled over them, and his eyes, mounted upon 'his understanding, seeth them as things underneath. He covers 'not his body with delicacies, nor excuseth these delicacies by his 'body, but teacheth it, since it is not able to defend its own im- 'becility, to shew or suffer. He licenceth not his weakness to 'wear fate, but knowing reason to be no idle gift of nature, he is 'the steers-man of his own destiny. Truth is his goddess, and he 'takes pains to get her, not to look like her; he knows the condi- 'tion of the world, that he must act one thing like another, and 'then another; to these he carries his desires, and not his desires 'him, and sticks not fast by the way, (for that contentment is re- 'pentance,) but knowing the circle of all courses, of all intents, of 'all things, to have but one center or period, without all distrac- 'tion he hasteth thither and ends there as his true natural element. 'He doth not contemn fortune, but not confess her; he is no game- 'ster of the world, which only complain and praise her,) but being 'only sensible of the honesty of actions, contemns a particular pro- 'fit as the excrement or scum. Unto the society of men he is a 'sun, whose clearness directs their steps in a regular motion. 'When he is more particular, he is the wise man's friend, the ex- 'ample of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time 'goeth not from him, but with him, and he feels age more by the 'strength of his soul than the weakness of his body. Thus feels he 'no pain, but esteems all such things as friends, that desire to file 'off his fetters, and help him out of prison.'

“A Melancholy Man” is also drawn in a masterly manner.

*A Melancholy Man*

‘Is a strayer from the drove, one that nature made sociable because she made him a man, and crazed disposition hath altered, unpleasing to all, as all to him ; straggling thoughts are his content, they make him dream waking, there’s his pleasure. His imagination is never idle, it keeps his mind in a continual motion, as the poise the clock ; he winds up his thoughts often, and as often unwinds them. Penelope’s web thrives faster ; he’ll seldom be found without the shade of some grove, in whose bottom a river dwells ; he carries a cloud in his face, never fair weather ; his outside is framed to his inside, in that he keeps a decorum, both unseemly. Speak to him, he hears with his eyes, ears follow his mind, and that’s not at leisure. He thinks of business, but never does any ; he is all contemplation, no action ; he hews and fashions his thoughts as if he meant them to some purpose, but they prove unprofitable as a piece of wrought timber to no use. His spirits and the sun are enemies, the sun bright and warm, his humour black and cold. Variety of foolish apparitions people his head, they suffer him not to breathe, according to the necessity of nature, which makes him sup up a draught of as much air at once, as would serve at thrice. He denies nature her due in sleep, and overpays her in watchfulness ; nothing pleases him long but that which pleases his own fancies, they are the consuming evils, and evil consumptions that consume him alive. Lastly, he is a man only in show, but comes short of the better part, a whole reasonable soul, which is man’s chief pre-eminence and sole mark from creatures sensible.’

“The Sailor” is very humorous, and also very curious, as showing the immutable nature of the effects of his mode of life. A ‘Fine Gentleman,’ or ‘An Amorist,’ of the days of James the First, is neither the man of fashion nor the lover of modern times ; but the mariner who fought and conquered under Drake or Frobisher, is the same being that fought and conquered under Nelson or Howe.

*A Sailor*

‘Is a pitched piece of reason caulked and tackled, and only studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his own provision, for he lives ever pickled ; a fair wind is the substance of his creed, and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is ever climbing out of sight ; as naturally he fears, for he is ever flying ; time and he are every where, ever contending who shall arrive first ; he is well winded, for he tires the day, and outruns darkness ; his life is like a hawk’s, the best part mewed, and if he lives till three coats, is a master. He sees God’s wonders in the deep, but so as they rather appear his play fel-

' lows, than stirrers of his zeal ; nothing but hunger and hard rocks  
' can convert him, and then but his upper deck neither, for his  
' hold neither fears nor hopes ; his sleeps are but reprievals of his  
' dangers, and when he awakes 'tis but next stage to dying : his  
' wisdom is the coldest part about him, for it ever points to the  
' north, and it lies lowest, which makes his valour every tide o'er-  
' flow it. In a storm 'tis disputable, whether the noise be more his  
' or the elements, and which will first leave scolding ? on which  
' side of the ship he may be saved best ? whether his faith be star-  
' board faith, or larboard, or the helm at that time not all his  
' hope of heaven ? his keel is the emblem of his conscience, till  
' it be split he never repents, then no farther than the land allows  
' him. His language is a new confusion, and all his thoughts new  
' nations ; his body and his ship are both one burthen, nor is it  
' known who stows most wine or rowls most, only the ship is guid-  
' ed, he has no stern ; a barnacle and he are bred together, both of  
' one nature and, 'tis feared, one reason ; upon any but a wooden  
' horse he cannot ride, and if the wind blows against him he dare  
' not, he swarms up to his seat as to a sail yard, and cannot sit un-  
' less he bear a flag-staff ; if ever he be broken to the saddle, 'tis but  
' a voyage still, for he mistakes the bridle for a bowling, and is ever  
' turning his horse tail ; he can pray, but 'tis by rote, not faith, and  
' when he would he dares not, for his brackish belief hath made  
' that ominous. A rock or a quicksand pluck him before he be  
' ripe, else he is gathered to his friends at Wapping.'

This is the conclusion of "the Soldier," which, like the most of this ingenious work, is too much infected with that love of conceit, so fatal to most of the writers in the reign of the pedantic James.

' In charity he goes beyond the clergy, for he loves his greatest  
' enemy best, much drinking. He seems a full student, for he is a  
' great desirer of controversies : he argues sharply, and carries his  
' conclusion in his scabbard ; in the first refining of mankind this  
' was the gold ; his actions are his ammel ;<sup>a</sup> his allay, (for else you  
' cannot work him presently) continual duties, heavy and weary  
' marches, lodgings as full of need as cold diseases, no time to argue  
' but to execute ; line him with these, and link him to his squadrons,  
' and he appears a most rich chain for princes.'

No good heart can read the following beautiful picture of a "fair and happy milk-maid," without inwardly moaning over the fate of the gentle and accomplished man that conceived it. We hardly know of any passage in English prose, and that is saying no little, which inspires the mind of the reader with so many pleasing recollections, and which spreads so calm and purifying a delight over the spirit, as it broods over the idea of the innocent girl

<sup>a</sup> An old word for enamel.

whose image Sir Thomas has here bodied forth :—“ It will scent all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock.”

*A Fair and Happy Milkmaid*

‘ Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all *face-physic* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions: nature hath taught her too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with Chanticlere, her dame’s cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfu. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through heringers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The gilded ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year’s wages at next fair, and in chusing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a Friday’s dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.’

The character of “ A Serving-Man” is of a different cast from the last, but is very amusing.

*A Serving-Man*

‘ Is a creature, which, though he be not drunk, is not his own man. He tells, without asking, who owns him, by the superscription of his livery; his life is for ease and leisure much about

‘gentlemanlike. His wealth enough to suffice nature, and sufficient to make him happy, if he were sure of it, for he hath little, and wants nothing; he values himself higher or lower as his master is; he hates or loves the men as his master doth the master. He is commonly proud of his master’s horses or his Christmas; he sleeps when he is sleepy, is of his religion only; the clock of his stomach is set to go an hour after his. He seldom breaks his own cloaths. He never drinks but double, for he must be pledged; nor commonly without some short sentence nothing to the purpose, and seldom abstains till he comes to be a-thirst. His discretion is to be careful for his master’s credit, and his sufficiency to marshal dishes at a table and carve well. His neatness consists much in his hair and outward linnen. His courting language, visible \* \* \* jests, and against his master fails, he is always ready furnished with a song. His inheritance is the chamber-maid, but often purchaseth his master’s daughter, by reason of opportunity, or for want of a better; he always cuckolds himself, and never marries but his own widow; his master being appeased, he becomes a retainer, and entails himself and his posterity upon his heir males for ever.’

“The Tinker” is sufficiently amusing, and, to those who class the “art of punning” high in the scale of mental accomplishments, will be thought valuable.

### A Tinker

‘Is a moveable, for he hath no abiding in one place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage, and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as *Tubal Cain’s*, and so is a renegade by antiquity, yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his art was music first invented, and therefore is he always furnished with a song, to which his hammer keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the kettle drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crochets. The companion of his travels is some foul sun-burnt quean; that, since the terrible statute, recanted gypsism, and is turned pedlaress. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage; his conversation is irreprovable, for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore had rather steal than beg, in which he is irremovably constant, in spite of whips or imprisonment, and so strong an enemy to idleness, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work; and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his

‘faults behind him.’ \* \* \* ‘Some would take him to be a coward, ‘but believe it he is a lad of mettle.’

Take “the Taylor,” which is in the same strain, and which, together with “the Tinker,” will make a pretty pair of mechanical portraits.

### *A Taylor*

‘Is a creature made up of shreds, that were pared off from ‘Adam, when he was rough cast; the end of his being differeth ‘from that of others, and is not to serve God, but to cover sin; ‘other men’s pride is his best patron, and their negligence a main ‘passage to his profit. \* \* \* \* He handleth the Spanish ‘pike to the hazard of many poor Egyptian vermin, and in shew of ‘his valour, scorneth a greater gauntlet than will cover the top of his ‘middle finger; of all weapons he most affecteth the long bill, and ‘this he will manage to the great prejudice of a customer’s estate; his ‘spirit, notwithstanding, is not so much as to make you think him ‘a man; like a true mongrel, he neither bites nor barks but when ‘your back is towards him. His heart is a lump of congealed ‘snow, *Prometheus* was asleep while it was making; he differeth al- ‘together from God, for with him the best pieces are still marked ‘out for damnation, and without hope of recovery shall be cast ‘down into hell; he is partly an alchymist, for he extracteth his ‘own apparel out of other men’s clothes, and when occasion serv- ‘eth, making a broker’s-shop his alembick, can turn your silks ‘into gold, and having furnished his necessities, after a month or ‘two if he be urged unto it, reduce them again to their proper sub- ‘stance. He is in part likewise an arithmetician, cunning enough ‘in multiplication and addition, but cannot abide subtraction; *sum- ‘ma totalis* is the language of his Canaan, and *usque ad ultimum ‘quadrantem*, the period of his charity. For any skill in geome- ‘try, I dare not commend him, for he could never yet find out the ‘dimensions of his own conscience; notwithstanding he hath many ‘bottoms, it seemeth this is always bottomless.’

The “Noble and Retired Housekeeper” is another lofty picture of a high character, in the same style as the “Noble Spirit.” It is pleasant to think that among our nobility we have always had originals for a picture like the following.

### *A Noble and Retired Housekeeper*

‘Is one whose bounty is limited by reason, not ostentation, and ‘to make it last, he deals it discreetly as we sow the furrow, not by ‘the sack, but by the handful. His word and his meaning never ‘shake hands and part, but always go together. He can survey ‘good and love it, and loves to do it himself, for its own sake, not ‘for thanks. He knows there is no such misery, as to outlive a ‘good name, nor no such folly as to put it in practice. His mind

‘is so secure, that thunder rocks him to sleep, which breaks other men’s slumbers; nobility lightens in his eyes, and in his face and gesture is painted the God of hospitality. His great houses bear in their front more durance than state, unless this add the greater state to them, that they promise to out-last much of our new fantastical building. His heart grows old no more than his memory, whether at his book, or on horseback; he passes his time in such noble exercise; a man cannot say any time is lost by him, nor hath he only years to approve he hath lived till he be old, but virtues. His thoughts have a high aim, though their dwelling be in the vale of an humble heart, whence, as by an engine, (that raises water to fall, that it may rise higher) he is heightened in his humility. The Adamant serves not for all seas, but his doth, for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and sounded all her quicksands. He hath his hand over fortune, that her injuries, how violent or sudden soever, do not daunt him; for whether his time call him to live or die, he can do both nobly; if to fall, his descent is breast to breast with virtue, and even then like the sun, near his set he shows unto the world his clearest countenance.’

Sir Thomas Overbury seems to have had a high regard for the profession of an actor, and, if we mistake not, there are marks in the following portrait of his having taken it from personal observation.—Probably, like many other accomplished men, from the time of Cicero, he sought the society of a set of men whose occupation, to excel in it, requires the cultivation of the most attractive graces, both of mind and body, and is of a nature to cast a romantic and elevated tinge over the character.

*An excellent Actor.*

‘Whatsoever is commendable in the grave orator, is most exquisitely perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body, he charms our attention; sit in a full theatre, and you will think you see so many lines drawn from the circumference of so many ears, while the actor is the center. He doth not strive to make nature monstrous, she is often seen in the same scene with him, but neither on stilts nor crutches; and for his voice, ’tis not lower than the prompter, nor louder than the foil and target. By his action he fortifies moral precepts with example, for what we see him personate, we think truly done before us; a man of a deep thought might apprehend the ghosts of our ancient heroes walked again, and take him (at several times) for many of them. He is much affected to painting, and ’tis a question, whether that makes him an excellent player, or his playing an exquisite painter. He adds grace to the poet’s labours; for what in the poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and music. He entertains us in the best

leisure of our life, that is between meals, the most unfit time for study or bodily exercise. The flight of hawks and chace of wild beasts, either of them are delights noble : but some think this sport of men the worthier, despight all calumny. All men have been of his occupation ; and, indeed, what he doth feignedly, that do others essentially. This day one plays a monarch, the next a private person. Here one acts a tyrant, on the morrow an exile ; a parasite this man to-night, to-morrow a precisian, and so of divers others. I observe, of all men living, a worthy actor in one kind is the strongest motive of affection that can be : for when he dies, we cannot be persuaded any man can do his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would do gold in the ore ; I should not mind the dross, but the purity of the metal.'

Coupling this admirable character of the "Franklin," with that of the "Milkmaid," we may conclude that Sir Thomas Overbury had a keen taste for the pleasures of a rural life—but whether he had an opportunity of indulging it, we are unable to judge, from the scanty particulars which are left of his short life.

#### *A Franklin.*

His outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms (with the best gentleman) and never see the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, go to field, but let us go ; and with his own eye, doth both fatten his flock, and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little ; his own fold yields him both food and raiment ; he is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's ark for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law ; understanding, to be law-bound among men, is like to be hide-bound among his beasts ; they thrive not under it, and that such men sleep as unquietly as if their pillows were stufit with lawyers' pen-knives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospect ; they are, indeed, his alms-houses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late, but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs ; nor uses he any cruelty, but when he hunts the hare ; nor subtily, but when he setteth snares for the snipe, or pitfalls for the black-bird ; nor oppression, but when, in the month of July, he goes to the next river and sheers his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead any thing bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after even song. Rock-monday, and the wake in summer, shroving, the wakeful ketches on Christmas-eve, the hoky, or seed-

‘ cake, these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of popery. ‘ He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the privy closet, ‘ when the finding an eiery of hawks in his own ground, or the ‘ foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant ‘ and more profitable. He is lord paramount within himself, though ‘ he hold by never so mean a tenure, and dies the more contentedly, ‘ (though he leave his heir young,) in regard, he leaves him not ‘ liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him ; he cares not ‘ when his end comes ; he needs not fear his audit, for his *Quietus* ‘ is in heaven.’

At the end of this numerous gallery of portraits, the author gives you “a Character of a Character,” which, says he,

‘ To square out a character by our English level, is a picture ‘ (real or personal) quaintly drawn in various colours, all of them ‘ heightened by one shadowing.

‘ It is a quick and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up in ‘ one musical close ; it is wits’ descant on any plain song.’

It is needless to tell the reader, after the many specimens we have given, that this is a very accurate definition of the author’s own “Characters.” They are, in truth, “a quick and soft touch of many strings,” and do altogether discourse most excellent music. This description of writing is very old—as old as Theophrastus ; and though many similar writers have given more true and verisimilar portraits of the characters they drew, we do not think one of this numerous race of authors has produced more amusing, ingenious, and, in some cases, more beautiful compositions of the kind, than some of those we have quoted. It unfortunately happens, that the vice of the times, the love of conceit, shows itself too conspicuously, and that the change of manners has rendered the language of too many parts totally unfit to meet a modern ear.

The book concludes with a few pages of lively matter, which the author terms “News from any Whence, or old Truth under a Supposal of Novelty.” We give a specimen or two.

#### *News from Court.*

‘ It is thought here, that there are as great miseries beyond happiness, as on this side it, as being in love. That truth is every man’s by assenting ; that time makes every thing aged, and yet itself was never but a minute old. That, next sleep, the greatest devourer of time is business ; the greatest stretcher of it, passion ; the truest measure of it, contemplation. To be saved, always is the best plot ; and virtue always clears her way as she goes. Vice is ever behind hand with itself. That wit and a woman are two frail things, and both the frailer by concurring.’

*From the Bed.*

‘ That the bed is the best rendezvous of mankind, and the most necessary ornament of a chamber. That soldiers are good anti-quaries in keeping the old fashion, for the first bed was the bare ground. That a man’s pillow is his best counsellor. That Adam lay in state when the heaven was his canopy. That the naked truth is, Adam and Eve lay without sheets.’

ART. VI. *The Life and Adventures of LAZARILLO GONSALES, surnamed DE TORMES. Written by himself. Translated from the original Spanish. In two parts: 12mo. 19th Edition; London, 1777.*

This is one of the amusing histories of Spanish rougery; and, in gratitude for the entertainment Lazarillo has afforded us, we intend to devote a few pages to him.—It may be thought that we are easily pleased, and if it be so, we are rather disposed to consider it as an advantage than otherwise.—We would rather belong to that class which

“ Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing;”

than be enrolled in the ranks of those critics, who can find a blot in every author’s scutcheon, and whose chief pleasure is to be displeased. We would, by our own will, have the critic, were his knowledge as ample and comprehensive as the “casing air,” as pliant and impressible. We think it no proof of a man’s wisdom, or of his knowledge, to be niggardly of praise, and, like a certain insect, to pass over that which is good to light upon that which is unsound and worthless. But so it is—

“ The bee and spider, by a diverse power,  
Suck honey and poison from the self-same flow’r.”

While some read for information, many read for amusement, but both objects have the same tendency—the increase of human happiness; and the power of enjoyment is the greatest proof of wisdom. This little work will perhaps be thought by some of a low and trifling nature; but it is the first of a race of comic romances, which have added to the innocent delight of thousands. Indeed, for wit, spirit, and inexhaustible resources, in all emergencies, there is nothing like your Spanish rogue; he is the very pattern of a good knave, the perfection of trickery. Foul weather or fair, it is much the same to him; in winter or summer he is ever blithe and jocund. If his face be as plump and bright as the orange of his own Seville, he is not without its tartness; and if it be as lean and sunken as an apple kept over the spring-time, he can laugh with the season. In fact, he is never out of season; for, if we have a black cloud on

one side of the hill, there is sunshine on the other. He is the true Spanish blade, sharp and well tempered. And then for his plots and shifts, and pleasant adventures, there is no end to them ; they are countless. Of all rogues, the Spanish rogue is, after all, the only agreeable companion. A French rogue is nothing to him ; and your Jeremy Sharpes and Meriton Latroons are mere dullards in the comparison. The first is but a mechanical sharper, and the others are indecent blackguards.—They are bread without salt—mere animal matter without soul. We would not, however, for the world, deprecate our old acquaintance, *Gil Blas*, a book which we cannot leave without regret, whenever we dip into it ; but he is, in reality, nothing more nor less than a Spanish rogue. Spain gave him birth, and furnished his adventures. Nor would we say any thing against that pleasantly extravagant book, the “*Comic Romance*” of Scarron, which has more of the English cast of humour, than any other work, of the same country, that we are acquainted with. As to those eminent individuals who first figure at Tyburn, and then in the “*Newgate Calendar*,” there is too much of reality in their deeds ; and besides, they present, with the dreadful inadequacy and inequality of their punishments, a too uniformly sanguinary and gloomy picture for us to introduce here. But the Spanish rogue is too light for the gallows—“hemp was not sown for him.” And we escape with gladness from the reflections which were just awakening in our minds, to the more immediate object of this article.—What depth of knowledge and acuteness of observation do the Spanish “*Lives*” and “*Adventures*” display ; and what a fund of wisdom is mingled with their rogueries, as in the *Gusman de Alfarache*, for instance, the most celebrated of all Lazarillo’s successors, and which will form the subject of an article in one of our future numbers. Books of this description have, somehow or other, obtained an uncommon degree of popularity ; and, judging from the number of editions through which the book before us has passed, it has received its share. For ourselves, we can say, with truth, they have beguiled us of many an hour which would otherwise have been wearisome ; and we can still turn from perusing, in the pages of the historian, the graver knaveries of “your rich thieves, such as ride on their foot-cloths of velvet, that hang their horses with hangings of tissue and costly arras, and cover the floors of their chambers with gold and silk, and curious Turkey carpets—who live bravely, upheld by their reputation, graced by their power, and favoured by flattery ;”—and divert ourselves with the more ingenious and less fatal tricks of the vulgar hero, who commenced his youthful career by leading a blind beggar. Lazarillo, however, is a low and wretched rogue—he has neither the

\* *Gusman de Alfarache.*

genius, or the ambition, to figure in a higher sphere than that in which he was bred—he neither possesses the various and versatile inventions, nor embarks in the intricate and impudent plots, of Gusman, nor meets with the romantic adventures or arrives at the dignity of Gil Blas. In short, Lazarillo is not a professed or finished sharper, but is more the victim of the knavery of others, than a knave himself.—Some of the scenes are of a sombre cast, but relieved by the usual quaintness, liveliness, and spirit of enjoyment, of the Spanish writers.—Lazarillo, in his greatest straits, loses not his good humour.

Than his first master, the devil never hatched an archer or cunninger old fellow—he had more prayers by heart, than all the blind men of Spain—and, for his guide's misfortune, was stingy and avaricious, as he was cunning. Our Lazarillo was half starved to death by him, and obliged to exert his utmost ingenuity to extract a portion of his master's provisions. One of his expedients will be found in the ensuing extract.

' At meals, the blind old man used always to keep his wine in an ' earthen mug, which he set between his legs, from whence I used, ' as often as I could, to move it slyly to my head, and after giving it ' a hearty kiss, returned it to the place from whence it came. But ' my master being as cunning as I was sly, and finding his draughts ' were shortened, after that, always held the mug by the handle.

' That new precaution proved but a whet to my industry ; for by ' means of a reed, one end of which I put into the pot, I used to ' drink with more satisfaction and conveniency than before ; till the ' traitor, I suppose, hearing me suck, rendered my darling machine ' useless, by keeping one hand upon the mouth of the can.

' Used to wine as I then was, I could more easily have dispensed ' with my shirt ; and that exigency put me upon a fresh invention of ' making a hole near the bottom of the mug, which, stopping with ' a little wax, at dinner-time I took the opportunity to tap the can, ' and getting my head between the old man's legs, received into my ' mouth the delicious juice with all the decency imaginable. So ' that the old man, not knowing to what he should impute the con- ' tinual leakage of his liquor, used to swear and domineer, wishing ' both the wine and the pot were at the devil.

' You won't accuse me any more, I hope (cried I,) of drinking ' your wine, after all the fine precautions you have taken to prevent ' it.—To that he said not a word ; but feeling all about the pot, he ' at last unluckily discovered the hole, which cunningly dissembling ' at that time, he let me alone, till next day at dinner, not dreaming, ' God knows, of the old man's malicious intention, but getting in ' between his legs, according to my wonted custom, receiving into ' my mouth the distilling dew, and pleasing myself with the success ' of my own ingenuity, my eyes upward, but half shut, the furious

‘tyrant, taking up the sweet but hard pot with both his hands, ‘flung it down again with all his force upon my face ; by the violence of which blow, imagining the house had fallen upon my head, ‘I lay sprawling without any sentiment or judgment, my forehead, ‘nose and mouth, gushing out with blood, and the latter full of broken teeth and broken pieces of the can.

‘From that time forward, I ever abominated the monstrous old churl, and, in spite of all his flattering stories, could easily observe how my punishment tickled the old rogue’s fancy.

‘He washed my sores with wine, and with a smile, what sayest thou, (quoth he,) Lazarillo ; the thing that hurt thee, now restores thee health ? Courage, my boy !—But all his raillery could not make me change my mind.’

The portraiture of the Squire, his third master, is an admirable full length of a Spanish hidalgo, with no other inheritance than his name and a sword—of pride truckling to a neat’s foot. Indeed, it is so complete and finished, that we shall give nearly the whole of it. Hogarth never struck off a more felicitous picture, and we think it partakes of his manner in some of his pieces. In other hands it would have been purely gloomy and miserable ; but here the abstract wretchedness is so redeemed and relieved by the spirit of the author, that we fancy it a positive enjoyment. “Dost thou want a master, boy ?” said the ’Squire, a grave and stately person. “Yes, sir,” answered Lazarillo ; “Then follow me,” said the ’Squire, “and surely thou hast said some very efficacious prayer this morning, or art a particular favourite of heaven, since ’tis thy fortune to fall in my way.”—Lazarillo blessed his stars and followed. \* \* \* \*

[He gets nothing to eat for the whole day, except some pieces of bread which he had in his own pocket.]

The next day, the ’squire leaves home to take his usual rounds. Lazarillo waits in vain for his return until two o’clock, till he is, at last, driven, in order to satisfy the yearning of an empty stomach, to walk forth and solicit the charity of well-disposed persons.

‘After this manner I went from door to door, demanding a morsel of bread, with my hands joined, my eyes looking up to heaven, and the names of all the saints in my mouth, and was always sure to stop at the houses of best appearance. I had suck’d in all the niceties and secrets of my profession like my mother’s milk, in the service of my blind master, and so effectually did I exert my faculties on that occasion, that before four o’clock, though the season was then very bad, and charity as cold, I had four pounds of good bread in my belly, and at least two pounds in my pockets. In my way home, going through the market, a butcher-woman gave me a piece of an ox foot and some boiled tripe. The poor ’squire was got home before me, and having already laid aside his cloak, was walking at a great rate in the yard. He made up to

‘me when I came in, as I thought with a design to chide me for  
 ‘staying so long ; but God had made him of a more peaceable tem-  
 ‘per : his business was only to ask me where I had been. I told  
 ‘him, that having stood it out till two o’clock, and not seeing him  
 ‘come home, I had been to the city to recommend myself to the  
 ‘charity of well-disposed persons, who had given me the bread and  
 ‘tripe, which I then showed him ; and though I could easily ob-  
 ‘serve he was rejoiced at the sight, Poor boy, (quoth he,) seeing  
 ‘thou wert so long a coming, I dined alone. Better beg in God’s  
 ‘name than steal ; only take care, for my honour, that nobody know  
 ‘thou art in my service, which ’tis very easy for thee to do, since I  
 ‘am so little known in this town, and wou’d to God I had never seen  
 ‘it.—Alas ! sir, (said I,) why should you trouble yourself about  
 ‘that ? Nobody asks me such questions, and I have no occasion to  
 ‘talk to any body of it.—Well, poor Lazarillo, (quoth he,) eat thy  
 ‘dinner. We shall be in a better condition, an’t please God, in a  
 ‘little while ; though, to tell the truth, this is a most unlucky house ;  
 ‘nothing has prospered with me since I came to it ; it must certainly  
 ‘be situated under some unhappy planet ; there are several such  
 ‘houses, which communicate their unluckiness to those that dwell  
 ‘in them, of which, doubtless, this is one ; but I promise thee, as  
 ‘soon as this month is out, I will bid adieu to it.

‘ I sat down upon the end of the stone seat, and began to eat,  
 ‘ that he might fancy I was fasting ; and observed, without seeming  
 ‘ to take notice, that his eye was fixed upon my skirt, which was  
 ‘ all the plate and table that I had.

‘ May God pity me as I had compassion on that poor ’squire ;  
 ‘ daily experience made me sensible of his trouble. I did not know  
 ‘ whether I should invite him ; for since he had told me he had  
 ‘ dined, I thought he would make a point of honour to refuse to eat ;  
 ‘ but, in short, being very desirous to supply his necessity, as I had  
 ‘ done the day before, and which I was then much better in a con-  
 ‘ dition to do, having already sufficiently stuffed my own guts, it  
 ‘ was not long before an opportunity fairly offered itself ; for he  
 ‘ taking occasion to come near me in his walks, Lazarillo, quoth  
 ‘ he, (as soon as he observed me begin to eat,) I never saw any body  
 ‘ eat so handsomely as thee ; a body can scarce see thee fall to work  
 ‘ without desiring to bear thee company ; let their stomachs be ever  
 ‘ so full, or their mouth ever so much out of taste. Faith, thought  
 ‘ I to myself, with such an empty belly as yours, my own mouth  
 ‘ would water at a great deal less.

‘ But finding he was come where I wished him ; Sir, (said I,)  
 ‘ good stuff makes a good workman. This is admirable bread,  
 ‘ and here’s an ox foot so nicely drest, and so well seasoned, that  
 ‘ any body would delight to taste of it.

‘ How ! cry’d the ’squire, interrupting me, an ox foot ? Yes, sir,

(said I,) an ox foot. Ah! then, (quoth he,) thou hast, in my opinion, the delicatest bit in Spain; there being neither partridge, pheasant, nor any other thing, that I like near so well as that.

‘ Will you please to try, sir? (said I,) putting the ox foot in his hand, with two good morsels of bread; when you have tasted it, you will be convinced that ’tis a treat for a king, ’tis so well dressed and seasoned.

‘ Upon that, sitting down by my side, he began to eat, or rather to devour what I had given him, so that the bones could hardly escape. Oh, the excellent bit, (did he cry,) that this would be with a little garlick. Ha! thought I to myself, how lustily thou eatest it without sauce. Gad, (said the ’squire,) I have eaten this as heartily as if I had not tasted a bit of victuals to-day; which I did very easily believe. He then called for the pitcher with the water, which was full as I had brought it home; so you may guess whether he had eat any.’

Our hero’s master being one day in better humour than ordinary, because he had had a tolerable dinner, was pleased to give him the following account of his affairs.

‘ He told me, that he was of Old Castile, and that he had left his country only because he would not pull off his hat to a person of quality of his neighbourhood. But, sir, (quoth I,) if he was your superior by his birth and estate, as you seem to own he was, you might well enough have saluted him first, without any injury to yourself, since he did not fail to make you a civil return.

‘ All that’s true enough, answered the ’squire. He was a greater man than I, and returned my civilities; but he should have begun once, and forced me to let myself be saluted first, by taking me by the hand when he saw me carrying it to my head to pull off my hat.

‘ For my part, sir, (quoth I,) I should not have minded things so nearly.

‘ Yes, that’s well enough for thee, (interrupted he.) Thou art but young, and so a stranger to those sentiments of honour, in which the riches of those that now profess it do principally consist. But thou must know, that, a simple ’squire as I am, if I met a prince in the street, and he did not take off his hat to me right, (I say, take it off right,) gadzooks, on the first occasion I would find a way to go into some house, under pretence of business, or slip away into the next street before he came near me, that I might not be obliged to salute him. Look ye, (continued the ’squire,) except God and the king, a gentleman is inferior to none, and ought not to yield an ace to any.

‘ I remember, (added he,) I taught an officer good manners once, and had like to have caned him for saluting me with a God save you. Learn to speak as you ought, Mr. Scoundrel, (said I,) and

‘don’t use me like such a clown as yourself, with your God save you ! And after that, he never failed to salute me as far as he could see me, and to speak when he came near me, as became him.

‘Here I could not avoid interrupting him. What, sir, (said I,) is it an offence to say, God save a man ?

‘What a foolish boy is this ! (answered the ’squire.) That’s well enough for ordinary people ; but for a man of my quality, the least that can be given is, your most humble servant, sir ; or at least, your servant, if it be a gentleman that speaks to me : and you may see by that, whether it was fit for me to submit to the behaviour of my noble neighbour, who, to tell you the truth, did likewise use to plague me, upon all occasions, with a God save you, sir ! No, by St. Anthony, I’ll never take a God save you at any body’s hands but the king’s, if they were to add, my lord, at the end of the compliment, to sweeten it.’

This production, which was printed in 1586, is attributed to D. Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, who was not only a soldier, philosopher, historian, and statesman, but a poet ; who, in his vernacular language, was second to none of his age. It is by some, also, ascribed to John de Ortega, a monk.\*

The work being left incomplete by the author, a second part was added by H. de Luna, which is much inferior to the first.—Lazarillo, after having served all sorts of masters, been water-carrier, public crier, Indian merchant, sea-monster, gentleman-usher, &c. died a recluse. His being converted into a sea-monster is vastly extravagant. As he is returning from South America, he is wrecked off the coast of his native country, and escapes on a plank to shore, but so intangled and covered with sea-weeds, that certain fishermen, by whom he is found, conceive the idea of showing him about the country as a sea-monster, which they actually put in execution.

The translation, as our readers have no doubt remarked, is executed in a masterly, spirited, and excellent style.

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ART. VII. *Various Prospects of Mankind, Nature, and Providence* ; London, 1761. [Review—August, 1820.]

Mr. WALLACE, the author of the work before us, was of the number of those speculators who have delighted to form schemes of ideal felicity for their species. Men of this class, often despised as dreaming theorists, have been found among the best and wisest of all ages. Those, indeed, who have seen the farthest into their na-

\* Vide *Bibliot. Hisp. Nova*, tom. 1. p. 291.

ture, have found the surest grounds of hope even for its earthly destiny. Their gentle enthusiasm has been, at the least, innoxious. The belief, that humanity is on the decline—that the energy of man is decaying—that the heart is becoming harder—and that imagination and intellect are dwindling away—lays an icy finger on the soul, confirms the most debasing selfishness, and tends to retard the blessedness which it denies. We propose, therefore, in this article, very cursorily to inquire how far the hopes of those who believe that man is, on the whole, advancing, are sanctioned by experience and by reason.

But we must not forget, that, in the very work before us, an obstacle to the happiness of the species is brought forward, which has subsequently been explained as of a dreadful nature, and has been represented as casting an impenetrable gloom over the brightest anticipations of human progress. We shall first set it forth in the words of Wallace—then trace its expansion and various application by Malthus—and inquire how far it compels us to despair for man.

‘Under a perfect government, the inconveniences of having a family would be so entirely removed, children would be so well taken care of, and every thing become so favourable to populousness, that though some sickly seasons or dreadful plagues in particular climates might cut off multitudes, yet, in general, mankind would increase so prodigiously, that the earth would at last be overstocked, and become unable to support its numerous inhabitants.

‘How long the earth, with the best culture of which it is capable from human genius and industry, might be able to nourish its perpetually increasing inhabitants, is as impossible as it is unnecessary to be determined. It is not probable that it could have supported them during so long a period as since the creation of Adam. But whatever may be supposed of the length of this period, of necessity it must be granted, that the earth could not nourish them for ever, unless either its fertility could be continually augmented, or, by some secret in nature, like what certain enthusiasts have expected from the philosopher’s stone, some wise adept in the occult sciences should invent a method of supporting mankind, quite different from any thing known at present. Nay, though some extraordinary method of supporting them might possibly be found out, yet, if there was no bound to the increase of mankind, which would be the case under a perfect government, there would not even be sufficient room for containing their bodies upon the surface of the earth, or upon any limited surface whatsoever. It would be necessary, therefore, in order to find room for such multitudes of men, that the earth should be continually enlarging in bulk, as an animal or vegetable body.’ \* \* \*

‘How dreadfully would the magistrates of such commonwealths

‘find themselves disconcerted at that fatal period, when there was  
 ‘no longer any room for new colonies, and when the earth could  
 ‘produce no farther supplies ! During all the preceding ages,  
 ‘while there was room for increase, mankind must have been hap-  
 ‘py ; the earth must have been a paradise in the literal sense, as the  
 ‘greatest part of it must have been turned into delightful and fruit-  
 ‘ful gardens. But when the dreadful time should at last come,  
 ‘when our globe, by the most diligent culture, could not produce  
 ‘what was sufficient to nourish its numerous inhabitants, what hap-  
 ‘py expedient could then be found out to remedy so great an  
 ‘evil ? \* \* \* \*

‘Such a melancholy situation, in consequence merely of the want  
 ‘of provisions, is in truth more unnatural than all their present ca-  
 ‘lamities. Supposing men to have abused their liberty, by which  
 ‘abuse, vice has once been introduced into the world ; and that  
 ‘wrong notions, a bad taste, and vicious habits, have been strength-  
 ‘ened by the defects of education and government, our present dis-  
 ‘tresses may be easily explained. They may even be called natu-  
 ‘ral, being the natural consequences of our depravity. They may  
 ‘be supposed to be the means by which Providence punishes vice ;  
 ‘and, by setting bounds to the increase of mankind, prevents the  
 ‘earth’s being overstocked, and men being laid under the cruel ne-  
 ‘cessity of killing one another. But to suppose, that, in the course  
 ‘of a favourable Providence, a perfect government had been esta-  
 ‘blished, under which the disorders of human passions had been  
 ‘powerfully corrected and restrained ; poverty, idleness, and war,  
 ‘banished ; the earth made a paradise ; universal friendship and  
 ‘concord established, and human society rendered flourishing in all  
 ‘respects ; and that such a lovely constitution should be overturn-  
 ‘ed, not by the vices of men, or their abuse of liberty, but by the  
 ‘order of nature itself, seems wholly unnatural, and altogether dis-  
 ‘agreeable to the methods of Providence.’

To this passage, the gloomy theories of Mr. Malthus owe their origin. He took the evil, which Wallace regarded as awaiting the species in its highest state of earthly perfection, as instant and pressing in almost every state of society, and as causing mankind perpetually to oscillate. He represented nature herself as imposing an adamantine barrier to improvement, against which the fertilizing waters must beat in vain, and which would strike them back again, to a distance proportioned to the force by which they were rolled towards it. He depicted the tendency of the species to increase in numbers, as arising from passion, mad and ungovernable as well as universal, and as resisted, in its fatal consequences, only by war, famine, or disease. He maintained, that man was placed by nature between two tremendous evils, and could never recede from the gloomy strait within which his movements were contracted. He

treated the love between the sexes as a brute instinct, without adverting to the infinite varieties of its developement, to its modifications by imagination and sentiment, to the refined delicacies of its intellectual enjoyments, to its thoughts which "do often lie too deep for tears," or its hopes, reaching far beyond death and the grave. Man was thus debased into a wretched animal, whose passions were irresistible, yet could not be satisfied without bringing on his race incalculable miseries.

The system thus promulgated in the first edition of the work on *Population*, could not be well applied to any practical uses. It tended to destroy the fair visions of human improvement, and to place a gigantic demon in their room. But it could not form a part of any rational scheme of legislation, because it represented the evils which it depicted as hopeless. Its only moral was despair. But its author—a man of genuine personal benevolence, in spite of his doctrines—became anxious to discover some moral purposes to which he might apply his scheme. Accordingly, in his second edition, which was so altered and re-written as to be almost a new work, he introduced a new preventive check on the tendency of population to increase, which he designated "moral restraint;" and proposed to inculcate, by the negative course of leaving all those who did not practise it, to the consequences of their error. This new feature appears to us subversive of the whole system, in so far, at least, as it is designed to exhibit insuperable obstacles to the progressive happiness of man. Instead of the evil being regarded as inevitable, a means was expressly enforced by which it might be completely avoided. Celibacy, instead of a dreadful misfortune, was shown to be a state of attainable and exalted virtue. In calculating on the tendency of the species to increase, we were no longer required to speculate on a mere instinct, but on a thousand moral and intellectual causes—on the movements of reason, sensibility, imagination, and hope—on the purest as well as the intensest emotions of the human soul. The rainbow could be as easily grasped, or a sun-beam measured by a line, as the operations of the blended passion and sentiment of love estimated by geometrical series!

The real question, in this case, is not whether, when the world is fully cultivated, the tendency of the species to increase will be greater than the means of subsistence; but whether this tendency really presses on us at every step of our progress. For, if there is no insuperable barrier to the complete cultivation of the earth, the cessation of all the countless evils of war, and the union of all the brethren of mankind in one great family, we may safely trust to heaven for the rest. When this universal harmony shall begin, men will surely have attained the virtue and the wisdom to exercise a self-denial, which Mr. Malthus himself represents as fully within

their power. In the æra of knowledge and of peace, that degree of self-sacrifice can scarcely be impossible, which, even now, our philosopher would inculcate at the peril of starvation.\*\*\*If the wretchedness of man really flowed from this source, it is strange that the discovery should not have been made during six thousand years of his misery. He is not usually thus obtuse, respecting the cause of his sorrows. It will be admitted, that his distresses have most frequently arisen from luxury and from war, as their immediate causes. The first will scarcely be attributed to the want of food; nor can the second be traced to so fantastical an origin. Shakspeare, indeed, represents Coriolanus, in his insolent contempt for humanity, as rejoicing in the approach of war, as the means of “venting the musty superfluity” of the people; but kings have not often engaged in the fearful game on so refined and philosophic principles. On the contrary, the strength of a state was always regarded, in old time, as consisting in the number of its citizens. And, indeed, it is impossible that any of the gigantic evils of mankind should have arisen from the pressure of population against the means of subsistence; because it is impossible to point out any one state in which the means of subsistence have been fully developed and exhausted. If the want of subsistence, then, has ever afflicted a people, it has not arisen, except in case of temporary famine, from a deficiency in the means of subsistence, but in the mode and spirit of using them. The fault has been, not in nature, but in man. Population may, in a few instances, have increased beyond the energy of the people to provide for it, but not beyond the resources which God has placed within their power.

There is no stage of civilization, in which the objection to any farther advance might not have been urged with as much plausibility as at the present. While any region, capable of fruitfulness, remains uninhabited and barren, the argument applies with no more force against its cultivation, than it would have applied against the desire of him who founded the first settlement to extend its boundaries. While the world was before him, he might as reasonably have been warned to decline any plan for bringing wastes into tillage, on the ground that the tendency of man to multiply would thus be incited beyond the means of supplying food, as we, in our time, while the greater part of the earth yet remains to be possessed. And, indeed, the objection has far less force now than at any preceding period;—because not only is space left, but the aids of human power are far greater than in old time. Machinery now enables one man to do as much towards the supply of human wants, as could formerly have been done by hundreds. And shall we select this as the period of society in which the species must stand still, because the means of subsistence can be carried but a little farther?—Surely, immense regions of unbounded

fertility—long successions of spicy groves—trackless pastures watered by ocean—rivers formed to let in wealth to the midst of a great continent—and sweet islands which lie calmly on the breast of crystal seas—were not created for eternal solitude and silence. Until these are peopled, and the earth is indeed “replenished and subdued,” the command and the blessing, “increase and multiply,” must continue unrecalled by its great Author. Shall not Egypt revive its old fruitfulness, and Palestine again flow with milk and honey?

The hypothesis, that population left to itself will increase in a geometrical progression, while the means of subsistence can only be enlarged in an arithmetical progression, is a mere fantasy. Vegetables, cattle, and fish, have far greater powers of productiveness than the human species; and the only obstacle to those powers being developed in an equal degree, is the want of room for them to increase, or the want of energy or wisdom in man to apply the bounty of nature to its fittest uses. The first want cannot exist while the larger part of the earth is barren, and the riches of the ocean remain unexhausted. The second, with all the disadvantages of ignorance, war, tyranny, and vice, has not prevented the boundaries of civilization from widely extending. What is there then in this particular stage of society, which should induce the belief, that the sinews of humanity are shrivelled up, and its energy falling to decay? The same quantity of food or of clothing—the same comforts and the same luxuries—which once required the labour of a hundred hands, are now produced almost without personal exertion. And is the spirit in man so broken down and debased, that, with all the aids of machinery, he cannot effect as much as the labour of his own right arm would achieve in the elder time? If, indeed, he is thus degenerate, the fault, at least, is not in nature, but in external and transitory causes. But we are prepared clearly, though briefly, to show, that man has been and is, on the whole, advancing in true virtue, and in moral and intellectual energy.

It cannot be denied, that there are many apparent oscillations in the course of the species. If we look at only a small portion of history, it may seem retrograde, as a view of one of the windings of a noble river may lead us to imagine that it is flowing from the ocean. The vast intricacies of human affairs; the perpetual opposition of interests, prejudices, and passions, do not permit mankind to proceed in a right line; but, if we overlook any large series of ages, we shall clearly perceive, that the course of man is towards perfection. In contemplating the past, our attention is naturally attracted to the illustrious nations, whose story is consecrated by a thousand associations of early joy. But even if we take these, and forget the savage barbarism of the rest of the world, we shall find little to excite our envy. Far be it from us to deny, that there

were among these, some men of pure and disinterested virtue, whose names are like great sea-marks in the dreariness of the backward perspective, and whom future generations can only desire to imitate. Our nature has always had some to vindicate its high capabilities of good. But even among the privileged classes of Greece and Rome—the selected minority, to whom all the rights of nature were confined more strictly than in the strictest modern despotism—how rare are the instances of real and genuine goodness! That long succession of bloody tragedies—that frightful alternation of cruelties and of meannesses—the Peloponnesian war, was perpetrated in the midst of the people, who had just carried the arts to their highest perfection. Gratitude, honesty, and good faith, had no place in the breasts of Athenian citizens. The morals of the Spartans were even more despicable than those of their rivals. Their mixture of barbarity and of craft towards their foes, and the states which were tributary to their power—their unnatural sacrifice of the most sacred of the affections of nature to mere national glory—and their dreadful conduct towards the wretched Helots, who were their property,—have scarcely a parallel in human history. The long conspiracy of Rome against the liberties of mankind, carried on from the time of its foundation until it began to decline, served to string every sinew into a horrid rigidity, and to steel the heart to the feelings of compassion. This is the description of its progress by one of its own historians :

‘Raptores orbis, postquam cuncta vastantibus defuere terræ, et  
 ‘mare scrutantur; si locuples hostis est, avari; si pauper, ambi-  
 ‘tiosi: quos non oriens non occidens satiaverit; soli omnium opes  
 ‘atque inopiam pari affectu concupiscunt. Auferre, trucidare, ra-  
 ‘pere, falsis nominibus imperium, atque ubi solitudinem pacem ap-  
 ‘pellent.’—(*Tacitus Vit. Agricola*, 30.)

The proscriptions of Marius and Sylla alone proved what this savage spirit could perpetrate at home, when it had exhausted all opportunities of satiating, among foreign states, its thirst for slaughter.

If we pass over the vast improvements in morals—the amelioration of war—the progress of political science—and the redemption of the female sex from degradation and from bondage—we shall find, in one great change alone, ample reason to rejoice in the advances of the species. The simple term, *humanity*, expresses the chief difference between our times and the brightest of classical ages. In those there was no feeling for man, as man—no recognition of a common brotherhood—no sense of those qualities which all men have in common, and of those claims which those who are “made of one blood” have on each other for justice and for mercy. Manhood was nothing, citizenship was all in all. Nearly all the virtues were aristocratical and exclusive. The vast number of slaves—their dreadful condition—and the sanction which the law

gave to all the cruelties practised on them—showed that the masters of the world had no sense of the dignity of their nature, whatever they might feel for the renown of their country, or the privileges of their order. The Spartan youths massacred their Helots, to nurture their valour. Indeed, the barbarities inflicted on that miserable race, by those whom we are sometimes taught to admire, would exceed belief, if they were not attested by the clearest proofs. At Rome, slaves, when too old for work, were often sent to an island in the Tiber, and left there to perish. On the slightest offence, they were frequently thrown into fish-ponds, exposed to wild beasts, or sentenced to die upon the cross. And in the same spirit of contempt for humanity, and veneration for the privileged orders, parents had power to imprison their children or put them to death, and wives were left, without protection, to the brutal ferocity of their husbands.

With how different feelings are the rights of humanity regarded in these happier seasons! Slavery is abolished throughout the Christian kingdoms of Europe, and, with few exceptions, equal justice is administered to all. There is no grief which does not meet with pity, and few miseries which do not excite the attempt to relieve them. Men are found of sensibilities keen even to agony, who, tremblingly alive in every fibre to wretchedness, have yet the moral heroism to steel their nerves to the investigation of the most hideous details of suffering, with no desire of applause or wish for reward, except that which success itself will give them. Within a few short years, what great moral changes have been effected! The traffic in human beings, which was practised without compunction or disgrace, and defended in parliament as a fair branch of commerce, is now made a felony, and those who are detected in pursuing it would almost be torn in pieces by popular fury. The most cruel enactments against freedom of thought and of discussion have been silently repealed, while scarcely a voice has been raised to defend or to mourn them. And, above all, a moral elevation has been given to the great mass of the rising generation, by the provision for their instruction, of which no time, or change, or accident, can deprive them.

[That which immediately follows, is first, an essay on the progress of Poesy, and secondly, a learned dissertation upon the modern British Poets—subjects which are strangely associated by the reviewer with Malthus on Population, and Wallace on Nature and Providence, and the Prospects of Mankind.]

There is a deep-rooted opinion, which has been eloquently propounded by some of the first critics of our age, that works of imagination must necessarily decline as civilization advances. It will readily be conceded, that no individual minds can be expected to arise, in the most refined periods, which will surpass those which

have been developed in rude and barbarous ages. But there does not appear any solid reason for believing, that the mighty works of old time occupy the whole region of poetry—or necessarily chill the fancy of these later times by their vast and unbroken shadows. Genius does not depend on times or on seasons, it waits not on external circumstances, it can neither be subdued by the violence of the most savage means, nor polished away or dissipated among the refinements of the most glittering scenes of artificial life. It is “itself alone.” To the heart of a young poet, the world is ever beginning anew. He is in the generation by which he is surrounded, but he is not of it; he can live in the light of the holiest times, or range amidst gorgeous marvels of eldest superstition, or sit “lone upon the shores of old romance,” or pierce the veil of mortality, and “breathe in worlds to which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.” The very deficiency of the romantic, in the actual paths of existence, will cause him to dwell in thought more apart from them, and to seek the wildest recesses in those regions which imagination opens to his inward gaze. To the eye of young joy, the earth is as fresh as at the first—the tenderest dew-drop is lit up as it was in Eden—and “the splendour in the grass, the glory in the flower,” yet glitters as in the earliest spring-time of the world.

The subjects in which genius rejoices, are not the vain and the transitory, but the true and the eternal, which are the same through all changes of society and shifting varieties of fashion. The heavens yet “tell the glory of God;” the hills, the vales, and the ocean, do not alter, nor does the heart of man wax old. The wonders of these are as exhaustless as they are lasting. While these remain, the circumstances of busy life—the exact mechanism of the social state—will affect the true poet but little. The seeds of genius, which contain within themselves the germs of expanded beauties and divinest sublimities, cannot perish. Wheresoever they are scattered, they must take root, striking far below the surface, over-cropped and exhausted by the multitude of transitory productions, into a deep richness of soil, and, rising up above the weeds and tangled underwood which would crush them, lift their innumerable boughs into the free and rejoicing heavens.

The advancement of natural science and of moral truth do not tend really to lessen the resources of the bard. The more we know, the more we feel there is yet to be known. The mysteries of nature and of humanity are not lessened, but increased, by the discoveries of philosophic skill. The lustre which breaks on the vast clouds, which encircle us in our earthly condition, does not merely set in clear vision that which before was hidden in sacred gloom; but, at the same time, half exhibits masses of magnificent shadow, unknown before, and casts an uncertain light on vast regions, in which the imagination may devoutly expatiate. A plastic super-

stitution may fill a limited circle with beautiful images, but it chills and confines the fancy, almost as strictly as it limits the reasoning faculties. The mythology of Greece, for example, while it peopled earth with a thousand glorious shapes, shut out the free grace of nature from poetic vision, and excluded from the ken the high beatings of the soul. All the lovelinesses of creation, and all the qualities, feelings, and passions, were invested with personal attributes. The soft evening's sigh was the breath of Zephyr—the streams were celebrated, not in their rural clearness, but as visionary nymphs—and ocean, that old agitator of sublimest thoughts, gave place, in the imagination, to a trident-bearing god. The tragic muse almost “forgot herself to stone,” in her lone contemplations of destiny. No wild excusiveness of fancy marked their lighter poems—no majestical struggle of high passions and high actions filled the scene—no genial wisdom threw a penetrating, yet lovely, light on the silent recesses of the bosom. The diffusion of a purer faith restored to poetry its glowing affections, its far-searching intelligence, and its excursive power. And not only this, but it left it free to use those exquisite figures, and to avail itself of all the chaste and delicate imagery, which the exploded superstition first called into being. In the stately regions of imagination, the wonders of Greek fable yet have place, though they no longer hide from our view the secrets of our nature, or the long vistas which extend to the dim verge of the moral horizon. Well, indeed, does a great living poet assert their poetic existence, under the form of defending the science of the stars :

“ For Fable is Love’s world, his home, his birth-place ;  
Delightedly dwells he ’mong says and talismans,  
And spirits ; and delightedly believes  
Divinities, being himself divine.  
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion,  
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,  
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms and watery depths ! all these have vanish’d,  
They live no longer in the faith of reason !  
But still the heart doth need a language, still  
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names ;  
And to yon starry world they now are gone,  
Spirits or gods, that us’d to share this earth  
With man as with their friend ; and to the lover  
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky  
Shoot influence down ; and, even at this day,

"Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,  
And Venus that brings every thing that's fair!"<sup>a</sup>

The poet is the inheritor of the imaginative treasures of all creeds which reason has now exploded. The dim and gigantic shadows of the north—the gentle superstitions of the Greeks—the wild and wondrous prodigies of Arabian enchantment—the dark rites of magic, more heart-stirring than all—have their places in the vast region of his soul. When we climb above the floating mists which have so long overspread humanity, to breathe a purer air, and gaze on the unclouded heavens, we do not lose our feeling of veneration for majestic errors, nor our sense of their glories. Instead of wandering in the region of cloud, we overlook it all, and behold its gorgeous varieties of arch, minaret, dome, or spire, without partaking in its delusions.

But we have no need of resort to argument, in order to show that genius is not gradually declining. A glance at its productions, in the present age, will suffice to prove the gloomy mistake of desponding criticism. We will sketch very lightly over the principal living authors, to illustrate this position—satisfied that the mere mention of their names will awaken, within our readers, recollections of delight, far more than sufficient triumphantly to contravene the theory of those who believe in the degeneracy of genius.

And first—in the great walk of poesy—is Wordsworth, who, if he stood alone, would vindicate the immortality of his art. He has, in his works, built up a rock of defence for his species, which will resist the mightiest tides of demoralizing luxury. Setting aside the varied and majestic harmony of his verse—the freshness and the grandeur of his descriptions—the exquisite softness of his delineations of character—and the high and rapturous spirit of his choral songs—we may produce his "divine philosophy" as unequalled by any preceding bard. And surely it is no small proof of the infinity of the resources of genius, that, in this late age of the world, the first of all philosophic poets should have arisen, to open a new vein of sentiment and thought, deeper and richer than yet had been laid bare to mortal eyes. His rural pictures are as fresh and as lively as those of Cowper, yet how much lovelier is the poetic light which is shed over them! His exhibition of gentle peculiarities of character, and dear immunities of heart, is as true and as genial as that of Goldsmith, yet how much is its interest heightened by its intimate connection, as by golden chords, with the noblest and most universal truths! His little pieces of tranquil beauty are as holy and as sweet as those of Collins, and yet, while

a Coleridge's translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*.

we feel the calm of the elder poet gliding into our souls, we catch farther glimpses through the luxuriant boughs into "the highest heaven of invention." His soul mantles as high with love and joy, as that of Burns, but yet "how bright, how solemn, how serene," is the brimming and lucid stream! His poetry not only discovers, within the heart, new faculties, but awakens within, its untried powers, to comprehend and to enjoy its beauty and its wisdom.

Not less marvellously gifted, though in a far different manner, is Coleridge, who, by a strange error, has been usually regarded as belonging to the same school, partaking of the same peculiarities, and upholding the same doctrines. Instead, like Wordsworth, of seeking the sources of sublimity and of beauty in the simplest elements of humanity, he ranges through all history and science, investigating all that has really existed, and all that has had foundation only in the strangest and wildest minds, combining, condensing, developing, and multiplying the rich products of his research with marvellous facility and skill; now pondering fondly over some piece of exquisite loveliness, brought from a wild and unknown recess; now tracing out the hidden germ of the eldest and most barbaric theories; and now calling fantastic spirits from the vasty deep, where they have slept since the dawn of reason. The term, "myriad-minded," which he has happily applied to Shakspeare, is truly descriptive of himself. He is not one, but Legion—"rich with the spoils of time," richer in his own glorious imagination and sportive fantasy. There is nothing more wonderful than the facile majesty of his images, or rather of his worlds of imagery, which, even in his poetry or his prose, start up before us self-raised and all perfect, like the palace of Aladdin. He ascends to the sublimest truths, by a winding tract of sparkling glory, which can only be described in his own language—

"the spirits' ladder,

That from this gross and visible world of dust  
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds  
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers  
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—  
The circles in the circles, that approach  
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit."

In various beauty of versification, he has never been exceeded. Shakspeare, doubtless, has surpassed him in linked sweetness and exquisite continuity, and Milton in pure majesty and classic grace—but this is in one species of verse only—and, taking all his trials of various metres, the swelling harmony of his blank verse, the sweet breathing of his gentler odes, and the sybil-like flutter alternate with the murmuring charm of his wizard spells, we doubt if even these great masters have so fully developed the music of the

English tongue. He has yet completed no adequate memorials of his genius ; yet it is most unjust to assert, that he has done nothing or little. To refute this assertion, there are, his noble translation of *Wallenstein*—his love-poems of intensest beauty—his *Ancient Mariner*, with its touches of profoundest tenderness amidst the wildest and most bewildering terrors—his holy and most sweet tale of *Christabel*, with its rich enchantments and its richer humanities—the depths, the sublimities, and the pensive sweetesses of his tragedy—the heart-dilating sentiments scattered through his “*Friend*”—and the stately imagery which breaks upon us at every turn of the golden paths of his metaphysical labyrinths. And, if he has a power within him mightier than that which even these glorious creations indicate, shall he be censured because he has deviated from the ordinary course of the age, in its developement ; and, instead of committing his imaginative wisdom to the press, has delivered it from his living lips ! He has gone about in the true spirit of an old Greek bard, with a noble carelessness of self, giving fit utterance to the divine spirit within him. Who that has heard can ever forget him—his mild benignity—the unbounded variety of his knowledge—the fast succeeding products of his imagination—the child-like simplicity with which he rises, from the driest and commonest theme, into the widest magnificence of thought, pouring on the soul a stream of beauty and of wisdom, to mellow and enrich it for ever ? The seeds of poetry, which he has thus scattered, will not perish. The records of his fame are not in books only, but on the fleshly tablets of young hearts, who will not suffer it to die even in the general ear, however base and unfeeling criticism may deride their gratitude !

Charles Lamb is as original as either of these, within the smaller circle which he has chosen. We know not of any writer, living or dead, to whom we can fitly liken him. The exceeding delicacy of his fancy, the keenness of his perceptions of truth and beauty, the sweetness and the wisdom of his humour, and the fine interchange and sportive combination of all these, so frequent in his works, are entirely and peculiarly his own. As it has been said of Swift, that his better genius was his spleen, it may be asserted of Lamb, that his kindness is his inspiration. With how nice an eye does he detect the least hitherto unnoticed indication of goodness, and with how true and gentle a touch does he bring it out to do good to our natures ! How new and strange do some of his more fantastical ebullitions seem, yet how invariably do they come home to the very core, and smile at the heart ! He makes the majesties of imagination seem familiar, and gives to familiar things a pathetic beauty or a venerable air. Instead of finding that every thing in his writings is made the most of, we always feel that the tide of sentiment and thought is pent in, and that the airy and va-

riegated bubbles spring up from a far depth in the placid waters. The loveliness of his thought looks, in the quaintness of his style, like a modest beauty, laced in and attired in a dress of the superb fashion of the elder time. His versification is not greatly inferior to that of Coleridge, and it is, in all its best qualities, unlike that of any other poet. His heroic couplets are alternately sweet, terse, and majestic; and his octo-syllabic measures have a freedom and completeness, which mark them the pure Ionic of verse.

Barry Cornwall, with the exception of Coleridge, is the most genuine poet of love, who has, for a long period, appeared among us. There is an intense and passionate beauty, a depth of affection, in his little dramatic poems, which appear even in the affectionate triflings of his gentle characters. He sweetly illustrates that holiest of human emotions, which, while it will twine itself with the frailest twig, or dally with the most evanescent shadow of creation, wasting its excess of kindliness on all around it, is yet able to "look on tempests and be never shaken." Love is gently omnipotent in his poems; accident and death itself are but passing clouds, which scarcely vex and which cannot harm it. The lover seems to breathe out his life in the arms of his mistress, as calmly as the infant sinks into its softest slumber. The fair blossoms of his genius, though light and trembling at the breeze, spring from a wide, and deep, and robust stock, which will sustain far taller branches without being exhausted. In the vision where he sees "the famous Babylon," in his exquisite sonnets, and yet more in his *Marcian Colonna*, has he shown a feeling and a power for the elder venerableness of the poetic art, which we are well assured, he is destined successfully to develope.

Some of our readers will, perhaps, wonder that we have thus long delayed the mention of the most popular of the living poets. But, though we have no desire to pass them by, we must confess, that we do not rest chiefly on them our good hope for English genius. Lord Byron's fame has arisen, we suspect, almost as much from an instinctive awe of his nobility, and from a curiosity to know the secrets of his diseased soul, which he so often partially gratifies, as from the strength and turbid majesty of his productions. His mind is, however, doubtless cast in no ordinary mould. His chief poetic attributes appear, to us, to be an exceedingly quick sensibility to external beauty and grandeur, a capability and a love of violent emotion, and a singular mastery of language. He has no power over himself, which is the highest of all qualifications for a poet as it is for a man. He has no calm meditative greatness, no harmonizing spirit, no pure sense of love and of joy. He is as far beneath the calmly imaginative poets, as the region of tempests and storms is below the quiet and unclouded heavens. He excites intense feeling, by leading his readers to the brink of

unimaginable horror, by dark hints of nameless sins, or by the strange union of virtues and of vices which God and nature have for ever divided. Yet are there touches of grace and beauty scattered throughout his works, occasional bursts of redeeming enthusiasm, which make us deeply regret the too-often “admired disorder” of his soul. The stream of his genius falls, from a vast height, amidst bleakest rocks, into depths, which mortal eye cannot fathom, and into which it is dangerous to gaze ; but it sends up a radiant mist in its fall, which the sun tints with heavenly colouring, and leaves its soft hues on the golden and quiet clouds ! The too frequent perversion of his genius does not prevent it from showing, in its degree, the immortality of the most sublime of the human faculties.

Sir Walter Scott, if his poetry is not all which his countrymen proclaim it, is a bard, in whose success every good man must rejoice. His feeling of nature is true, if it is not profound ; his humanity is pure, if it is not deep ; his knowledge of facts is choice and various, if his insight into their philosophy is not very clear or extensive. Dr. Percy’s *Reliques* prepared his way, and the unpublished *Christabel* aided his inspirations ; but he is entitled to the credit of having first brought romantic poetry into fashion. Instead of the wretched sentimentalities of the Della Cruscan school, he supplied the public with pictures of nature, and with fair visions of chivalry. If he is, and we hope as well as believe that he is, the author of the marvellous succession of Scotch romances, he deserves far deeper sentiments of gratitude than those which his poems awaken. Then does he merit the praise of having sent the mountain breezes into the heart of this great nation ; of having supplied us all with a glorious crowd of acquaintance, and even of friends, whose society will never disturb or weary us ; and of having made us glow a thousand times with honest pride, in that nature of which we are partakers !

Mr. Southey is an original poet and a delightful prose-writer, though he does not even belong to the class which it has been the fashion to represent him as redeeming. He has neither the intensity of Wordsworth, nor the glorious expansion of Coleridge ; but he has their holiness of imagination, and child-like purity of thought. His fancies are often as sweet and as heavenly, as those which “may make a crysome child to smile.” There is, too, sometimes an infantine love of glitter and pomp, and of airy castle-building, displayed in his more fantastical writings. The great defect of his purest and loftiest poems is, that they are not imbued with humanity ; they do not seem to have their only home on “this dear spot, this human earth of ours,” but their scenes might be transferred, perhaps with advantage, to the moon or one of the planets. In the loneliest bower which poesy can rear, deep in a trackless wild, or

in some lone island, placed "far amid the melancholy main," the air of this world must yet be allowed to breathe, if the poet would interest "us poor humans." It may heighten even the daintiest solitude of blessed lovers,

"All the while to feel and know,  
That they are in a world of wo,  
On such an earth as this."

Mr. Southey's poems are beautiful and pure, yet too far from our common emotions. His *Joan of Arc*, his *Thalaba*, and his *Roderick*, are full of the stateliest pictures. But his *Kehama* is his greatest work—the most marvellous succession of fantasies, "sky tinctured," ever called into being, without the aid of real and hearty faith! Mr. Southey's prose style is singularly lucid and simple. His life of Nelson is a truly British work, giving the real heartiness of naval strength of our country, without ostentation or cant; his memoir of Kirke White is very unaffected and pathetic; and his Essays on the State of the Poor, really touching in their benevolence, and their well regulated sympathies. Of the violences of his more decidedly political effusions, we shall not here venture to give an opinion; except to express our firm belief, that they have never been influenced by motives unworthy of a man of genius.

Mr. Campbell has not done much which is excellent in poetry, but that which he has written well is admirable in its kind. His battle-odes are simple, affecting, and sublime. Few passages can exceed the dying speech of Gertrude, in sweet pathos, or the war-song of old Outalissi, in stern and ferocious grandeur. It is astonishing, that he, who could produce these and other pieces of most genuine poetry, should, on some occasions, egregiously mistake gaudy words for imagination; and heap up fragments of bad metaphors, as though he could scale the "highest heaven of invention," by the accumulation of mere earthly materials.

It is the singular lot of Moore, to seem, in his smaller pieces, as though he were fitted to the highest walk of poetry; and, in his more ambitious efforts, to appear as though he could fabricate nothing but glittering tinsel. The truth is, however, that those of his attempts, which the world thinks the boldest, and in which we regard him as unsuccessful, are not above but beneath his powers. A thousand tales of veiled prophets who wed ladies in the abodes of the dead, and frighten their associates to death by their maimed and mangled countenances, may be produced with far less expense of true imagination, fancy, or feeling, than one sweet song, which shall seem the very echo "of summer days and delightful years." Moore is not fit for the composition of tales of demon frenzy and feverish strength, only because his genius is of too pure and noble an essence. He is the most sparkling and graceful of triflers. It signifies little, whether the Fives Court or the Palace furnish him

with materials. However repulsive the subject, he can “turn all to favour, and to prettiness.” Clay and gold, subjected to his easy inimitable hand, are wrought into shapes, so pleasingly fantastic, that the difference of the subject is lost in the fineness of the workmanship. His lighter pieces are distinguished at once by deep feeling, and a gay and festive air, which he never entirely loses. He leads wit, sentiment, patriotism, and fancy, in a gay fantastic round, gambols sportively with fate, and holds a dazzling fence with care and with sorrow. He has seized all the “snatches of old tunes,” which yet lingered about the wildest regions of his wild and fanciful country; and has fitted to them words of accordance, the most exquisite. There is a luxury in his grief, and a sweet melancholy in his joy, which are old and well remembered in our experience, though scarcely ever before thus nicely revived in poetry.

The works of Crabbe are full of good sense, condensed thought, and lively picture; yet the greater part of them is almost the converse of poetry. The mirror which he holds up to nature, is not that of imagination, which softens down the asperities of actual existences, brings out the stately and the beautiful, while it leaves the trivial and the low in shadow, and sets all things which it reflects in harmony before us: on the contrary, it exhibits the details of the coarsest and most unpleasing realities, with microscopic accuracy and minuteness. Some of his subjects are, in themselves, worthless—others are absolutely revolting—yet it is impossible to avoid admiring the strange nicety of touch with which he has felt their discordancies, and the ingenuity with which he has painted them. His likenesses absolutely startle us. There are cases in which this intense consciousness of little circumstances is prompted by deep passion; and, whenever Mr. Crabbe seizes one of these, his extreme minuteness rivets and enchant us. The effect of this vivid picturing in one of his tales, where a husband relates to his wife the story of her own intrigue before marriage, as a tale of another, is thrilling and grand. In some of his poems, as his *Sir Eustace Grey*, and the *Gipsey-woman's Confession*, he has shown that he can wield the mightiest passions with ease, when he chooses to rise from the contemplation of the individual to that of the universal; from the delineation of men and things, to that of man and the universe.

We dissent from many of Leigh Hunt's principles of morality and of taste; but we cannot suffer any difference of opinion to prevent the avowal of our deep sense of his poetical genius. He is a poet of various and sparkling fancy, of real affectionate heartiness, and of pathos as deep and pure as that of any living writer. He unites an English homeliness, with the richest Italian luxury. The story of *Rimini* is one of the sweetest and most touching, which we

have ever received into our “heart of hearts.” The crispness of the descriptive passages, the fine spirit of gallantry in the chivalrous delineations, the exquisite gradations of the fatal affection and the mild heart-breaking remorse of the heroine, form, altogether, a body of sweetly-bitter recollections, for which none but the most heartless of critics would be unthankful. The fidelity and spirit of his little translations are surprising. Nor must we forget his prose works;—the wonderful power, with which he has for many years sent forth weekly essays, of great originality, both of substance and expression; and which seem now as fresh and unexhausted as ever. We have nothing here to do with his religion or his politics:—but, it is impossible to help admiring the healthful impulses, which he has so long been breathing “into the torpid breast of daily life;” or the plain and manly energy, with which he has shaken the selfism of the age, and sent the claims of the wretched in full and resistless force to the bosoms of the proud, or the thoughtless. In some of his productions—especially in several numbers of the *Indicator*—he has revived some of those lost parts of our old experience, which we had else wholly forgotten; and has given a fresh sacredness to our daily walks and ordinary habits. We do not see any occasion in this for terms of reproach or ridicule. The scenery around London is not the finest in the world; but it is all which an immense multitude can see of nature, and surely it is no less worthy an aim to hallow a spot which thousands may visit, than to expatriate on the charms of some dainty solitude, which can be enjoyed only by an occasional traveller.

There are other living poets, some of them of great excellence, on whose merits we should be happy to dwell, but that time and space would fail us. We might expatriate on the heaven-breathing pensiveness of Montgomery—on the elegant reminiscences of Rogers—on the gentle eccentricity of Wilson—on the luxurious melancholy of Bowles—or on the soft beauties of the Ettrick Shepherd. The works of Lloyd are rich in materials of reflection—most intense, yet most gentle—most melancholy, yet most full of kindness—most original in philosophic thought, yet most calm and benignant towards the errors of the world. Reynolds has given delightful indications of a free, and happy, and bounteous spirit, fit to sing of merry outlaws and greenwood revelries, which we trust he will suffer to refresh us with its blithe carollings. Keats, whose *Endymion* was so cruelly treated by the critics, has just put forth a volume of poems which must effectually silence his deriders. The rich romance of his *Lamia*—the holy beauty of his *St. Agnes' Eve*—the pure and simple diction and intense feeling of his *Isabella*—and the rough sublimity of his *Hyperion*—cannot be laughed down, though all the periodical critics in England and Scotland were to

assail them with their sneers. Shelley, too, notwithstanding the odious subject of his last tragedy, evinced in that strange work a real human power, of which there is little trace among the cold allegories and metaphysical splendours of his earlier productions. No one can fail to perceive, that there are mighty elements in his genius, although there is a melancholy want of a presiding power—a central harmony—in his soul. Indeed, rich as the present age is in poetry, it is even richer in promise. There are many minds—among which we may, particularly, mention that of Maturin—which are yet disturbed even by the number of their own incomplete perceptions. These, however, will doubtless fulfil their glorious destiny, as their imaginations settle into that calm lucidness, which in the instance of Keats has so rapidly succeeded to turbid and impetuous confusion.

The dramatic literature of the present age does not hold a rank proportioned to its poetical genius. But our tragedy, at least, is superior to any which has been produced since the rich period of Elizabeth and of James. Though the dramatic works of Shiel, Maturin, Coleridge, and Milman, are not so grand, and harmonious, and impressive, as the talent of their authors would lead us to desire, they are far superior to the tragedies of Hill, Southern, Murphy, Johnson, Philipps, Thomson, Young, Addison, or Rowe. Otway's *Venice Preserved*, alone—and that only in the structure of its plot—is superior to the *Remorse*, to *Bertram*, *Fazio*, or *Evadne*. And then—more pure, more dramatic, more gentle, than all these, is the tragedy of *Virginius*—a piece of simple yet beautiful humanity—in which the most exquisite succession of classic groups is animated with young life and connected by the finest links of interest—and the sweetest of Roman stories lives before us at once, new and familiar to our bosoms.

We shall not be suspected of any undue partiality towards modern criticism. But its talent shows, perhaps, more decidedly than any thing else, the great start which the human mind has taken of late years. Throughout all the periodical works extant, from the *Edinburgh Review* down to the lowest of the Magazines, striking indications may be perceived of “that something far more deeply interfused,” which is now working in the literature of England. We not rarely see criticisms on theatrical performances of the preceding evening in the daily newspapers, which would put to shame the elaborate observations of Dr. Johnson on Shakspeare. Mr. Hazlitt—incomparably the most original of the regular critics—has almost raised criticism into an independent art, and, while analyzing the merits of others, has disclosed stores of sentiment, thought, and fancy, which are his own peculiar property. His relish for the excellencies of those whom he eulogizes, is so keen, that, in his delineations, the pleasures of intellect become almost as vi-

vid and substantial as those of sense. He introduces us into the very presence of the great of old time, and enables us almost to imagine that we hear them utter the living words of beauty and wisdom. He makes us companions of their happiest hours, and shares not only in the pleasures which they diffused, but in those which they tasted. He discloses to us the hidden soul of beauty, not like an anatomist but like a lover. His criticism, instead of breaking the sweetest enchantments of life, prolongs them, and teaches us to love poetic excellence more intensely, as well as more wisely.

The present age is, also, honourably distinguished by the variety and the excellence of productions from the pen of women. In poetry—there is the deep passion, richly tinged with fancy, of Baillie—the delicate romance of Mitford—the gentle beauty and feminine chivalry of Beetham—and the classic elegance of Hemans. There is a greater abundance of female talent among the novelists. The exquisite sarcasm of humour of Madame D'Arblay—the soft and romantic charm of the novels of the Porters—the brilliant ease and admirable good sense of Edgeworth—the intense humanity of Inchbald—the profound insight into the fearful depths of the soul with which the author of *Glenarvon* is gifted—the heart-rending pathos of Opie—and the gentle wisdom, the holy sympathy with holiest childhood, and the sweet imaginings, of the author of *Mrs. Leicester's School*—soften and brighten the literary aspect of the age. These indications of female talent are not only delightful in themselves, but inestimable as proofs of the rich intellectual treasures which are diffused throughout the sex, to whom the next generation will owe their first and their most sacred impressions.

But, after all, the best intellectual sign of the present times is the general education of the poor. This ensures duration to the principles of good, by whatever political changes the frame of society may be shaken. The sense of human rights and of human duties is not now confined to a few, and, therefore, liable to be lost, but is stamped in living characters on millions of hearts. And the foundations of human improvement thus secured, it has a tendency to advance in a true geometrical progression. Meanwhile, the effects of the spirit of improvement which have long been silently preparing in different portions of the globe, are becoming brilliantly manifest. The vast continent of South-America, whether it continue nominally dependant on European states, or retain its own newly-asserted freedom, will teem with new intellect, enterprise, and energy. Old Spain, long sunk into the most abject degradation, has suddenly awakened, as if refreshed from slumber, and her old genius must revive with her old dignities. A bloodless revolution has just given liberty to Naples, and thus has

opened the way for the restoration of Italy. That beautiful region again will soon inspire her bards with richer strains than of yore, and diffuse throughout the world a purer luxury. Amidst these quickenings of humanity, individual poets, indeed, must lose that personal importance which in darker periods would be their portion. All selfishness—all predominant desire for the building up of individual fame—must give way to the earnest and single wish to share in and promote the general progress of the species. He is unworthy of the name of a great poet, who is not contented that the loveliest of his imaginations should be lost in the general light, or viewed only as the soft and delicate streaks which shall usher in that glorious dawn, which is, we believe, about to rise on the world, and to set no more!

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ART. VIII. 1. *The Sketch Book.* By GEOFFREY CRAYON, Gent.  
2 Vols. 8vo. London, 1819, 1820. [Review, Aug. 1820.]

THOUGH this is a very pleasing book in itself, and displays no ordinary reach of thought and elegance of fancy, it is not exactly on that account that we are now tempted to notice it as a very remarkable publication,—and to predict that it will form an era in the literature of the nation to which it belongs. It is the work of an American, entirely bred and trained in that country—originally published within its territory—and, as we understand, very extensively circulated, and very much admired among its natives. Now, the most remarkable thing in a work so circumstanced certainly is, that it should be written throughout with the greatest care and accuracy, and worked up to great purity and beauty of diction, on the model of the most elegant and polished of our native writers. It is the first American work, we rather think, of any description, but certainly the first purely literary production, to which we could give this praise; and we hope and trust that we may hail it as the harbinger of a purer and juster taste—the foundation of a chaster and better school, for the writers of that great and intelligent country. Its genius, as we have frequently observed, has not hitherto been much turned to letters; and, what it has produced in that department, has been defective in taste certainly rather than in talent. The appearance of a few such works as the present will go far to wipe off this reproach also; and we cordially hope that this author's merited success, both at home and abroad, will stimulate his countrymen to copy the methods by which he has attained it; and that they will submit to receive, from the example of their ingenuous compatriot, that lesson which the precepts of strangers do not seem hitherto to have very effectually inculcated.<sup>a</sup>

a While we are upon the subject of American literature, we think ourselves

But though it is primarily for its style and composition that we are induced to notice this book, it would be quite unjust to the author not to add, that he deserves very high commendation for its more substantial qualities; and that we have seldom seen a work that gave us a more pleasing impression of the writer's character, or a more favourable one of his judgment and taste. There is a tone of fairness and indulgence—and of gentleness and philanthropy so unaffectedly diffused through the whole work, and tempering and harmonizing so gracefully, both with its pensive and its gayer humours, as to disarm all ordinarily good-natured critics of their asperity, and to secure to the author, from all worthy readers, the same candour and kindness of which he sets so laudable an example. The want is of force and originality in the reasoning, and speculative parts, and of boldness and incident in the inventive;—though the place of these more commanding qualities is not ill supplied by great liberality and sound sense, and by a very considerable vein of humour, and no ordinary grace and tenderness of fancy. The manner perhaps throughout is more attended to than the matter; and the care necessary to maintain the rythm and polish of the sentences, has sometimes interferred with the force of the reasoning, or limited and impoverished the illustrations they might otherwise have supplied.

We have forgotten all this time to inform our readers, that the publication consists of a series or collection of detached essays and tales of various descriptions—originally published apart, in the form of a periodical miscellany, for the instruction and delight of America—and now collected into two volumes for the refreshment of the English public. The English writers whom the author has chiefly copied, are Addison and Goldsmith, in the humorous and discursive parts—and our own excellent Mackenzie, in the more soft and pathetic. In their highest and most characteristic merits,

called upon to state, that we have lately received two Numbers, being those for January and April last, of '*The North American Review, or Miscellaneous Journal*,' published quarterly at Boston, which appears to us to be by far the best and most promising production of the press of that country that has ever come to our hands. It is written with great spirit, learning and ability, on a great variety of subjects; and abounds with profound and original discussions on the most interesting topics. Though abundantly patriotic, or rather national, there is nothing offensive or absolutely unreasonable in the tone of its politics; and no very reprehensible marks either of national partialities or antipathies. The style is generally good, though with considerable exceptions—and sins oftener from affectation than ignorance. But the work is of a powerful and masculine character, and is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind that existed in Europe twenty years ago.

It is a proud thing for us to see Quarterly Reviews propagating bold truths and original speculations in all quarters of the world; and, when we grow old and stupid ourselves, we hope still to be honoured in the talents and merits of those heirs of our principles, and children of our example.

we do not mean to say that he has equalled any of his originals, or even to deny that he has occasionally caricatured their defects. But the resemblance is near enough to be highly creditable to any living author; and there is sometimes a compass of reasoning which his originals have but rarely attained.

To justify these remarks, we must now lay a specimen or two of this Hesperian essayist before our readers;—and we shall begin with one that may give some idea of his humorous vein, and his power of pleasant narration, at the same time that it relates to the scenery and superstitions of his native country. We allude to the legend of Rip Van Winkle, which begins as follows.

‘Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

‘At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the up-land melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

‘In that same village, and in one of these very houses, (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time worn and weather beaten,) there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle.’ p. 57—59.

We pass over a very entertaining account of honest Rip’s sufferings under a termagant wife, and of the various pastimes with which he sought to cheat the miseries of his thraldom.

‘Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age,

' and a sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talk listlessly over village gossip, or tell endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.' p. 65, 66.

When driven from this retreat, he used to take his gun and shoot squirrels all day among the mountains.

' In a long ramble of this kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel shooting; and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

' On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

' As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same

‘ cry ring through the still evening air; “Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!”—He looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

‘ On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger’s appearance. He was a short square built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load.’ pp. 68—70.

They scramble up the ravine together in silence, till they reach a green hollow in the bosom of the mountains.

‘ On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide’s. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugarloaf hat, set off with a little red cocktail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance. He wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

‘ What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene, but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

‘ As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait

upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling : they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

‘ By degrees, Rip’s awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another ; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were over-powered ; his eyes swam in his head ; his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

‘ On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “ Surely,” thought Rip, “ I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the wo-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—“ Oh ! that flagon ! that wicked flagon !” thought Rip—“ what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle ?”

‘ He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain ; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

pp. 72—75.

He spends some time, in a fruitless search, for the scene and the companions of his evening revel ; and at last resolves to go home.

‘ As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise ; and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long !

‘ He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs too, not one of which he recognised for

‘ an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered : it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—every thing was strange. His mind now misgave him : he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched.’ pp. 77, 78.

He looks in vain for his ancient dame and his dog ; and, leaving his deserted house,—‘ He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “ The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on top that looked like a red night cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognised on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

‘ There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollects. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, busiling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches ; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of congress—liberty—Bunker’s hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

‘ The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator hustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired “ on which side he voted ? ” Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but

‘ busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, “ whether he was Federal or Democrat.” Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question ; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, “ what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village ?” “ Alas ! gentlemen,” cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, “ I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him !”

‘ Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—“ A tory ! a tory ! a spy ! a refugee ! hustle him ! away with him !” it was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order ; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.—“ Well—‘ who are they ?—name them.”—Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired “ Where’s Nicholas Vedder ?”—There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, “ Nicholas Vedder ? why he is dead and gone these eighteen years ! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that’s rotted and gone too.”—“ Where’s Brom Dutcher ?”—“ Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war ; some say he was killed at the storming of Stoney-Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony’s Nose. I don’t know—he never came back again.”—“ Where’s Van Bummel, the schoolmaster ?”—“ He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress.”—Rip’s heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand : war—congress—Stoney-Point ;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends.

‘ At this critical moment a fresh likely-looking woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. “ Hush, Rip,” cried she, “ hush, you little fool, the old man won’t hurt you.” The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recol-

‘lections in his mind. “What is your name, my good woman?” asked he.—“Judith Gardenier.”—“And your father’s name?”—“Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it’s twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.”—Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice;—“Where’s your mother?”—Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler.—There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer.—He caught his daughter and her child in his arms.—“I am your father!” cried he—“Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!” pp. 80–87.

Upon his identity being duly ascertained, he is taken home to his daughter’s house, and resumes most of his ancient habits.

‘He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle’s hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points, every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder storm of a summer afternoon, about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle’s flagon.’ pp. 91–92.

We have made rather large extracts from this facetious legend—and yet have mangled it a little in our abridgment. But it seemed fair and courteous not to stint a stranger on his first introduction to our pages; and what we have quoted, we are persuaded, will justify all that we have said in his favour.

We shall now make another long extract from a paper of a very different character; an essay on the temper in which recent English writers have spoken of America. The tone of the author upon this delicate subject is admirable—and the substance of his observations so unanswerably just and reasonable, that we cannot help thinking that they will produce beneficial effects, in both the countries to which they relate. He begins by observing, that notwithstanding the great intercourse which subsists between the two

countries, 'there is no people concerning whom the great mass of the British public has less pure information, or entertains more numerous prejudices.' And this he explains, in part, by suggesting that—' It has been the peculiar lot of our country to be visited by the worst kind of English travellers,' &c. [See p. 193, of our No. 1.]

What follows, however, is of infinitely greater importance—and we have the less scruple in borrowing largely from this part of the work before us, that we should otherwise have felt it our duty to endeavour, in our own words, to inculcate the same doctrines,—most probably with less authority, at least on our side of the water, and certainly with less elegance and force of writing.

' I shall not, however, dwell on this irksome and hackneyed topic ; nor should I have adverted to it, but for the undue interest apparently taken in it by my countrymen, and certain injurious effects which I apprehended it might produce upon the national feeling. We attach too much consequence to these attacks. They cannot do us any essential injury. The tissue of misrepresentations attempted to be woven round us, are like cobwebs woven round the limbs of an infant giant. Our country continually out-grows them. One falsehood after another falls off of itself. We have but to live on, and every day we live a whole volume of refutation. All the writers of England united, if we could for a moment suppose their great minds stooping to so unworthy a combination, could not conceal our rapidly-growing importance and matchless prosperity. They could not conceal that these are owing, not merely to physical and local, but also to moral causes. To the political liberty, the general diffusion of knowledge, the prevalence of sound moral and religious principles, which give force and sustained energy to the character of a people ; and in fact, have been the acknowledged and wonderful supporters of their own national power and glory,' &c. [See p. 194, No. 1.]

' Over no nation does the press hold a more absolute control than over the people of America ; for the universal education of the poorest classes makes every individual a reader. There is nothing published in England on the subject of our country, that does not circulate through every part of it. There is not a calumny dropt from an English pen, nor an unworthy sarcasm uttered by an English statesman, that does not go to blight good will, and add to the mass of latent resentment. Possessing, then, as England does, the fountain head from whence the literature of the language flows, how completely is it in her power, and how truly is it her duty, to make it the medium of amiable and magnanimous feeling—a stream where the two nations might meet together, and drink in peace and kindness. Should she, however, persist in turning it to waters of bitterness, the time may come when she may repent her folly. The present friendship of Ame-

rica may be of but little moment to her; but the future destinies of that country do not admit of a doubt; over those of England there lower some shadows of uncertainty. Should, then, a day of gloom arrive; should those reverses overtake her, from which the proudest empires have not been exempt; she may look back with regret at her infatuation, in repulsing from her side a nation she might have grappled to her bosom, and thus destroying her only chance for real friendship beyond the boundaries of her own dominions.

There is a general impression in England, that the people of the United States are inimical to the parent country. It is one of the errors which have been diligently propagated by designing writers. There is, doubtless, considerable political hostility, and a general soreness at the illiberality of the English press; but, collectively speaking, the prepossessions of the people are strongly in favour of England. Indeed, at one time they amounted, in many parts of the Union, to an absurd degree of bigotry. The bare name of Englishman was a passport to the confidence and hospitality of every family, and too often gave a transient currency to the worthless and the ungrateful. Throughout the country there was something of enthusiasm connected with the idea of England. We looked to it with a hallowed feeling of tenderness and veneration, as the land of our forefathers—the august repository of the monuments and antiquities of our race—the birthplace and mausoleum of the sages and heroes of our paternal history. After our own country, there was none in whose glory we more delighted—none whose good opinion we were more anxious to possess—none toward which our hearts yearned with such throbings of warm consanguinity. Even during the late war, whenever there was the least opportunity for kind feelings to spring forth, it was the delight of the generous spirits of our country to show that, in the midst of hostilities, they still kept alive the sparks of future friendship.

Is all this to be at an end? Is this golden band of kindred sympathies, so rare between nations, to be broken for ever?—Perhaps it is for the best—it may dispel an illusion which might have kept us in mental vassalage, interfered occasionally with our true interests, and prevented the growth of proper national pride. But it is hard to give up the kindred tie! and there are feelings dearer than interest—closer to the heart than pride—that will still make us cast back a look of regret, as we wander farther and farther from the paternal roof, and lament the waywardness of the parent, that would repel the affections of the child.

Shortsighted and injudicious, however, as the conduct of England may be in this system of aspersion, recrimination on our part would be equally ill-judged. I speak not of a prompt and spi-

‘ rited vindication of our country, or the keenest castigation of her slanderers—but I allude to a disposition to retaliate in kind, to retort sarcasm and inspire prejudice, which seems to be spreading widely among our writers. Let us guard particularly against such a temper, for it would double the evil, instead of redressing the wrong. Nothing is so easy and inviting as the retort of abuse and sarcasm; but it is a paltry and unprofitable contest. It is the alternative of a morbid mind, fretted into petulance, rather than warmed into indignation. If England is willing to permit the mean jealousies of trade, or the rancorous animosities of politics, to deprave the integrity of her press, and poison the fountain of public opinion, let us beware of her example. She may deem it her interest to diffuse error, and engender antipathy, for the purpose of checking emigration; we have no purpose of the kind to serve. Neither have we any spirit of national jealousy to gratify; for as yet, in all our rivalships with England, we are the rising and the gaining party. There can be no end to answer, therefore, but the gratification of resentment—a mere spirit of retaliation, and even that is impotent. Our retorts are never re-published in England; they fall short, therefore, of their aim;—but they foster a querulous and peevish temper among our writers; they sour the sweet flow of our early literature, and sow thorns and brambles among its blossoms. What is still worse, they circulate through our own country, and, as far as they have effect, excite virulent national prejudices. This last is the evil most especially to be deprecated. Governed, as we are, entirely by public opinion, the utmost care should be taken to preserve the purity of the public mind. Knowledge is power, and truth is knowledge; who-ever, therefore, knowingly propagates a prejudice, wilfully saps the foundation of his country’s strength.

‘ But, above all, let us not be influenced by any angry feelings, so far as to shut our eyes to the perception of what is really excellent and amiable in the English character. We are a young people, necessarily an imitative one, and must take our examples and models, in a great degree, from the existing nations of Europe. There is no country more worthy of our study than England. The spirit of her constitution is most analogous to ours. The manners of her people—their intellectual activity—their freedom of opinion—their habits of thinking on those subjects which concern the dearest interests and most sacred charities of private life, are all congenial to the American character—and, in fact, are all intrinsically excellent; for it is in the moral feeling of the people that the deep foundations of British prosperity are laid; and however the superstructure may be time-worn, or over-run by abuses, there must be something solid in the basis, admirable in the materials, and stable in the structure of an edifice

‘ that so long has towered unshaken amidst the tempests of the world.

‘ Let it be the pride of our writers, therefore, discarding all feelings of irritation, and disdaining to retaliate the illiberality of British authors, to speak of the English nation without prejudice, and with determined candour. While they rebuke the indiscriminating bigotry with which some of our countrymen admire and imitate every thing English, merely because it is English, let them frankly point out what is really worthy of approbation. We may thus place England before us as a perpetual volume of reference, wherein are recorded sound deductions from ages of experience ; and while we avoid the errors and absurdities which may have crept into the page, we may draw thence golden maxims of practical wisdom, wherewith to strengthen and to embellish our national character.’ pp. 104–116.

It is consolatory to the genuine friends of mankind—to the friends of peace and liberty and reason—to find such sentiments gaining ground in the world ; and, above all, to find them inculcated with so much warmth and ability by a writer of that country which has had the strongest provocation to disown them, and whose support of them is, at the present moment, by far the most important. We have already pledged ourselves to do what in us lies to promote the same good cause ;—and if our labours are only seconded in America with a portion of the zeal and eloquence which is here employed in their behalf, we have little doubt of seeing them ultimately crowned with success. It is impossible, however, in the mean time, to disguise, that much more depends upon the efforts of the American writers, than upon ours ; both because they have naturally the most weight with the party who is chiefly to be conciliated, and because their reasonings are not repelled by that outrageous spirit of party which leads no small numbers among us, at the present moment, to reject and vilify whatever is recommended by those who are generally opposed to their plans of domestic policy. The aspect of the times has compelled us to oppose many of the measures of the party now in power in this country :—and the consequence has been, that their baser retainers make it a point of conscience to abuse all that we recommend, though no way connected with questions of politics or party ; and we have thus acquired the extraordinary power of making our bitterest adversaries say any thing we please—as often as we can bring ourselves to say just the contrary. The number of persons, however, who are above this miserable influence and judge for themselves upon all general questions, is rapidly increasing in our land : and we have no doubt that we shall, every quarter, make more and more proselytes to all our doctrines that are right in themselves, and supported with temperance and reason.

In justice to the work before us, however, we should say, that a very small proportion of its contents relates either to politics, or to subjects at all connected with America. There is a 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' which is an excellent *pendant* to *Rip Van Winkle*; and there are two or three other papers, the localities of which are Transatlantic. But out of the thirty-five pieces which the book contains, there are not more than six or seven that have this character. The rest relate entirely to England; and consist of sketches of its manners, its scenery, and its characters, drawn with a fine and friendly hand—and remarks on its literature and peculiarities, at which it would be difficult for any rational creature to be offended. As a specimen of the manner in which those Sketches are executed, we add the following account of the author's visit to a country church in an aristocratical part of the country.

'The congregation was composed of the neighbouring people of rank, who sat in pews sumptuously lined and cushioned, furnished with richly-gilded prayer books, and decorated with their arms upon the pew doors; of the villagers and peasantry, who filled the back seats, and a small gallery beside the organ; and of the poor of the parish, who were ranged on benches in the aisles.

'The service was performed by a snuffling, well fed vicar, who had a snug dwelling near the church. He was a privileged guest at all the tables of the neighbourhood, and had been the keenest fox hunter in the county, until age and good living had disabled him from doing any thing more than ride to see the hounds throw off, and make one at the hunting dinner.

'Under the ministry of such a pastor, I found it impossible to get into the train of thought suitable to the time and place; so having, like many other feeble Christians, compromised with my conscience, by laying the sin of my own delinquency at another person's threshold, I occupied myself by making observations on my neighbours.

'I was as yet a stranger in England, and curious to notice the manners of its fashionable classes. I found, as usual, that there was the least pretension where there was the most acknowledged title to respect. I was particularly struck, for instance, with the family of a nobleman of high rank, consisting of several sons and daughters. Nothing could be more simple and unassuming than their appearance. They generally came to church in the plainest equipage, and often on foot. The young ladies would stop and converse, in the kindest manner, with the peasantry, caress the children, and listen to the stories of the humble cottagers. Their countenances were open and beautifully fair, with an expression of high refinement, but, at the same time, a frank cheerfulness, and an engaging affability. Their brothers were

‘ tall, and elegantly formed. They were dressed fashionably, but ‘ simply ; with strict neatness and propriety, but without any man- ‘ nerism or foppishness. Their whole demeanour was easy and ‘ natural, with that lofty grace, and noble frankness, which be- ‘ speak free-born souls that have never been checked in their ‘ growth by feelings of inferiority. There is a healthful hardiness ‘ about real dignity, that never dreads contact and communion ‘ with others, however humble. It is only spurious pride that is ‘ morbid and sensitive, and shrinks from every touch. I was pleas- ‘ ed to see the manner in which they would converse with the ‘ peasantry about those rural concerns and field sports, in which ‘ the gentlemen of this country so much delight. In these conversa- ‘ tions, there was neither haughtiness on the one part, nor servility ‘ on the other ; and you were only reminded of the difference of ‘ rank by the habitual respect of the peasant.

‘ In contrast to these, was the family of a wealthy citizen, who ‘ had amassed a vast fortune ; and, having purchased the estate and ‘ mansion of a ruined nobleman in the neighbourhood, was en- ‘ deavouring to assume all the style and dignity of an hereditary lord ‘ of the soil. The family always came to church *en princé*. They ‘ were rolled majestically along in a carriage emblazoned with arms. ‘ The crest glittered in silver radiance from every part of the har- ‘ ness where a crest could possibly be placed. A fat coachman in a ‘ three-cornered hat, richly laced, and a flaxen wig, curling close ‘ round his rosy face, was seated on the box, with a sleek Danish ‘ dog beside him. Two footmen in gorgeous liveries, with huge ‘ bouquets, and gold-headed canes, lolled behind. The carriage ‘ rose and sunk on its long springs with peculiar stateliness of mo- ‘ tion. The very horses champed their bits, arched their necks, ‘ and glanced their eyes more proudly than common horses ; either ‘ because they had got a little of the family feeling, or were reined ‘ up more tightly than ordinary.

‘ I could not but admire the style with which this splendid pageant ‘ was brought up to the gate of the churchyard. There was a vast ‘ effect produced at the turning of an angle of the wall. A great ‘ cracking of the whip ; straining and scrambling of the horses ; ‘ glistening of harness, and flashing of wheels through gravel. ‘ This was the moment of triumph and vain glory to the coach- ‘ man. The horses were urged and checked until they were fret- ‘ ted into a foam. They threw out their feet in a prancing trot, ‘ dashing about pebbles at every step. The crowd of villagers ‘ sauntering quietly to church, opened precipitately to the right ‘ and left, gaping in vacant admiration. On reaching the gate, ‘ the horses were pulled up with a suddenness that produced an ‘ immediate stop, and almost threw them on their haunches.

‘ There was an extraordinary hurry of the footmen to alight,

'open the door, pull down the steps, and prepare every thing for the descent on earth of this august family. The old citizen first emerged his round red face from out the door, looking about him with the pompous air of a man accustomed to rule on 'change, and shake the stock market with a nod.' &c. pp. 202—207.

'As I have brought these families into contrast, I must notice their behaviour in church. That of the nobleman's family was quiet, serious and attentive. Not that they appeared to have any fervour of devotion, but rather a respect for sacred things, and sacred places, inseparable from good breeding. The others, on the contrary, were in a perpetual flutter and whisper; they betrayed a continual consciousness of finery, and a sorry ambition of being the wonders of a rural congregation.

'The old gentleman was the only one really attentive to the service. He took the whole burden of family devotion upon himself, standing bolt upright, and uttering the responses with a loud voice that might be heard all over the church. It was evident that he was one of those thorough church and king men, who connect the idea of devotion and loyalty; who consider the deity, somehow or other, of the government party, and religion "a very excellent sort of thing, that ought to be countenanced and kept up."

'When he joined so loudly in the service, it seemed more by way of example to the lower orders, to show them that, though so great and wealthy, he was not above being religious; as I have seen a turtle-fed alderman swallow publicly a basin of charity soup, smacking his lips at every mouthful, and pronouncing it "excellent food for the poor."

'When the service was at an end, I was curious to witness the several exits of my groups. The young noblemen and their sisters, as the day was fine, preferred strolling home across the fields, chatting with the country people as they went. The others departed as they came, in grand parade. Again were the equi-pages wheeled up to the gate. There was again the smacking of whips, the clattering of hoofs, and the glittering of harness. The horses started off almost at a bound; the villagers again hurried to right and left; the wheels threw up a cloud of dust; and the aspiring family was rapt out of sight in a whirlwind.' pp. 210—212.

There are many better things than this in these volumes, but they are not easily extracted; and we believe that we have now done enough for the courteous and ingenious stranger whom we are ambitious of introducing to the notice of our readers. It is probable, indeed, that many of them have become acquainted with him already; as we have found the book in the hands of most of those to whom we have thought of mentioning it, and observe that

the author, in the close of his last volume, speaks in very grateful terms of the encouragement he has received. We are heartily glad of it, both for his sake and for that of literature in general. There is a great deal too much contention and acrimony in most modern publications; and because it has unfortunately been found impossible to discuss practical questions of great interest without some degree of heat and personality, it has become too much the prevailing opinion, that these are necessary accompaniments to all powerful or energetic discussion, and that no work is likely to be well received by the public, or to make a strong impression, which does not abound in them. The success of such a work as this before us, may tend to correct this prejudice, and teach our authors that gentleness and amenity are qualities quite as attractive as violence and impertinence; and that truth is not less weighty, nor reason less persuasive, although not ushered in by exaggerations, and backed by defiance.

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2. *A History of New-York, from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch Dynasty.* Containing, among many surprising and curious matters, the *Ponderings of Walter the Doubter, &c.*; being the only *Authentic History of the Times that ever has been published.* The Second Edition, with Alterations: by DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER. New-York. 1812.

De waarheid die in duister lag,  
Die komt met klarheid aan den dag.

WE are delighted to observe, that "the Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent." has at last fallen into the hands of Mr. Murray, and been republished in one of the most beautiful octavos that ever issued from the fertile press of Albemarle-Street. The work indeed is still going on at New-York; but we trust some arrangement has been entered into, by virtue of which, the succeeding numbers of this exquisite miscellany may be early given to the English public; who, we are sure, are, at least, as much inclined to receive them well as the American. Mr. Washington Irving is one of our first favourites among the English writers of this age—and he is not a bit the less for having been born in America. He is not one of those Americans who practise, what may be called, a treason of the heart, in perpetual scoffs and sneers against the land of their forefathers. He well knows that his "thews and sinews" are not all, for which he is indebted to his English ancestry. All the noblest food of his heart and soul have been derived to him, he well knows, from the same fountain—and he is as grateful for his obligations as he is conscious of their magnitude. His writings

all breathe the sentiment so beautifully expressed in one of Mr. Coleridge's *Sybilline Leaves*.<sup>a</sup>

Though ages long have past  
Since our fathers left their home,  
Their pilot in the blast,  
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,  
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins ;  
And shall we not proclaim  
That blood of honest fame,  
Which no tyranny can tame  
By its chains ?

While the language free and bold  
Which the bard of Avon sung,  
In which our Milton told  
How the vault of Heaven rung  
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host ;  
While these with reverence meet,  
Ten thousand echoes greet,  
And from rock to rock repeat  
Round our coast.

While the manners, while the arts  
That mould a nation's soul,  
Still cling around our hearts,  
Between let ocean roll,  
Our joint communion breaking with the sun ;  
Yet still from either beach,  
The voice of blood shall reach,  
More audible than speech,  
“ **WE ARE ONE.**”

The great superiority, over too many of his countrymen, evinced by Mr. Irving on every occasion, when he speaks of the manners, the spirit, the faith of England, has, without doubt, done much to gain for him our affection. But had he never expressed one sentiment favourable to us or to our country, we should still have been compelled to confess [ <sup>b</sup> ] that we regard him as by far the greatest genius that has arisen on the literary horizon of the new world. The Sketch Book has already proved, to our readers, that he possesses exquisite powers of pathos and description ; but we recur, with pleasure, to this much earlier publication, of which, we suspect, but a few copies have crossed the Atlantic, to show that we did right when we ascribed to him, in a former paper, the possession of a

<sup>a</sup> These fine verses were not written by Mr. Coleridge, but by an American gentleman, whose name he has concealed, though he calls him “a dear and valued friend.” His name should *not* have been concealed.

[<sup>b</sup> This may be believed by the superstitious.]

true old English vein of humour and satire—of keen and lively wit—and of great knowledge and discrimination of human nature.

The whole book is a *jeu-d'esprit*, and, perhaps, its only fault is, that no *jeu-d'esprit* ought to be quite so long as to fill two closely printed volumes. Under the mask of an historian of his native city, he has embodied, very successfully, the results of his own early observation in regard to the formation and constitution of several regular divisions of American Society; and in this point of view his work will preserve its character of value, long after the lapse of time shall have blunted the edge of these personal allusions which, no doubt, contributed most powerfully to its popularity over the water. New-York, our readers know, or ought to know, was originally a Dutch new settlement, by the style and title of New-Amsterdam, and it was not till after it had witnessed the successive reigns of seven generations, in big-breeches, of the deputies of their high mightinesses, that the infant city was transferred to the dominion of England, in consequence of a pretty liberal grant by Charles II. to his brother the Duke of York, and the visit of a few English vessels sent to give some efficacy to this grant, *in partibus infidelium*. Diedrich Knickerbocker, the imaginary Dutch Herodotus of this city, of course, considers its occupation by the English forces as the termination of its political existence, and disdains to employ the same pen that had celebrated the achievements of Peter the Headstrong, William the Testy, and the other governors of the legitimate Batavian breed, in recording any of the acts of their usurping successors, holding authority under the sign manual of Great Britain. To atone, however, for the hasty conclusion of his history, he makes its commencement as long and minute as could be desired—not beginning, as might be expected, with the first landing of a burgomaster on the shores of the Hudson, but plunging back into the utmost night of ages, and favouring us with a regular deducement of the Batavian line through all the varieties of place and fortune that are recorded between the creation of Adam, and the sailing of the good ship *Goede Vrow* for the shore of Communipaw. The description of the imaginary historian himself has always appeared to us to be one of the best things in the whole book, so we shall begin with quoting it. We are not sure that it yields to the far-famed introduction of Chrysal. Our readers are to know that Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker composed his immortal work in the Independent Columbian Hotel, New-York—and that having mysteriously disappeared from his lodgings, without saying any thing to the landlord, Mr. Seth Handyside, the publican, thought of publishing his MSS. by way of having his score cleared. The program of Mr Handyside contains such a fine sketch of a veritable Dutch portrait, that we cannot help wishing it had been twice as full as it is.

[The editor then makes extracts of about fifteen pages from the work—interspersed with some unsuccessful attempts at humour of his own.]

We cannot, at present, venture upon any more extracts—and yet we have done nothing to give our readers a due notion of what Knickerbocker's book contains. We shall return to the volumes again, for we suppose we may consider them as in regard to almost all that read this Magazine, “as good as manuscript.” Enough, however, has been quoted to show of what sort of stuff Mr. Irving's comic pencil is composed—and enough to make all our readers go along with us in a request which we have long meditated, viz. that this author would favour us with a series of novels, on the plan of those of Miss Edgeworth, or, if he likes that better, of the author of *Waverley*, illustrative of the present state of manners in the United States of America. When we think, for a moment, on the variety of elements whereof that society is every where composed—the picturesque mixtures of manners derived from German, Dutch, English, Scottish, Swedish, Gothic, and Celtic settlers, which must be observable in almost every town of the republican territories—the immense interfusion of different ranks of society from all these quarters, and their endless varieties of action upon each other—the fermentation that must every where prevail among these yet unsettled and unarranged atoms—above all, on the singularities inseparable from the condition of the only half-young, half-old people in the world—simply as such—we cannot doubt that could a Smollet, a Fielding, or a Le Sage have seen America as she is, he would at once have abandoned every other field, and blessed himself on having obtained access to the true *terra fortunata* of the novelist. Happily for Mr. Irving that *terra fortunata* is also to this hour a *terra incognita*; for in spite of the shoals of bad books of travels that have inundated us from time to time, no European reader has ever had the smallest opportunity of being introduced to any thing like one vivid portraiture of American life. Mr. Irving has, as every good man must have, a strong affection for his country; and he is, therefore, fitted to draw her character *con amore* as well as *con gentilezza*. The largeness of his views, in regard to politics, will secure him from staining his pages with any repulsive air of bigotry—and the humane and liberal nature of his opinions in regard to subjects of a still higher order, will equally secure him from still more offensive errors.

To frame the plots of twenty novels can be no very heavy task to the person who wrote the passages we have quoted above—and to fill them up with characteristic details of incidents and manners, would be nothing but an amusement to him. He has sufficiently tried and shown his strength in sketches—it is time that we should look for full and glowing pictures at his hands. Let him not be

discouraged by the common-place cant about the impossibility of good novels being written by young men. Smollet wrote Roderick Random before he was five-and-twenty, and assuredly he had not seen half so much of the world as Mr. Irving has done. We hope we are mistaken in this point—but it strikes us that he writes, of late, in a less merry mood than in the days of Knickerbocker and the Salmagundi. If the possession of intellectual power and resources ought to make any man happy, that man is Washington Irving; and people may talk as they please about the “inspiration of melancholy,” but it is our firm belief that no man ever wrote any thing greatly worth the writing, unless under the influence of buoyant spirits. “A cheerful mind is what the muses love,” says the author of *Ruth* and *Michael*, and *the Brothers*; and in the teeth of all asseverations to the contrary, we take leave to believe that my Lord Byron was never in higher glee than when composing the darkest soliloquies of his Childe Harold. The capacity of achieving immortality, when called into vivid consciousness by the very act of composition and passion of inspiration, must be enough, we should think, to make any man happy. Under such influences he may, for a time, we doubt not, be deaf even to the voice of self-reproach, and hardened against the memory of guilt. The amiable and accomplished Mr. Irving has no evil thoughts or stinging recollections to fly from—but it is very possible that he may have been indulging in a cast of melancholy, capable of damping the wing even of *his* genius. *That*, like every other demon, must be wrestled with, in order to its being overcome. And if he will set boldly about *An American Tale, in three volumes duodecimo*, we think there is no rashness in promising him an easy, a speedy, and a glorious victory. Perhaps all this may look very like impertinence, but Mr. Irving will excuse us, for it is, at least, well meant.

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ART. IX. *An Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain respecting the United States of America, &c.* By ROBERT WALSH, Esq. 8vo. London, 1819. [Review, May, 1820.]

‘THE Americans,’ said Dr. Johnson, ‘are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for any thing we allow them short of hanging.’ Whatever might be thought of the liberality or the propriety of this anathema at the time when it was uttered, it will be granted that, under present circumstances, it sounds rather obsolete: this ‘race of convicts’ no longer either live upon our bounty, or wait for our respite from the gallows. But yet, if the express terms of the sentence we have quoted are now inadmissible, the spirit it breathes, seems not at all to have for-

saken us ; and our writers, of almost all parties, might very well adopt it as a standing text or motto to their effusions relative to the people of the United States. There has been a greater unanimity in our jealousy towards America, than is usual in England towards her other rivals. The diverse aims and the strong distinctions of party, have been nearly merged in the common feeling of hostility. The same temper shows itself on all sides ; whether it be in the sedate ill-will of noble lords, or in the less measured ill-will of honourable gentlemen, or in the daily, monthly, and quarterly effusions of political spleen. No one, indeed, would ask or expect, that the Tories should forget their old grudge against America, and either moderate or conceal their aversion towards these "Republicans ;" but, on many grounds, less prejudice, less intemperance, might have been anticipated on the part of their opponents : yet, even the instinctive antipathy of the Tory, has hardly displayed a more deep-seated animosity, than has been discovered in the sarcasm and affected candour of the Whig.

It is said, and it seems generally, if not universally, true, that, in a free country, nothing but fear ever avails to produce uniformity of opinion. Hence it is argued, that some forcible impression of impending danger must be operating, when the leaders of opposing parties are seen, on a particular subject, to concur in the scope of their arguments, and the point to which they seem to be leading public opinion. Mere national jealousy, under ordinary circumstances, has not been found to produce this concurrence of parties. In illustration of this remark, it may be recollected how rarely the English people have flattered our near neighbour and old rival by exhibiting this sort of unanimous hostility. The general voice has never been heard in one full harmonious peal of invective against France. Throughout the late contest, (some few moments of immediate alarm excepted,) there has existed enough of that feeling of ulterior security, founded upon the consciousness of strength, which affords room for party discussion and division relative to the character, condition, and power of an enemy. In looking round with confidence upon our watery munition, we have not only found leisure to quarrel among ourselves, but even to bestow upon our enemy some careless speculation and unanxious candour.

But must, then, a humiliating inference of an opposite kind be deduced from the present concurrent hostility of all parties towards the Americans ? There is a specific style of fierce sarcasm, which characterizes hatred when touched by despondency : but is it true that the English press is assuming this style towards America ? We suppose, at least, that the immediate authors of the snarling and unmanly railing and jesting of which the American people have lately been the objects, would not wish the common adage to be applied to them,—that no man is a bully till he is frightened.

But whether or not this adage would be appropriate to the occasion, it must be granted, that the disappearance of candour is always an ominous circumstance. At present, the ill temper of our writers is producing only a correspondent irritation and ill temper among the Americans; but they cannot fail, ere long, to deduce from it an inference altogether flattering to the national vanity: they will not be slow to reason to their own advantage from the fact, that themselves are the only people in the world whom English writers dare not treat with moderation.

It will, we know, be said, that the leaders of public opinion, of all parties, have been influenced by the supposed necessity of seeking to check or divert the stream of emigration that has been flowing towards the American wastes; and that they have believed that, if truth would not suffice for the exigency of the occasion, misrepresentation, and even shameless calumny, might be justified by the patriotic intention with which they were employed. A motive of this kind seems, in fact, to have been in operation. Little practical regard is paid to the principle, that, in a country where the press is free, the attempt to pervert opinion, is sure to produce a large excess of mischievous reaction; and that delusion, used as an engine of policy, commonly explodes in the hands of those who employ it, even before it has produced its immediate and intended effect. But there is something in the use of indirect means, which flatters the self-importance of those who are pleased to fancy themselves charged with the fates of their country. This is especially the case with that band of masked volunteers in the public service—the writers of our daily, monthly, and quarterly journals. We are apt to believe ourselves both more sagacious and more courageous than plain morality would make us, when we incur the personal damage and risk of practising some *virtuous vice* for the public good. Thus, for instance, if it seems expedient to persuade our English capitalists, farmers, and mechanics that America is a terrestrial pandemonium, where is the patriot writer who will not brave the ninth commandment?

Besides this supposed necessity of aiming to check the emigration of our people to the American states, it seems to have been thought, that our present amicable relations with the republican government are too precarious for us prudently to suffer the precious *materiel* of war—national hatred, to fall into decay. Our presses, therefore, as well as our powder-mills, must continue to furnish the full war *quantum* of combustibles, so that, at any moment, when the auspicious conjuncture presents itself, it may be easy to wake up in full energy the fratricidal impulse. Thus the worst evils of war must be artificially perpetuated, lest they should ever come upon us by surprise! And those who make it their high business to watch over, to cherish, and to direct the passions of

mankind, have been fain to shed every malign drug, to inject every venom into the wound that threatened to heal.

The community of language between the two people,—a circumstance which seems to proffer the means of reuniting the hearts which have been so unnaturally divided,—has, in fact, only facilitated and stimulated this ‘labour of hatred.’ Unhappily, the style of invective and of sarcasm, which, in the highest quarters, was probably directed by cool calculation and a well-instructed intention, has been imitated and repeated through all the gradations of our periodical literature. It might, however, be suggested to some of those who labour to serve their country, in this way, by their pens, that a writer should be very extensively learned in the complicated politics of the world, before he thinks himself qualified to meddle in the profound business of making men hate each other precisely in that geographical direction, and exactly at the conjuncture which may be needed; otherwise he may blunder, and incur the heaviest conceivable guilt to no purpose whatever. For ourselves, we are content to leave it to abler hands to exercise the state-craft of urging and guiding the hatred of man to man; and must even abandon the great machine of human affairs to chance—to the kinder impulses of nature—or rather, to the government of Him who interposes to ‘restrain the remainder of wrath,’ and who will ‘scatter the people that delight in war.’

To whatever causes may be attributed the hostility of English writers towards the people of the United States, it would not be just to reckon among them any provocation received from the alleged intemperance of the American press. In the warfare of the pen, we have been, from the very nature of the case, the aggressors. The entire current of literature flows westward: there is no regular, no observable reflux of this tide. It is true, we may now and then hear of the rancour of some New-York or Charleston journalist; and perhaps a straggling paragraph of Virginian invective may occasionally find its way into our reviews or papers. But the slightest attention to the case, will make apparent the wide and important dissimilarity of the circumstances of the two people in this respect. The people of England have not been exposed to the unremitting irritation of having diffused among them a regular importation of all the obloquy, bitterness, and ridicule, which the able ill-will of a rival continually furnishes. Our writers have not been unavoidably trained to the business of invective, by having the galling labour imposed upon them, of rebutting, every day, fresh attacks, of refuting fresh slanders, and of retorting fresh sarcasms. Nor have English readers been subjected to the cruel necessity of imbibing a maddening poison mingled in all their intellectual food. We say then, that, whatever may have been the *will* of American writers, it has not been in their power to inflict a

wound which might exonerate us from the charge of aggression. Further than this, it must be remarked, that even the disposition to attack or defame England, can be imputed only to *one faction* in the United States. Animosity towards England has been in America a party matter, and not, like the enmity in England against America, the very point on which all parties have met. A large portion, and it may be confidently said the most respectable portion, of the American people—the Federalists, have, at least till very lately, been distinguished by their favourable dispositions towards England. It is true, we may at length have succeeded in alienating these partialities, (and we may, too, affect to contemn the loss,) but we *have had* friends, apologists, even partisans, in almost every state of the Union. If calumnies have been uttered in America against England, in America also they have met with a generous refutation. But can it be affirmed that unfavourable reports relative to America, even when of the most suspicious character, have been treated here with any common measure of discrimination, or have been listened to with any symptoms of candid reluctance? American writers have perceived, therefore, that the national reputation must rest solely on their own advocacy, and that in meeting their opponents and accusers, no neutral ground was left to them for parley or concession. Despairing of being heard or replied to with candour, they have learned that moderation on their part has lost its price and reward; for it is alone the hope of a reciprocation that gives a price to moderation. Of course, now, no bounds are set to the indulgence or to the expression of those exasperated passions which we have never aimed to soothe. And perhaps there are writers among us, who, far from feeling surprise or regret, will rather hail the deadly tokens of their own successful agency, since they seem to have thought it essential to the security of our Islands, to convert the waters of the Atlantic into a Dead Sea, which no bird of peace shall traverse.

The volumes before us are too dissimilar in all respects, except in their relation to the United States, to be fairly brought into comparison. [a] We may just remark, however, that Mr. Bristed's book will best suit the general reader, though that of Mr. Walsh we consider as the more able and important work of the two. Mr. Bristed is a transplanted Englishman; and almost every page of the present volume exhibits some indication of his inbred predilections. It is sufficiently apparent, that though he has chosen America, he is still proud of England. Hence there is, throughout the volume, a certain inconsistency and seeming vacillation of feeling. Mr. Walsh, on the contrary, is always perfectly consistent with him-

[a Mr. Bristed's work, which is reviewed in the next Article, held the second place in this, but the writer takes very little notice of it.]

self, and with his design ; and this design is—in few words—to retort upon England a full measure of railing for railing ; nor does he fall into any remission or relenting in the execution of his purpose. No persons, indeed, are more consistent than those who are impelled by the angry or malignant passions. This Writer's avowed hatred of England, does not, however, evaporate in common-place vehemence and invective ; it rather inspires him with an indefatigable industry under the labour requisite to follow and report all the multifarious details, historical, commercial, and diplomatic, which may seem to attach odium or contempt to the government or people of this country.

No one can imagine that Mr. Walsh has written with the hope or intention to *allay* the animosity of which he complains ; nor can he have indulged the chimerical expectation that he should succeed in intimidating into silence the expression of it. To instance the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, whose hostility towards America he seems to honour with his principal regard,—does he really believe that he shall *frighten* them into good temper, moderation, or justice, or that he shall extort from them, by the menace of a “Part II.” a promise of good behaviour for the time to come ? He must know, that the writers of those Journals, if they should deem the occasion worth the labour, will find it easy to follow him throughout his details ; and, if they do not detect mis-statements, may readily furnish counter statements, which, to the mass of readers at least, shall seem more than sufficient to redress the balance of crimination. A fresh research after English misdoings must then be made, and this, too, without hope of exhausting the odious subject, or of expending the feelings which prompt to its prosecution. Indeed, the miserable toil of seeking to heap a preponderance of infamy upon an antagonist, is, in the nature of the case, as endless, as the unhappy temper which gives a man vigour and patience for the work, seems to be, for the most part, incurable. The contests of the sword are commonly most speedily terminated, when most vigorously prosecuted ; but the reverse is the case with the contest of the tongue and the pen. The reason of the difference is obvious ; the supply of the physical means of hostility—blood and money, is limited, and humanity gains when the disposable stock of these means is expended in the shortest possible time. But the treasures and the resources of malignity, are strictly infinite ; because the more they are lavished, the more abundantly are they reproduced. Peace and good will among men might, therefore, be utterly driven from the earth, were it not for the sanative provision of nature, which gives to the bad passions progressive stages, tending to extinction. Controversies in their commencement, are often animated by the glow of indignation against falsehood, injustice, or oppression, and by a large admixture of the more

generous emotions of the mind ; but as they proceed, the primary object, along with all the enthusiasm it inspired, is forgotten, every generous feeling is worn out or destroyed, and the conflict, now purely rancorous, soon wanders into absurdity, and finishes by becoming simply ridiculous. To which of these stages the national controversy between English and American writers has arrived, we shall not presume to determine ; though, in truth, some parts of Mr. Walsh's Appeal might fairly inspire the hope that it is not far distant from the last. The quarrel, we say, must surely be almost drawn off to its dregs, when details such as some of those which Mr. Walsh has brought together in his Notes, are deemed of any value in the dispute. Certainly, the Author's passions have sometimes entirely deprived him of the power to discriminate between the important and the ridiculous. Here, for instance, is the recognised champion of the 'great Republic,' appealing to Europe and the world, and filling his indictment against England with such *items* as the following :

'That the price of pulverized bones used in adulterating flour (in England) has advanced within a few years, from ten pence, to eighteen pence per bushel, to the first purchasers.---'

'That ten tea-dealers, in London, have been convicted of manufacturing or vending spurious tea.—'

'That Lord Ranelagh was indicted, convicted, and fined fifty pounds, for extorting money (for the use of his servants) from three young men, who took shelter on his grounds on the banks of the Thames in a thunder storm.—'

'That a British naval officer was lately condemned at St. Omer's to five years' labour in chains, for uttering forged Bank of England notes in that neighbourhood.—'

'That *it is a fact* that Chief Justice Abbot (the Lord Chief Justice of England) lately threatened to adjourn the court of King's Bench, because *tallow candles* had been produced instead of wax lights.—'

'That the late Justice Gould, when on the circuit, once threatened to remove the Essex Assizes from Chelmsford to Colchester, because no good small beer could be found in the former town.—'

And finally, "That there had been a serious revolt among the young gentlemen of Winchester College.—",

Mr. Walsh, in his first section, traces, from the commencement of the North American plantations, the history of that mercantile jealousy with which, as he affirms, the Mother Country has ever regarded the Colonies. So far, however, has England been from carrying this mercantile jealousy to the furthest extreme of oppression, that Mr. W. himself allows it to be true, ' that the other European powers established and maintained in their settlements 'on this continent, a stricter commercial monopoly, and more arbitrary systems of internal administration.' England, it seems, then, has felt towards her colonies, as all other countries have felt towards their colonies, and towards each other ; she has feared, and sought to curb, that growth and prosperity in her settlements,

which better notions of the sources of national strength would have taught her to rejoice in, and to cherish.

In the second section, 'on the general character and merits of the Colonists,' Mr. Walsh writes with much more advantage to his cause, as well as with more credit to himself, than in other parts of the volume. This plan is, to quote the praise of the Colonists from *English* writers; and here, he has a very fair, as well as a pleasing task. It may be safely affirmed, that the history of no people whatever, presents, within the same compass of time, a picture of manly endurance, and of strenuous effort, and of success in the conquest of difficulties, comparable to that which is exhibited in the humble narratives of the early times of the North American Colonies.

“ “ The Puritans established themselves at a place which they called New Plymouth. They were but few in number; they landed in a bad season; and they were not at all supported but from their private funds. The winter was premature and terribly cold. The country was covered with wood, and afforded very little for the refreshment of persons, sickly with such a voyage, or for the sustenance of an infant people. Near half of them perished by the scurvy, by want, and the severity of the climate; but they who survived were not dispirited with their losses, nor with the hardships they were still to endure; supported by the vigour which was *then* the character of the Englishman, and by the satisfaction of finding themselves out of the reach of the spiritual arm, they reduced this savage country to yield them a tolerable livelihood, and by degrees a comfortable subsistence. This little establishment was made in the year 1620. Their exact and sober manners proved a substitute for a proper subordination, and regular form of government, which they had for some time wanted, and the want of which, in such a country, had otherwise been felt very severely. The people, by their being generally freeholders, and by their form of government, acquired a very free, bold, and republican spirit.

“ “ The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in the space of about seventy years, from a beginning of a few hundreds of refugees and indigent men, has grown to be a numerous and flourishing people, a people who, from a perfect wilderness, have brought their territory to a state of great cultivation, and filled it with wealthy and populous towns; and who, in the midst of a fierce and lawless race of men, have preserved themselves with unarmed hands and passive principles, by the rules of moderation and justice, better than any other people has done by policy and arms.”” [“ Account of the European Settlements in America.” *Attributed to Edmund Burke.*]

‘ Nothing is better established,’ says Mr. Walsh, ‘ than that the

‘ Puritans, by whom New England was originally inhabited, and ‘ successively replenished, were, not only such in their moral cha- ‘ racter and domestic habits, as they are described in the quota- ‘ tions above made, but, for the most part, men of substance, and ‘ of a respectable rank in life. In the year 1630, ten ships were ‘ sent to Massachusetts from England, with several hundred pas- ‘ sengers, many of whom, says Macpherson, were “ persons of ‘ considerable fashion.” The leader of the congregation of dissi- ‘ dents, who founded the new commonwealth at Plymouth, in 1620, ‘ is described, even by the enemies of his sect, “ as a person of ‘ excellent parts, and a most learned, polished, and modest spirit.” ‘ —And it is impossible to read the terse and touching language ‘ used by these virtuous exiles, in applying to their intolerant coun- ‘ trymen for a patent, without acknowledging, that they must have ‘ been of a superior cast of mind in all respects—“ They were ‘ “ well weaned from the delicate milk of their country, and inured ‘ “ to the difficulties of a strange land: they were knit together in ‘ “ a strict and sacred bond, by virtue of which they held them- ‘ “ selves bound to take care of the good of each other, and of the ‘ “ whole: it was not with them as with other men, whom small ‘ “ things could discourage, or small discontents cause to wish ‘ “ themselves at home again.”’ pp. 27, 9.

It has been tauntingly said, and a hundred times repeated, that ‘ the Americans are a race whose Adam and Eve emigrated from Newgate.’ If this reproach be just, we know not how the people of the United States can reply to the contumely, unless, indeed, they were to retort upon us the inference which it seems inevitably to include, namely, that England is a country whose Newgate, after having peopled one continent, is now fast peopling another. We say, that if the crimes of this petty Island do thus colonize all the waste places of the earth with thieves, it is not quite the topic from which our writers do well to draw their railleries. But, in truth, the one reproach is as little solid, as calumnious in its apparent meaning, and as contemptible, as the other. In sporting such sallies, writers may gratify their own flippant spite; but men of sound understandings and corrected tempers, whether they be Englishmen or Americans, are neither pleased, vexed, nor blinded by these pithy misrepresentations. Whatever the present race of Americans may be, it is certain, that they are in a larger proportion than any other people, and in a better sense of the term, nobly born. We mean, that their fathers were, in very many instances, the heroes of civil liberty, the martyrs of Christian truth, and the ornaments of learning. The people of the British Islands, since the era of the revival of Christianity, of liberty, and of learning, have, assuredly, outshone the other nations of Europe in all the more substantial, serious, and important excellencies of human

nature, whether intellectual or moral. Stability of purpose, sobriety of judgment, vigour, enterprise, comprehension, and efficiency of character,—in a word, all those attributes of the heart and of the head which qualify men to think, to suffer, and to act, have become distinctive features of the national pre-eminence. Moreover, the period during which the North American Colonies were settled, was that in which the heroic beauty of the English character approached, and passed, the season of its ripeness. It remains then only to be added, that it was much of the choicest products of this very season, culled by the unknowing hand of bigotry, that was sent to stock the new world. It is then, enough to say, that the leaders of the early emigration to America, were *Englishmen* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries,—Englishmen not inferior to their countrymen in the qualities distinctive of the nation, and perhaps superior to them, by all that firmness and greatness of soul, which long affliction for conscience-sake usually confers upon the character. Is it inquired, who these *woodmen* were, that first broke a way through the frozen forests of New England,—it might be replied, that often they were worthies in whose characters were conjoined the strenuous, enduring, lofty virtues of early Rome, with the meekness, the purity, the elevation inspired by Christianity. Such, certainly, were many of the patriarchs of these new communities, beneath the shadow of whose virtues, it is recorded, that men long *lived securely without laws*. Such must have been the men, whose firm and wise provisions, and whose personal influence, could avail to fence round public tranquillity, even against the yearly overflowings of our Newgate.

Of the whole number of persons judicially transported to the colonies, under the general designation of ‘*dangerous rogues*,’ a large proportion were not *malefactors*, but men obnoxious to the Government on purely political grounds. With respect to the malefactors, Mr. Walsh remarks that ‘the real convicts were received by the colonists, not as companions, but as servants; and if the circumstance of their comparative paucity did not render absurd a general reproach upon our descent, it is difficult to conceive why any generation in Great Britain should not be stigmatized in its origin, on account of the much more considerable proportion of dangerous rogues who remained at home.’

The persecuted English Catholics flocked, chiefly, to the middle and southern colonies; especially to Maryland. Here, their new circumstances, or their late afflictions, seem to have taught them the first lesson of political science,—that the consciences of men are not the fit objects of legislation.

“ The Assembly of Maryland endeavoured with a laudable anxiety to preserve the peace of the church; and though composed chiefly of Roman Catholics, it adopted that measure which

‘ could alone prove absolutely successful. The act which it passed “concerning Religion,” recited, “that the enforcement of the ‘ conscience had been of dangerous consequence in those countries ‘ wherein it had been practised.” And it enacted, that no persons, ‘ believing in Jesus Christ, shall be molested in respect of their re- ‘ ligion, or in the free exercise thereof, or be compelled to the belief ‘ or exercise of any other religion against their consent; so that ‘ they be not unfaithful to the proprietary, or conspire not against ‘ the civil government: that persons molesting any other in respect ‘ of his religious tenets, shall pay treble damages to the party ag- ‘ grieved, and twenty shillings to the proprietary: that those re- ‘ proaching any with opprobrious names of religious distinctions, ‘ shall forfeit ten shillings to the persons injured.”’ Chalmers’s “Political Annals of the United Colonies.”

In consequence of these wise enactments, *Catholic Maryland* became the general refuge of the persecuted from all quarters; hither fled the Puritans, persecuted by the established church in *Virginia*, the Quakers, persecuted by the *presbyterian synod of Massachusetts*, and the Dutch, expelled from *Delaware*.

Every one is aware of the admirable nature of the political frame upon which the colony of *Pennsylvania* was constructed. Even Chalmers, loyal as he is, thus speaks of it.

“The numerous laws which were enacted at the first settlement of *Pennsylvania*, which do so much honour to its good sense, display the principles of the people: these legislative regulations kept them alive, long after the original spirit began to droop and expire. Had *Pennsylvania* been less blessed by nature, she must have become flourishing and great, because it was a principle of her great charter, ‘that children should be taught some useful trade, to the end that none may be idle, but the poor may work to live, and the rich, if they become poor, may not want.’ That country must be commercial, which compels factors wronging their employers to make satisfaction, and one third over; which subjects, not only the goods, but *the lands of the debtor, to the payment of debts*; because it is the credit given by all to all, that forms the essence of traffic. We ought naturally to expect great internal order when a fundamental law declares, ‘that every thing which excites the people to rudeness, cruelty, and irreligion shall be discouraged, and severely punished.’ And religious controversy could not disturb her repose, when none, acknowledging one God, and living peaceably in society, could be molested for his opinions or his practice, or compelled to frequent or maintain any minister whatsoever. To the regulations which were thus established as fundamentals, must chiefly be attributed the rapid improvement of this colony, this spirit of diligence, order, and economy, for which the *Pennsylvanians* have been at all times so celebrated.”

We could not, within moderate limits, give any summary of the various matter brought together in the middle sections of the present volume, under the heads of 'The difficulties surmounted by the Colonists.'—'The military efforts and sufferings of the Colonists in the wars of the Mother Country.'—'The benefits reaped by Great Britain from the American trade.'—'The relative dispositions of Great Britain and America, from the Peace of 1763.' Should any of our readers feel disposed to refer to the volume itself, they will hardly require to be reminded that the Author is to be heard, not as a calm or philosophical inquirer after historical truth, but as an avowed and as an angry pleader, bringing forward the strongest *ex parte* statement he is able to furnish.

The seventh section relates to the hostilities of the British *Reviews*: but we may be well excused from meddling in the Author's quarrel with the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*. The indifferent reader, we think, will be of opinion that Mr. Walsh, as he renounces the immense advantage accruing to the *controvertist* from calm reason and good temper, has but little advantage of any other kind against his adversaries, except in the exposure of some misstatements and inconsistencies. At the same time, he gratifies both of them, by discovering the degree in which the violence of the one, and the sarcasms of the other, have succeeded in producing an unbounded vexation and rage in the minds of Americans.

Mr. Walsh reserves to the close of his volume, the subject of which it is probable he felt the most reluctant to treat. It will readily be guessed, that it is the existence of *Negro Slavery* in the United States, and the *British Slave Trade*, to which this last section relates. It is evident, that the writers of whom our Author complains, have perceived that if the Americans are to be reviled, the continuance of slavery among them is a topic which affords all the materials of specious declamation. Here is a vein of arsenic that will repay the working; and this treasure of poison lies upon the very surface. It is only needful that we should forget our own ample share in the crimes of the slave-trade, and forget also the real circumstances of slavery in the Southern States, and the prevalent feeling in America relative to slavery; and then, nothing will sound more plausible than the sanctimonious horror with which we inveigh against these slave-holding Republicans. On this ground, the crafty wrath of the political *manceuvrer* may, with the happiest effect, assume the guise of pure humanity; and national jealousy may here spend itself in all the fiery phrases of indignant beneficence. This is, in fact, the course that has suggested itself on the one side: on the other, we see the champion of the planters, not content with offering for them the just apology which may be grounded upon the actual difficulties of their situation, nor even with attempting to balance the load of guilt between England

and America, but labouring to maintain the incredible position, that slave-holding has *not* left deep or important traces upon the American character. This, however, is clearly the only point worthy of much discussion; and it is perfectly distinct from the inquiry, What is the actual measure of *blame* resting upon the States? or, Which people have been the most culpable—the English, or the Americans? The actual influence of the black population upon the American character, is a subject confessedly of the highest interest and importance; though Mr. Walsh, of course, keeps it much out of sight. But to this subject we may, perhaps, have occasion to revert in a future Number.

Mr. Walsh adduces a variety of facts tending to lessen the load of guilt in this behalf alleged to rest upon his countrymen; and to a certain extent he furnishes a solid and reasonable apology for existing evils. The plan and nature of the Author's argument, may be sufficiently gathered from the following sentence: after citing some passages from the Edinburgh Review, he says, 'There is no keenness or latitude of retaliation which will appear excessive after such provocation; and indulgence will be readily granted, for the same reason, should details of fact be reproduced, either familiar to most readers, or harrowing for the feelings of humanity.'

The multifarious and not very well digested matter of this section, might be reduced under the following propositions; namely, I. That England has been the inventor, and always the principal agent in the Slave Trade; and that she has tempted, and even compelled the colonists to afford a market for the Trade. II. That a full proportion of all the atrocities belonging to the Trade, has been chargeable to the English. III. That it was only the almost infinite labours and the unconquerable perseverance of *a few benevolent individuals*, which at length carried the abolition in England. IV. That the provisions of the Abolition Bills have been, to a great extent, inefficient. V. That England has possessed, but neglected, the means of exacting from the European states, an entire abolition of the Trade. VI. That England has not heartily sought to make reparation to Africa, for the injuries inflicted by the Trade. VII. That the earliest remonstrances against the Trade, arose in the North-American Colonies;—that the colonists laboured to prevent, or to check the importation of Blacks. VIII. That America preceded England in the measure of abolition. IX. That the Americans deplore the existence of slavery among them, and wait only for the means and opportunity to free themselves completely from the evil,—eleven States having actually abolished slavery. X. That the condition of the Slaves is comfortable; and that they are treated with the greatest practicable indulgence. And finally, That the people of the Slave-holding States are neither de-

sufficient in humanity, nor in their attachment to the principles of civil liberty.

Some of these propositions need no proof; others are very questionable. We shall make a few quotations (without observing method) from the mass of evidence adduced in support of some of them.

' Let it be conceded, that the colonists received the auxiliaries (' the negroes) thus brought to their hands, and whom they durst ' not reject—without repugnance, perhaps with avidity. But, con- ' sidering the nature of their respective motives and situations, does ' the guilt of the receiver in this case bear any proportion to that ' of the trader? Can the seduced be brought down, by any prin- ' ciple of reasoning, to the level of the seducer? If the colonists, ' the southern particularly, in a new climate, noxious to the white ' labourer, but favourable to the African constitution; exposed to ' much physical suffering from other causes, and to so many addi- ' tional influences depressing for the mind; liable to be called off ' from the culture of the soil by the irruptions of the savage na- ' tive;—yielded to the temptation so immediate, of being relieved ' from the wasting labours of the field, and enabled to provide ' more effectually for their defence against the Indian;—if we sup- ' pose them even to have gone in quest of the negro slave, in a few ' instances, after the mother country had set them the example, ' and given them a taste of the relief which he could afford,—are ' they not to be considered quite as excusable as we can conceive ' men to be by any possibility, in any instance of the adoption of ' domestic servitude, or, indeed, of the commission of any wrong? ' It is a contested point whether the constitution even of the *native* ' white is equal to the task of cultivating the earth successfully in ' our southern states, in the actual condition of its surface; but in ' the first century of settlement, when the forest was still to be fell- ' ed, and the climate, more noxious in itself, exercised a more fa- ' tal influence, the service of the negro was more important, and ' would naturally be thought indispensable by the colonists.'

The following observations, which the Author quotes from Judge Tucker, invite the attention of every candid mind.

' " It is unjust to censure the present generation for the existence ' of slavery in this country; for I think it unquestionably true, that ' a very large proportion of our fellow citizens lament that as a ' misfortune, which is imputed to them as a reproach; it being evi- ' dent, that, antecedent to the revolution, no exertion to abolish, or ' even to check the progress of slavery, could have received the ' smallest countenance from the crown; without whose assent the ' united wishes and exertions of every individual here, would have ' been wholly fruitless and ineffectual: it is, perhaps, also demon-

‘ strable, that at no period since the revolution could the abolition of  
 ‘ slavery in the southern states have been safely undertaken, until  
 ‘ the foundations of our newly established governments had been  
 ‘ found capable of supporting the fabric itself, under any shock  
 ‘ which so arduous an attempt might have produced.

‘ “ The acrimony of the censures cast upon us, must abate, at  
 ‘ least in the breasts of the candid, when they consider the difficul-  
 ‘ ties attendant on any plan for the abolition of slavery in a coun-  
 ‘ try where so large a proportion of the inhabitants are slaves, and  
 ‘ where a still larger proportion of the cultivators of the earth are  
 ‘ of that description. The extirpation of slavery from the United  
 ‘ States is a task equally momentous and arduous. Human pru-  
 ‘ dence forbids that we should precipitately engage in a work of  
 ‘ such hazard as a general and simultaneous emancipation. The  
 ‘ mind of man is in some measure to be formed for his future con-  
 ‘ dition: the early impressions of obedience and submission which  
 ‘ slaves have received among us, and the no less habitual arrogance  
 ‘ and assumption of superiority among the whites, contribute  
 ‘ equally to unfit the former for freedom, and the latter for equa-  
 ‘ lity. To expel them all at once from the United States, would,  
 ‘ in fact, be to devote them only to a lingering death by famine, by  
 ‘ disease, and other accumulated miseries. To retain them among  
 ‘ us, would be nothing more than to throw so many of the human  
 ‘ race upon the earth, without the means of subsistence: they would  
 ‘ soon become idle, profligate, and miserable. They would be  
 ‘ unfit for their new condition, and unwilling to return to their for-  
 ‘ mer laborious course.” ’

Another American writer thus represents the evils and difficulties attendant upon manumission.

‘ “ You may manumit a slave, but you cannot make him a white  
 ‘ man. He still remains a negro, or a mulatto....The authority of  
 ‘ the master being removed, and its place not being supplied by  
 ‘ moral restraints or incitements, he lives in idleness, and probably  
 ‘ in vice; and obtains a precarious support by begging or theft.  
 ‘ If he should avoid those extremes, and follow some regular course  
 ‘ of industry, still the habits of thoughtless improvidence, which  
 ‘ he contracted while a slave himself, or has caught from the slaves  
 ‘ among whom he is forced to live, who of necessity are his com-  
 ‘ panions and associates, prevent him from making any permanent  
 ‘ provision for his support by prudent foresight and economy, and  
 ‘ in case of sickness, or of bodily disability from any other cause,  
 ‘ send him to live as a pauper at the expense of the community.

‘ “ But it is not in themselves merely that the free people of co-  
 ‘ lour are a nuisance and a burthen. They contribute greatly to  
 ‘ the corruption of the slaves, and to aggravate the evils of their  
 ‘ condition, by rendering them idle, discontented, and disobedient.

‘ This arises also from the necessity under which the free blacks ‘ are of remaining incorporated with the slaves, of associating ha- ‘ bitually with them, and forming part of the same class in society. ‘ The slave, seeing his free companion live in idleness, or subsist, ‘ however scantily or precariously, by occasional and desultory ‘ employment, is apt to grow discontented with his own condition, ‘ and to regard as tyranny and injustice the authority which com- ‘ pels him to labour. Hence he is strongly incited to elude his ‘ authority by neglecting his work as much as possible, to with- ‘ draw himself from it altogether by flight, and sometimes to at- ‘ tempt direct resistance. This provokes or impels the master ‘ to a severity, which would not otherwise be necessary; and ‘ that severity, by rendering the slave still more discontented with ‘ his condition, and more hostile towards his master, by adding the ‘ sentiments of resentment and revenge to his original dissatisfac- ‘ tion, often renders him more idle and worthless, and thus induces ‘ the real or supposed necessity of still greater harshness on the ‘ part of the master. Such is the tendency of that comparison ‘ which the slave cannot easily avoid making between his own situ- ‘ ation and that of the free people of his own colour, who are his ‘ companions, and in every thing, except exemption from the au- ‘ thority of a master, his equals: whose condition, though often ‘ much worse than his own, naturally appears better to him, and ‘ being continually under his observation, and in close contact with ‘ his feelings, is apt to chafe, goad, and irritate him incessantly.

‘ Free blacks of the better class, who gain a comfortable subsist- ‘ ence by regular industry, keep as much as possible aloof from the ‘ slaves: but the idle and disorderly free blacks naturally seek the ‘ society of such slaves as are disposed to be idle and disorderly ‘ too, whom they encourage to be more and more so, by their ex- ‘ ample, their conversation, and the shelter and means which they ‘ furnish. They encourage the slaves to theft, because they par- ‘ take in its fruits. They receive, secrete, and dispose of the stolen ‘ goods; a part, and probably much the largest part, of which they ‘ often receive as a reward for their services. They furnish places of ‘ meeting, and hiding places in their houses, for the idle and the ‘ vicious slaves, whose idleness and vice are thus increased, and ‘ rendered more contagious. These hiding places and places of ‘ meeting are so many traps and snares for the young and thought- ‘ less slaves, who have not yet become vicious; so many schools in ‘ which they are taught, by precept and example, idleness, lying, ‘ debauchery, drunkenness, and theft. The consequence of all this is ‘ very easily seen, and I am sure is severely felt in all places where ‘ free people of colour exist in considerable numbers.’ ” p. 393.

Much has lately been said relative to the treatment both of the

slaves and of the free blacks in America. On this subject, we must bring together the rather discordant accounts of the two Writers before us. Mr. Walsh says :

‘ Nothing can be more false than the representations of the English travellers concerning the treatment of the free blacks by the whites in the middle and eastern states : it is not true that they are “ excluded from the places of worship frequented by the whites ;” that “ the most degraded white will not walk or eat with a negro ;” or, that “ they are practically slaves.” Their situation as hired domestics, mechanics or general labourers, is the same in all respects as that of the whites of the same description : they are fed and paid as well, equally exempt from personal violence, and free to change their occupation or their employer. They approach us as familiarly as persons of the correspondent class in England approach their superiors in rank and wealth, and, in general, betray much less servility in their tone and carriage. They do not make part of our society, indeed ; they are not invited to our tables ; they do not marry into our families ; nor would they, were they of our own colour, with no higher claims than they possess on the score of calling, education, intelligence, and wealth. I confess that, whatever claims they might possess in these or other respects, those are advantages from which they would be excluded : there must remain, in any case, a broad line of demarcation, not viewed as an inconvenience by them, but indispensable for our feelings and interests. Nature and accident combine to make it impassable. Their colour is a perpetual monument of their servile origin ; and a double disgust is thus created. We will not, and ought not, expose ourselves to lose our identity, as it were ; to be stained in our blood, and disparaged in our relation of being towards the stock of our forefathers in Europe. This may be called prejudice, but it is one which no reasoning can overcome, and which we cannot wish to see extinguished.’

p. 397.

Mr. Walsh affirms again and again, that the treatment of the slaves is mild and humane, and their condition much better than that of the slaves in the West India Islands. He admits in general terms, in several places, that, ‘ great abuses and evils accompany our negro slavery ;’ but he takes great pains to prove that the people are not *in fact* deteriorated by the existence of slavery among them. The plain meaning of which is, that Mr. Walsh, being endowed with much *argumentative courage*, and having undertaken to apologize for his countrymen at any rate, it does not please him to admit the existence of any such deterioration. At the same time, the injurious influence of every existing abuse in England, is duly and philosophically appreciated. He is, indeed, led to diverge so far from the road of common sense, as actually to

institute a comparison between American slaves and English apprentices. Does such an advocate serve or injure most the cause he would defend? But let us turn to Mr. Bristed:—[whose misstatements have justly given to the whole of his writings a loose character:—who cannot be compared with a writer, whose precision is such, that, with all his zeal, ‘argumentative courage,’ and the like, his antagonists have not been able to detect a single misrepresentation of his.

The Article concludes with a quotation from Mr. Bristed, which represents a South Carolina master chopping off the head of a slave with an axe—for which he suffered a small fine: and another, which says—“The United States afford no instance of a master being capitally punished for killing his slave!”]

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ART. X.—*America and her Resources; or a View of the Agricultural, Commercial, Manufacturing, Financial, Political, Literary, Moral, and the Religious Capacity and Character of the American People.* By JOHN BRISTED, Counsellor at Law, Author of the Resources of the British Empire. 8vo. pp. xvi. 504. London, 1818. [Review, July, 1820.]

WE have already said that this volume may be recommended to the perusal of the general reader who is not in search either of precise statistical information, or of profound political reasoning. He will find in it a spirited rambling descant upon all sorts of subjects connected with American politics and American manners. The Author's loose, declamatory, and turgid style must prevent his taking that rank as a writer, which the tone he assumes would seem to solicit; his report, however, of American affairs, is, on several accounts, specifically valuable, and if his political principles were of a purer character, he might with some consistency receive the praise of being the professed champion of the cause of humanity and religion. One of the circumstances which give a value to this volume, is the apparent unfixedness of the Author's prejudices. The discriminating reader will, perhaps, gather up the truth, from the reports of a writer of this fitful turn more readily and surely than, even, from one whose impartiality is studied and laboured. Mr. Bristed is neither a furious hater of England, nor a devoted worshipper of America.<sup>[a]</sup> His affection for his adopted country, is, we imagine, a somewhat wayward passion, liable to frequent disgusts. Citizen Bristed is, indeed, an excellent

[a] He has not the least of either character. The terms of the remark would be very apposite if reversed. Citizen Bristed may not be a ‘furious hater’ of America, but a ‘devoted worshipper’ of England.]

patriot and republican in his closet, while roving among his own speculations, or poring, with prophetic eye, over the map of the continent that is 'to rule the world'; but out of doors, jostled in the throng of Broad-Way, he looks often much like the disappointed wanderer, and now and then betrays the irritability of one whose enthusiasm has been roughly cured.

The Author, we have said, professes to be the advocate of religion. Before the sceptical portion of his countrymen, he boldly pleads the claims of Christianity; but in assuming this character, he only exposes himself to the severer reprehension on account of the profligate system of national policy, avowed, without cover or apology, in every part of his work. He *talks* of humanity, of morals, of the Bible; but he seems almost to seek occasion to stimulate the restless desire of national aggrandizement, and sometimes even to inflame the murderous passions of war. Passages might be cited, from the volume of a kind, to which, as the lovers of peace, we would not be necessary in giving a wider circulation. We are constrained to hope that Mr. Bristed calumniates, or at least, that he grossly misrepresents his countrymen, in attributing to them some of the sentiments which he retains with apparent exultation.

—[There should be no doubt in the reviewer of this. He proceeds to quote passages of Mr. Bristed, relating to the purchase by the United States of Louisiana and Florida; and their probable possession of *Cuba*, *Mexico*, and *Peru*, with the British West Indies,—and remarks that he 'passes over some absurd and mischievous vapouring of Mr. B.'—the object of which the reviewer does not appear exactly to comprehend. It is this,—to excite, if possible, an alarm in his beloved government of England, at the extending power and growing ambition of America,—to induce the former to take timely and effectual measures to curb the strength and thwart the progress of the latter:—or, at least, the effort of Mr. Bristed, though too refined for the observation of the British Reviewer, is so understood, as far as his book is read, in this country. The following passages will exemplify.]

' Why does not England, as part of the indemnity due to her ' from Spain, transfer to her own sceptre the sovereignty of *Cuba*; ' seeing that the *Havanna* commands the passage from the *Gulf of Mexico*? Why does she not take possession of *Panama* on the ' south, and *Darien* on the north, and join the waters of the *Atlantic* with those of the *Pacific* ocean, in order to resuscitate her ' drooping commerce? or is it her intention still to slumber on, ' until she is awakened from the stupefaction of her dreams by the ' final fall of Spanish America, and of her own *North American* ' provinces, beneath the ever-widening power of the United States.'

' How strange and portentous is the contrast between the steady

' and progressive policy of the United States, and the supine indifference of the British Government !'

Again ; after some absurd and yet mischievous vapouring, which we pass over, Mr. Bristed says :

' The American rulers have become wiser by their own experience, have profited by their own blunders, have extracted strength from a sense of their own weakness. They are *not* likely again to plunge into a war, without funds, and without men : they are now preparing in the bosom of peace, the means of future conflict ; by building up the finances of the country, by planting every where the germs of an army, by sowing those seeds which will soon start up into bands of armed warriors, by a rapid augmentation of their navy ; and, above all, by attempting to allay the animosities of party spirit, and endeavouring to direct the whole national mind and inclination of the United States towards their aggrandizement by conquest alike on the land and on the ocean ; by adding to their present immense empire the continental possessions of Spain and England, and the British insular domains in the West Indies.' p. 237. [The Reviewer proceeds :]

' The way of barter,' Mr. B. says, ' is a much easier, safer, and better mode of acquiring dominion than that of war and conquest.' No doubt, so far as the immediate transaction is considered apart from its motive and its remoter consequences, it is, if not always easier, at any rate, always ' safer and better,' to buy than to plunder ; but it should be remembered, that there are some things which can never be honestly bought and sold, and also that bargains by which a third party may think himself so far either injured or endangered, as to impel him to break the peace rather than acquiesce in the transfer, are justly chargeable with all the violence and outrage which they indirectly occasion.

If we are to take the account of the Writer before us, the Americans are far from being pleased with the irregular figure which the Republic exhibits upon the map. This and that corner of the continent must be *bought* (or conquered if it cannot be bought) in order to give a more handsome sweep to their periphery. But surely we have already heard enough of *arrondissements* : in fact, their boundary line is never so exactly *round* to satisfy the nice eye of an ambitious people ; the jagged polygon still needs here and there some trimming ; but this perfecting of the figure is to be effected always by increments,—never by retrenchments.

As to the means employed on such occasions, those are not to be feared the least which are the most silent and plausible. As for instance, the plan of *buying* territory, which, while it springs from the same restless spirit, is more *base* than the passion for military glory, and in every respect as hazardous to the repose of nations.

It is really almost better that ambition should appear in its old and proper garb, than that it should take a new guise and walk through the earth in the character of a peddler. Away then with the smooth-face state trader, who coolly appraises islands and continents as if they were the chattels of a bankrupt, calculates to a dollar and a cent, what it will cost him to *buy up* the world, and then says—‘Is not my balance even?—Am I not a man of peace?’

But it ought to be premised, that it would be rash and unfair to infer from the inconsiderate declamations of two or three light-headed American writers, that this craving for territory,—not less preposterous than immoral,—affects the people of the United States generally. If Mr. Bristed, as every good patriot ought to be, is more concerned for the honour of his country, than solicitous for his individual credit, he will thank us, and all his candid English readers, for persisting to hope that, at least on this subject, the mass of his countrymen far surpass himself in the possession of plain good sense and political morality.

But if, for the sake of argument, it be supposed that the American people, forgetting the wise principles of the great founders of their liberty, are actually possessed by the mania of encroachment, and the passion for extended domination, their peculiar circumstances render this madness so eminently dangerous to themselves, that their European rivals could do nothing better than quietly look on, while it works on its own correction. No very profound political sagacity is needed, to perceive that nothing less than the very soundest and calmest condition of the public mind in America can promise the long continued acquiescence of the northern and the inland states, to the present *Virginian* government of the Union. It is a fact that lies upon the surface of American politics, that there already exists such an essential and irremediable contrariety of interests and of feelings between the northern, southern and western states, as has never yet, in the history of the world, been brought into voluntary concurrence under the same government. This fact supposes, therefore, that there should be found throughout these wide nations, so artificially united, a greater degree of philosophical superiority to the pressure of immediate interests, more freedom from passion, more immobility of temper, in a word, a more undisturbed *reign of reason*, than has ever yet been seen to prevail among men.<sup>[a]</sup> How long then, is it likely, will the patrician planters of the South be able to compose, and to retain under their guidance this discordant mass, after it shall have become inflamed with ambition, and erased with Quixotic projects?<sup>[b]</sup>

[a] Why not? and without having much cause for boasting either.]

[b] The fancy of our becoming crazed with Quixotic projects arises from the

There are, no doubt, some particular causes which tend to foster in the minds of Americans, the propensity to indulge the extravagant reveries of national ambition. The American has vastly more *geographical* feeling than the European. The migratory habits of the people, the recollection of having an inexhaustible store house of territory behind them,—the necessity of thinking and speaking of the particular proprietorship of the soil, in its relations of latitude and longitude, even the periodical and *nonchalante* pilgrimages of their Congress-men, measured, not by hundreds, but by thousands of miles, compel them to a use of the map, in the common business of life, ten times more frequent than is found among any other people, and have actually, as it were, woven the idea of terrene extension among the very elements of the national character. The thoughts of the European farmer range within a circle of twenty miles diameter. The ideas of the American planter familiarly traverse the wide extent between the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The one knows nearly as much of his continent, as the other does of his country. In America, the fruits of the earth as well as manufactures, have to be sought for, or to be sent, some thousands of miles. Hence, both the solitary agriculturalist of the Western States, and the petty store-keeper on the water's edge, are necessitated to be in a greater or less degree, proficients in that general knowledge of the commercial condition of their own country and of distant nations, which, in Europe, is the business only of the first class of merchants. The mighty streams of the North American continent, make geographers of all the settlers on their banks, who depend upon this communication with the wide world, for all the means of raising themselves above the condition of the wandering savages around them. The Map, therefore, is ever in the hand of the American; but a map is a seductive article to men whose conscious power of influencing directly the government of their country, immediately allies personal feelings with the idea of its magnitude and glory. The transition from the commercial to the political consideration of the Map, is not merely easy, but, under such circumstances, almost inevitable. A Map is the mischievous *familiar* of ambition; nor is its influence found to be much less bewitching in the Log-house of the rugged republican, than in the palaces of Kings or the mansions of Captains. Considered as the implement of political speculation, the map presents an abstract region of thought, palpable and gross in its elements, yet not without a

writer's observation of the people of his own country, who have no other way of showing their power but by the lawless violence of their mobs,—and being driven to that impotent resort, for any expression of their honest feelings, are inflamed and crazed with the consciousness of its impotency.]

mixture of the great and sublime, and altogether peculiarly suited to the tastes of the rude intellect that has become at once vigorous and sordid by an arduous and continued conflict with physical difficulties. Here are high, and yet tangible matters, affording a relief from the petty disgusts of life, ministering at once to pride and vanity, and opening a field to the indefinite rovings of the mind. Ambitious political speculation is, to strong and coarse minds, what poetry and romance are to more refined spirits. Indeed, if we except the homeless wanderer upon earth, and the slave who is bound for life to the acre on which he toils, there are, perhaps, few men who have never felt inflamed with the passion for conquest and extended domination. But this nefarious passion meets with the most favourable circumstances for its development, when, to an habitual familiarity with geographical ideas, is conjoined a full and direct exercise of political faculties.

It is obvious, however, that the one or two million citizens of a cooped-up republic, may listen with much less hazard to the suggestions of national ambition, than the dissimilar and discordant tribes of a score of independent states, that are but threaded together on a cobweb. The national passions are susceptible of sudden and accidental inflections even in compact, homogeneous, and social states ; but infinitely more so in the case of a purely factitious union of distant nations. The particular direction given to these passions is almost fortuitous ; and whenever they are converted from a more distant to a nearer object, their violence is augmented. And it must also be remembered, that there is a constant tendency in these passions, to seek a nearer in preference to a more distant object. Let then a few years of European peace leave the Americans at leisure more distinctly to apprehend the essential incompatibility of the aims and interests of the three great divisions of the Union ; let the inevitable preponderance of the Western States more fully develope itself ; let the palpable interests of the seaboard traders be, in several occasions, plainly voted away in Congress ; and at the same time, instead of a peaceful, sedate, reasonable, and business-like temper, let there be supposed to pervade the people the turbulent, irritable, and presumptuous spirit of ambition ;—and then, how long will it be before opportunity shall tempt European (perhaps English) interference on behalf of one of the parties ; and thus destroy for ever the vain project of an undivided Republic on the North American continent.

Those anxious persons, therefore, in this country, whose lurking fears of America deprive them not only of their peace but of their candour, might do well to take the map in hand ; to make themselves acquainted with the provision which the westward progress of cultivation is making for the partition of the States into three or four rival portions, and then they may comfort themselves with

the following dilemma, namely, If the people of America attain and preserve that eminent sober-mindedness which is indispensable to the perpetuity of the Union, then, that Union, attenuated as it must always remain, will not be formidable; but, if they shall, as it is supposed, become prevailingly ambitious, warlike, and enterprising, their intrinsically jarring interests make the disruption of the Union a matter of almost certain calculation.

It should be most especially remarked and remembered, that, in an extensive and disjointed Empire, where unalterable *geographical* circumstances produce and perpetuate various incompatibilities of temper, feeling, and interest, it is the very purity and perfection of the representative system which *inevitably insures* the ultimate oppression of the smaller portions of the Body. As surely as eight are more than three, so sure it is that a multifarious empire, the government of which is *truly and purely representative*, will be ruled, not by the more wealthy, nor by the more intelligent, but by the more bulky portion; or, in other words, it will be governed, not by the reason of the whole, but by the relative numbers of the parts. Where the representatives of the people constitute only the check and counterpoise to a supreme authority, these representatives feel themselves much less personally charged with the particular interests of those several portions of the Empire by which they are deputed; because it is found that that balancing and harmonizing of all the parts upon which the strength and security of the whole depends, may, to a great extent, be safely confided to the personal interests of the supreme authority. But where the supreme power (under whatever forms the fact may be disguised) is actually in the hands of the representatives of the people, and, where, therefore, it is the personal concern of no one to care more for the whole than for any of the parts, each feels individually that it is his first and most pressing business to defend and promote the interests of the portion of the Empire with which he is related. Under such a constitution, the representatives assemble, in some sort, like the ambassadors of independent states. *At home*, as private individuals, they may feel the deepest concern for the great interests of the state; but in Congress, they meet to struggle and scramble, each for himself and his clients. Wherever an Empire is so extensive as to include within itself widely separated nations, having interests really or apparently incompatible, there, a government by the *ballot* of a true representation of the whole empire must issue either in the oppression of the smaller portions, or an appeal on their part to foreign protection.

The growing discordances of the 'Great Republic' are cautiously and painfully alluded to by most American writers. Mr. Bristed speaks thus on the subject:

‘ The very facility of emigration into the *western* country raises another very important question for the contemplation of the American statesman. The direct tendency of such emigration is to enable the western territory, in the course of a few years, to outnumber, both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, the Atlantic States ; which being done, the Western States, as great *inland* nations, and erroneously considering that the *commercial* policy of the Atlantic seaboard is opposed to their agricultural interests, will be apt to sacrifice that commercial policy to their own mistaken views of territorial aggrandizement.’ p. 233.

‘ Great as was once the weight of New-England in the American councils, her influence of late has been borne down by the preponderance of the west. New-England, including Massachusetts and Maine, New-Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode-Island, and Connecticut, covers only a surface of little more than *sixty thousand* square miles, and contains a population of about one million and a half ; whereas, the western country already counts a greater number of states—as Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Indiana, and Louisiana, which give it a preponderance in the *senate* of the United States ;—in addition to which there is an immense extent of surplus territory, out of which new states without number may be carved in the lapse of a few years. Its population already reaches between two and three millions, which enables it to vote down New-England in the House of Representatives ; and it covers a surface of more than *one million five hundred thousand* square miles ; that is to say, more than *fifteen* times as large as the British Isles, England, Ireland, and Scotland, put together, and averages a fertile soil, admirably adapted to sustain a very full and numerous population ; a population abundantly sufficient to *outvote* not only the New-England, but all the other Atlantic States, all the states that composed the *old Union* which converted America from a British colony into an independent empire.

‘ The *commercial* policy is necessary to the very existence of New-England, whose depopulation must follow as an inevitable result from its destruction or restriction, and its tide of emigration augments the numbers and resources of that western country, which is inclined to strike a deathblow to the prosperity of the Atlantic seaboard.’ p. 234.

The following statements are also highly significant, when considered in relation to the growing strength and preponderance of the *Inland* States. The Author is discussing the propriety of continuing the seat of the General Government at Washington.

‘ The *real*, the efficient cause of fixing, and continuing the seat of the general government in the district of Columbia, is to be found in the determina-

tion to entail upon the state of Virginia the chief sway and influence over all the rest of the Union ; and to check the career of the northern and middle states, whose far superior capacities, both physical and moral, in population, wealth, industry, and intelligence, would eventually sink Virginia into the rank of a second rate sovereignty, if the seat of the national government were on the northern line, and the northern states were permitted to avail themselves of all their agricultural and commercial advantages. Whereas now, the Virginians having the seat of government within their own territory, make it the focus of their own political intrigues ; and by managing the people without doors, in the different states, they return nearly what members to Congress they please ; and induce them to legislate in accordance with the scheme of Virginian policy, which never has been favourable to large and liberal views of commercial enterprise.

Indeed, it is almost impossible that there ever can be a wise and efficient administration of the American government while its seat continues at Washington, because no practical information, upon any subjects of importance to the well-being of the community, can be obtained there. If advice be wanted on any great political or commercial question, no advice can be had ; for no statesmen or merchants reside at Washington ; and neither public nor private libraries are to be found there, [a] whatever wisdom is required, must be derived from the members of Congress themselves. Add to this, that there is no weight of population, talents, property, or character, to regulate and influence the discussion of Congress, so as to restrain that venerable body from *too often* enacting absurd and oppressive laws. If the seat of government were fixed in any one of the large and populous cities, which adorn and strengthen the more civilized parts of the Union, the members of Congress would not dare to pass such acts, as they have too frequently passed, while sitting as legislators in the district of Columbia, for they would be assailed on all sides, out of doors, by the talents, information, character, and influence, of the more intelligent part of the community, and by the popular indignation of their own unthinking brethren of the multitude. [b]

But now, the members of Congress go up from all quarters of the Union to Washington, and generally carrying with them only moderate natural capacities, and no very profound acquaintance with the great political relations subsisting between the United States, and the other sovereignties of the world : they assemble together in the Senate and House of Representatives, and hurry through into statutes all sorts of bills, the meaning and import of which they do not always know, and concerning the probable results of which they cannot sometimes even guess ; but they obey the directions of their civil com-

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[a There is a bare-faced contempt of veracity in Mr. Bristed, and a disregard of the public opinion of this country, which he seems to think will be his most esteemed qualifications in England. With this consideration he makes the remark, that 'the Virginians at the capital manage the people without doors, in the different states, to return nearly what members to congress they please ;' and he cannot fail in his object in the statement to which this note refers.]

[b This discovers a strange obliquity of understanding, that could refer to those reasons for having the legislature in 'one of the large and populous cities,' —which form the strongest possible arguments against it ; and adduce, the being assailed by 'the community out of doors,' and by 'the popular indignation of the unthinking multitude' as useful to legislation ! Mr. Bristed's arguments against all other parts of the institution of our Government, need only to be read, to have one's sentiments strengthened in favour of them—and particularly because the example of England is so clearly visible at the bottom of his remarks.]

‘ manders, the leaders of the Virginian dynasty. And having performed these ‘ feasts of legislation, the congress-men retire to their respective domiciles; and ‘ congratulate each other upon their deliberative sagacity and wisdom, without ‘ any dread of encountering the ridicule or reproach of an intelligent human ‘ being, amidst the gross population, so thinly scattered over the naked metro- ‘ polis of America.

‘ Above all, the seat of government being fixed at Washington, gives full play ‘ and opportunity for the exercise of *Virginian* influence to acquire complete ‘ ascendancy over the other portions of the Union. Virginia is the largest of ‘ all the United States: its laws, forbidding real property to be attached for ‘ debt; the custom of leaving the landed estates of the family to the eldest son, in ‘ hereditary succession; the power of voting in proportion to the number of negro ‘ slaves upon each plantation, [a] (the slaves amounting to about half the popu- ‘ lation of the state;) the proprietary qualification of a considerable freehold re- ‘ quired in every white voter; together with some other circumstances in their ‘ state, constitution, laws, and customs, all confer upon the Virginians very ‘ great political advantages, and enable them to act in a compact body, for the ‘ purpose of perpetuating their dominion over the middle and northern States, ‘ throughout which they encourage the prevalence of *democracy* by every means ‘ in their power, while they do not suffer it even to exist within the precincts of ‘ their own State: for, by excluding all freemen who have no freehold, from ‘ voting; by themselves possessing votes, according to the number of their ‘ slaves; by transmitting their landed property in hereditary succession; and by ‘ freeing themselves from the embarrassments attending the subjection of their ‘ lands to attachment for debt, the planters of Virginia have erected themselves ‘ into a *feudal aristocracy* of untitled and unblazoned peers, and manage their ‘ affairs so adroitly as to give laws to the rest of the Union.

‘ By the *esprit du corps*, which actuates every Virginian landholder, and by ‘ the constitutional policy which blends together the executive and legislative, ‘ and in some measure the judicial departments and functions of Virginia, that ‘ State is enabled to spread the web of influence over all the elections, as well ‘ state as federal, in the Union, so as to secure the appointment of proper per- ‘ sonages, to be guided and directed by the master-hand of its leading politi- ‘ cians; whence the congress-men generally, and a majority of the state legis- ‘ latures, have long been induced to vote and pass laws in conformity with the ‘ political views of their Virginian lords. Well might the Virginian landhold- ‘ ers, therefore, so strenuously insist upon continuing the seat of government ‘ at Washington, lest their influence over Congress should be counteracted ‘ and defeated by the superior intelligence, activity, and virtue, always to be ‘ found in large and populous cities. Nay, it would not be so easy, after a ‘ while, to induce very unqualified men to sit in Congress, if the seat of govern- ‘ ment were fixed in any civilized place, and the members were constantly liable ‘ to be assailed for their incapacity by the superior sense and spirit of the in- ‘ habitants of the metropolis; and consequently a wiser order of beings would ‘ be selected to take upon themselves the very important charge of legislating ‘ for millions of their fellow men.’ pp. 145—8.

The Virginian aristocracy will, no doubt, make the best use they can, while it lasts, of this guardianship of the Republic, which, it seems, they have assumed. And it may be difficult to guess the probable duration of the nonage of the ultramontane nations; but sooner or later, unquestionably, the western settlers will deem themselves to have attained to man’s estate, and will make an effort

[a] See note [a] last page, for the consideration of Mr. Bristed.

to manage their own affairs ; and perhaps, not their own affairs merely, but those also of their less robust and less numerous fellow citizens towards the east.

The American executive government is still compelled, like a galley-slave, to row in irons : it remains, with few amendments, under the disadvantageous bondage of those practical absurdities which were the first crude product of the early revolutionary agitation. The shallow, illiberal philosophy of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine, is woven into all the institutions of the United States ; and it is, perhaps, too congenial with the habits and sentiments of the people, to be soon thrown off or corrected. So long, however, as this vulgar and vulgarizing philosophy continues in credit, it must not only cripple the Government, but in great measure preclude from the national character all those elevated qualities which make the difference between a complete ' Poor Richard' and a true gentleman. [<sup>a</sup>] Almost the whole system of American politics, especially what relates to its two great features, parsimony and popular jealousy, may be traced up to some of Franklin's showy maxims, which were so well adapted to tickle the ear of the populace by uniting in pithy apophthegms the pleasure of wit with the pleasure of axiomatic truth. Thus, for instance, what can be at once more sure and more pleasant than the saying, that no wise man will give two-pence for what may be had for three half-pence ? On the strength of so clever a canon, applicable as well to the State as to the shop,—the American people bless their own shrewdness as often as they recollect the excellent bargain they have made with their public servants, and that *they* have a three-penny president, a two-penny vice-president, and penny-farthing judges !

[This poignancy of wit is worthy of the profundity of argument quoted by the Reviewer from Mr. B— as follows :]

'It is deemed to be a marvellous improvement in the modern system of political economy, to mete out a meagre subsistence to the public servants of a country, and to calculate, to a single dollar, the exact amount of bodily and mental labour, for which a given salary is to be equivalent. Accordingly, there is not a sufficient stipend allowed to any American public officer, whether executive, or judicial, or ministerial, or naval, or military, to enable him to support the decent exterior of a gentleman.' [<sup>b</sup>]

'This doctrine, also, is a theoretic illusion, and a practical evil ; for in every civilized, opulent, and thriving society, a certain mag-

a [The Edinburgh Review has it, that "Jonathan is vulgar and arithmetical,"—when contrasting the economy and wisdom of our expenditures, with those of England. See the Article on Seybert's Stat. Annals, in No. 1.]

b [See note [a] again, page 215.]

‘nificance of expenditure is an indispensable part of official greatness : [!]

‘It is mere insanity to say, the people can get the work done for less money, and therefore they ought to give less. No doubt, a cobbler, or a retail dealer in small wares, or an attorney without practice, will patriotically consent to take upon himself the burden of governing the country, in any one of the great executive departments of state, for a small stipend ; because the wages of office, though comparatively low, afford a larger income than either of these enlightened politicians can derive from the profits of his individual profession. But the business of the nation will not be well done. [How sage this discovery!] Nay, even in a money point of view, the nation will be a loser by employing underlings at a small salary, to conduct the government ; because such men will actually destroy more public property, in twelve months of mal-administration, by restraints on commerce, by bounties on manufactures, by crippling the growth of productive industry, &c. &c. pp. 132—134. [The Editor expects the gratitude of American politicians for imparting so much of the political instruction of this more wise, learned, and virtuous Englishman.]

Our Author pretty confidently anticipates that the regular progression of things will gradually introduce a system that shall place, and permanently fix, the helm of government in the hands of the men of talent and property, as the only safe and legitimate sources and guardians of all political power. At present, he says, ‘the general government of the United States,

‘can never depend upon the *long continued* support of the popular favour for enabling it to prosecute any permanent measures of enlarged and liberal policy. Being altogether a *representative republic*, it is obliged to exist too much by exciting and following the passions and prejudices of the multitude ; to *control* and *regulate* which is the bounden duty of every wise and upright government, since the ignorance and violence of the multitude have an invariable tendency to defeat the execution of every intelligent and long-sighted national scheme. If the American government oppose the hasty clamours of a misguided populace, the officers of that government will soon be converted, by dint of universal suffrage, into private citizens ; and the Union is of course condemned to a perpetual oscillation of political movements.

‘It is not in the ordinary course of human affairs for such a state of things to be *permanent* ; and it is to be apprehended, that the present general government of the United States will either assume a *new form*, or (what is much more desirable) will retain its *name*, but gradually become more stable and efficient, by fixing its rule upon the broad and firm foundations of *property* and *talent* ; and, by progressively augmenting the power of the executive, enable it to mould the feelings, habits, and manners of the people to its own growth in strength and influence ; and thus render the national government secure at home and respectable abroad.’ pp. 217, 218.

Wishing to avoid the appearance of joining in the vulgar outcry against America, we feel some difficulty in quoting from the latter

portion of the volume before us, which treats of the literature, habits, manners, and character of the United States. Almost the whole of what Mr. Bristed says on these topics, is in a tone of disparagement. In fact, we suspect that a little ill-temper, or some wounded feeling, has influenced his representations. Finding his literary character and liberal acquirements rather lightly appreciated in the store-keeping Republic, he is impelled perhaps, by way of self-defence, to indulge in a little sarcasm. That America does not abound with writers and philosophers of the first class, is a fact which hardly needs be formally affirmed. But this acknowledged deficiency, inevitably resulting from the present condition of the country, by no means justifies the inference, hastily drawn from it, that the mass of the people are in a proportionate degree inferior to the correspondent ranks in England, or France, in point of general information or taste for intellectual pleasures. Our Author seems sometimes to affirm, and sometimes to deny such an inference; he, however, strenuously opposes the supposition of any national intellectual inferiority, and occupies himself in tracing the causes of the acknowledged low condition of learning and science. Among these causes is, he says, 'to be particularly noticed, the unfortunate practice of entering upon active life at *too early* an age.

'There is a salutary adage in the old law books, which runs thus, "In juvene theologo conscientiae detrimentum; in juvene legislatâ bursæ detrimentum; in juvene medico cæmeterii incrementum :" the consciences of his parishioners suffer by a young clergyman; the purse of his clients diminishes in the hands of a young lawyer; and the churchyard increases by the labours of a young physician. This adage, however, has *not* yet found its way into the United States, where the young people of all classes are precipitated into business during childhood.' pp. 313, 314.

'The consequences of this precocious publicity are, a superficial elementary education, a perpetual pruriency of prattle upon all subjects, without a due fathoming of the depths of any one of them, and an entailed disability of fully developing the understanding, which is narrowed in early life, by being prematurely absorbed in the minute but necessary details incident to every practical calling. Whence, with their due proportion of genius, in common with all other nations, and with the advantage of a more general diffusion of popular intelligence than is to be found in any other community, too many of our citizens, in *all* the learned professions, begin, continue, and end their career, on much narrower ground than their native capacity, properly unfolded by previous general information, would enable them to cover.' p. 315.

'Another obstacle to the growth of literature in the United

States, arises from the great propensity to consume the talent of the country in the effusion of newspaper essays and political pamphlets, instead of concentrating it in the production of some regular, consecutive work. In consequence of these desultory intellectual habits, periodical journals, as *Reviews* and *Magazines*, seldom last long. The author can obtain little or no assistance from others in his literary efforts; the persons competent to aid him in such an undertaking being comparatively few throughout the Union, and those, for the most part, actively employed in some laborious calling; and it is not in the power of any one man, however gifted with talent, adorned with knowledge, and armed with industry, to execute, *alone*, a literary journal as it ought to be executed. Add to this, the universal vice of the United States, a perpetual craving after novelty. The charge which Demosthenes brought against his own countrymen, that they were continually running about, and asking, "Is there any thing new?" is equally applicable to the Americans. This eternal restlessness and desire of change, pervade the whole structure of our society, &c. The people are incessantly shifting their habitations, employments, views, and schemes.'

The subject of domestic slavery, we must for the present pass over. With respect also to the state of religion in America, we can only make one or two quotations. Mr. Bristed, we confess, does not inspire us with that degree of confidence in his judgment, and candour, and discrimination, which would tempt our taking the occasion to hazard any observations on so weighty a matter.

[After a quotation on the subject of religion, the Reviewer expresses 'his disgust at the flippancy of the terms with which Mr. B. speaks of Dr. Priestly.' And well may even the most loyal Englishman feel such disgust at the following passage.]

'He sate, like a demi-god, snuffing up the incense of adulation from the Socinian democrats of Great Britain. But how reversed the picture, when he exchanged an English for an American home! A meagre deputation of obscure clergymen in our city of New-York, welcomed him to the United States with an absurd speech, full of jacobin bombast and fustian. He afterwards repaired to Philadelphia, where he preached a few frigorific sermons to thin and drowsy audiences; he then retired to Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, where he passed the remainder of his life in making small experiments amidst his alembics, crucibles, and retorts, for the result of which no one expressed the least interest; and he also occasionally ushered from the press religious and political pamphlets, which no one ever read. His death excited little, if any more sensation among the Pennsylvanian patriots, than they are wont to exhibit at the dissolution of a German farmer, or a German farmer's horse.' p. 407.

## ART. XI.—MEMOIR OF FREDERICK ACCUM, Esq.

OPERATIVE CHEMIST; LECTURER ON PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY, MINERALOGY, AND ON CHEMISTRY APPLIED TO THE ARTS AND MANUFACTURES; MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY; FELLOW OF THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY; MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, AND OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS OF BERLIN, &c. &c.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS WORKS.

[*From the European Magazine*—Lond. June, 1820.]

“Every man who receives a liberal education, at present considers Chemistry as one of the most indispensable objects of his study.”—*Fourcroy's Chemistry*, Vol. I. p. 21.

Where we have received much pleasure or instruction from the writings of any individual, or from the lectures of any public teacher, we naturally feel some attachment to the man to whom we have been thus obliged, and become, in some degree, interested in tracing his literary career.—Chemistry, within our own times, has become a central science, from which all things emanate, and to which all things return. It may be pronounced a Pharos, which the genius of man has erected in the sanctuary of the operations of art and nature, to throw a light over all its details. It is not confined to the elucidations of what is already known, or to the improvement of what is already practised, Chemistry daily creates new arts. Within these few years, we have seen it create a new method of procuring light; an art on which the admirers of science, and the inhabitants of this country in particular, have greater reason to congratulate themselves, than any other invention or discovery of the present age. It is so wonderful and important, it speaks so forcibly by the effects it has already produced, and the rapid strides it has already made, that it cannot fail to increase the wealth of our nation, by adding to the number of its internal resources, as long as pit-coal continues to be dug in this country from the bowels of the earth.

Among the most active labourers in the field of chemical science of this country, is Frederick Accum. He is a native of Germany. We are unable, however, to give any information respecting his early days in his own country; but, from the register at the Alien Office, it appears that he came into England in the year 1793—that he was then twenty-three years of age—that he was born at Buckeburg, in Westphalia—and that he was by profession a chemist. It is there likewise recorded, that he was engaged as an assistant in the chemical laboratory of Mr. Brande, in Arlington-street, apothecary to the King; though how long he served at that

establishment we are unable to record. We remember him attending, in 1796, the anatomical theatre in Windmill-street, and St. George's Hospital.

About the year 1798, he became a frequent contributor to Nicholson's Philosophical Journal. His first paper was on the Separation of Alumine and Magnesia. In the same year, he furnished a Memoir on the genuineness and adulterations of the chemical preparations employed in medicine. In 1800, he published an Essay on the antiquity of the art of etching on glass—and, soon afterwards, he resumed the continuation of the former Memoir on the genuineness and adulterations of the chemical articles employed in medicine. Besides these Memoirs, which must be pronounced as the first literary productions of this chemical philosopher, numerous other papers from his pen are to be found in the subsequent volumes of Nicholson's Journals, as well as in Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, and in various other periodical works.

About the year 1800, he settled as an Operative Chemist at his present place of residence, in Compton-street, Soho, where he built a laboratory, and commenced preparing for sale chiefly those of the nicer chemical preparations which are seldom to be met with in commerce, but are essential for the pursuits of philosophical chemistry.

Being now fully established, he gave private instructions in operative and experimental chemistry, and took resident pupils in his house, who worked in his laboratory under his immediate superintendance. And it is a pleasing reflection to be able to state, that men of exalted rank and dignified stations have acquired the acquisition of chemical science among his furnaces; for, from the Dedication of the Elements of Crystallography, published by him, it is evident, that the present Duke of Northumberland, Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren, Count Munster, and Sir John Sebright, Bart. were then among his laboratory pupils: and we have good authority to state, that the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Palmerston, the unfortunate Lord Camelford, and several other noblemen, were at the same time his pupils, and worked in his laboratory.

In the year 1801, he was appointed Chemical Operator at the Royal Institution; but this situation he resigned, we believe, a few years after.

In the year 1802, he came forward as a public Lecturer on Chemistry and Mineralogy. His first courses and demonstrations were delivered at his own laboratory, in Compton-street, Soho: but this place being afterwards found not sufficiently capacious for his auditors, the number of which rapidly increased, he delivered his demonstrations and lectures at Dr. Hooper's Medical Theatre, in Cork-street.

From that time, Mr. Accum's reputation as a public and private Lecturer on Chemical Science became more extensively conspicuous, and early in the year 1809, he was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the Surry Institution, where he has ever since continued to deliver public courses of lectures, on operative and philosophical Chemistry—on Mineralogy—and on Chemistry applied to the Arts and Manufactures, to the greatest satisfaction of his audience; while his lectures have acquired him a high degree of celebrity as a public teacher.

It must be obvious that the talents of a philosophical operative chemist must be of particular interest to those whose operations depend on the principles of chemical science. In consequence of this truth, he has become among manufacturers the most popular consulting chemist, wherever chemical aid is desired:—and it is, perhaps, unnecessary to state, that he is well known in our public courts of justice, and in the Committees of Parliament, where he often appears to explain chemical processes, or to report and give evidence on subjects connected with chemical science.

In attempting to trace to a more recent date the career by which Mr. Accum has secured to himself the high reputation and patronage of an operative and philosophical chemist, and which has rendered his name so eminent among the chemical philosophers in this country, we shall give a list of his literary productions, of which the following have been published:

1. *A System of Theoretical and Practical Chemistry*, in 2 vols. 8vo. 1803. This work, which formed the text book of his lectures, delivered at his own laboratory, exhibits a clear and comprehensive view of the science of chemistry, and the accuracy and precision with which it is drawn up, has rendered it highly acceptable to the public, who have called for repeated editions of it. It has been republished on the American continent, and is translated into several foreign languages.

2. *A Practical Essay on the Analysis of Minerals*, 1804. Of this book also several editions have appeared; it is excellently contrived to assist the less experienced analyst, and even the more experienced chemist will find in it hints of no little importance, which he can scarcely discover in systematic authors.

3. *A manual of Analytical Mineralogy, intended to facilitate the practical analysis of Minerals*, in 2 vols. 12mo. 1806. This work, which has passed through several editions, is admirably adapted for those who intend to become practically skilled in the summary analysis of minerals. It exhibits in a concise manner the general practical proceedings necessary for the chemical examination of ores, earth, stones, and other minerals.

4. *A Practical Treatise on Gas Light, exhibiting a Summary Description of the Apparatus and Machinery best calculated for*

*illuminating Streets, Houses, and Manufactories with Carburetted Hydrogen or Coal Gas, with remarks on the Utility, Safety, and general Nature of this new branch of civil Economy, 1816.* This work it appears originated in consequence of many years' experience, during which time the author was professionally called upon to witness and verify the most extended series of operations that ever have been made for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability, safety, and general nature of the art of applying coal gas as a substitute for tallow and oil, and which have as it were fixed the fate of this art. The numerous experiments carried on upon a very large scale, which the author was called upon to institute, for the purpose of adducing them for the use of those who applied to Parliament for being incorporated as a Chartered Company, in evidence before the House of Commons and House of Lords, enabled him to collect such a body of information as could not have been obtained by any other private individual. The substance of these results were printed by order of Government, and the author has incorporated them in this treatise, together with such other facts and observations as presented themselves in the routine of his profession. "This book, therefore, is highly useful to those who wish to acquire a practical knowledge of the subject on which it treats, and will enable mechanics to erect the apparatus necessary for carrying the gas light illumination into effect. It will give to those who are unacquainted with the nature of the gas light illumination, a fair and not overcharged statement of the merits and defects of this new art; whilst, at the same time, the chemist will meet with facts relating to the subject of lighting with coal gas, which will arrest his attention and add to the general stock of chemical knowledge." (Philosoph. Mag. 1815.)

This work has passed through four editions in this country, and it has been translated into the French, Italian, and German languages.

5. *Elements of Crystallography after the Method of Stacey, 8vo. 1816.* This work is designed for the purpose of initiating into the principles of Crystallography those who possess no previous knowledge of it; and as the doctrine which explains the production of crystalline forms and their metamorphoses abounds in mathematical and algebraic calculations, and cannot be studied with ease and success by such as are unacquainted with the mathematics, the author, to render this book more generally useful, made arrangements to accompany and furnish with the work a set of geometrical solids, partly solid, and partly dissected, so as to give the untutored eye a distinct conception of the laws of that geometry of nature which are followed by the integrant particles of crystallisable bodies when they combine, and of which the orderly arrangements produce symmetrical crystals, so that with the book

in the hands and the help of the models, those who are actually unacquainted with the mathematics, are enabled to study with great advantage the laws of crystallography, and their relations and consequences.

6. *A Practical Treatise on the Use and Application of Chemical Re-agents and Tests*: 1818. Of this work the 3d edition has lately appeared. It has also been translated into the French language.

It is by far the most complete and judicious manual, showing the utility and application of chemical tests, yet published. The examples, in elucidation of the action of the various chemical tests, are selected with judgment, and they are such as are easy to be performed, and the exhibition of which requires no other substances than such as are readily to be procured in all solutions. The work has run in a short time through several editions, and a French translation of it has lately appeared.

7. *Chemical Amusement: comprising a Series of Curious and Instructive Experiments in Chemistry, which are easily performed, and unattended by danger*: 1819. This work has been written with a view to blend chemical science with rational amusement. To the student it serves as a set of popular instructions for performing a variety of curious and instructive experiments, well calculated for illustrating the most striking facts which the science of chemistry has to offer. The experiments are such as may be performed with ease and safety in the closet, and the exhibition of which requires neither costly apparatus nor complicated instruments. There are several editions of this work.

8. *A Description of the Process of Manufacturing Coal Gas, with Elevations, Sections, and Plans of the Apparatus now employed in the Gas Works in London and the principal provincial Towns in Great Britain, accompanied with comparative estimates, exhibiting the most economical Mode of procuring this Species of Light*: 1820.

This treatise, as its title expresses, exhibits the superior processes of manufacturing coal gas now employed in the metropolis and the provincial towns of Great Britain, illustrated with elevations, sections, and plans of the most improved gas light machinery, which has stood the test of practice, and is now in action at the most celebrated gas light establishments in this country. A second edition of the work has lately appeared.

9. *A Treatise on Adulterations of Food and Culinary Poisons; exhibiting the fraudulent Sophistications of Bread, Beer, Wine, Spirituous Liquors, Tea, Coffee, Cream, Confectionary, Vinegar, Mustard, Pepper, Cheese, Olive Oil, Pickles, and other articles employed in domestic economy, and methods of detecting them*: 1820. This work has arrested general attention; it is chiefly for the

purpose of laying open the dishonest artifices of fraudulent dealers, that Mr. Accum published this very interesting popular work, in which he has given a most fearful view of the various and extensive frauds which are daily practised on the unsuspecting public, and the methods of detecting them. A new edition of the work has been published last month.

Such are the works published by Mr. Accum; from the notices before the public we learn that he has now in the press two works; namely, *a System of Chemistry for self Instruction*, after the method of Sir Humphry Davy, and *a Description of the Chemical Apparatus and Instruments employed in operative and experimental Chemistry*.

**ART. XII.—*The Life of the Right Honourable John Philpot Curran, late Master of the Rolls in Ireland. By his Son, WILLIAM HENRY CURRAN, Barrister-at-Law. 8vo. [2 vols. pp. 970. London.] New-York. 1 vol. William H. Creagh, 1820.***

[*From the Edinburgh Review—May, 1820. We can only extract those parts which relate to Curran's colloquial humour—his wit and eloquence at the bar—to the insurrection in Ireland, of 1803—and to the character of Irish oratory.*]

THIS is really a very good book; and not less instructive in its moral, and general scope, than curious and interesting in its details. It is a mixture of Biography and History—and avoids the besetting sins of both species of composition—neither exalting the hero of the biography into an idol, nor deforming the history of a most agitated period with any spirit of violence or exaggeration. It is written, on the contrary, as it appears to us, with singular impartiality and temper—and the style is not less remarkable than the sentiments: For though it is generally elegant and spirited, it is without any of those peculiarities which the age, the parentage, and the country of the author, would lead us to expect:—And we may say, indeed, of the whole work, looking both to the matter and the manner, that it has no defects from which it could be gathered that it was written either by a Young man—or an Irishman—or by the Son of the person whose history it professes to record—though it has attractions which probably could not have existed under any other conditions.

Mr. Curran's parentage and early life are now of no great consequence. He was born, however, of respectable parents, and received a careful and regular education. He was a little wild at college; but left it with the character of an excellent scholar, and was universally popular among his associates, not less for his amia-

ble temper than his inexhaustible vivacity. He wrote baddish verses at this time, and exercised himself in theological discourses; for his first destination was for the Church, and he afterwards took to the Law, very much to his mother's disappointment and mortification—who was never reconciled to the change—and used, even in the meridian of his fame, to lament what a mighty preacher had been lost to the world,—and to exclaim, that, but for his versatility, she might have died the mother of a Bishop! It was better as it was. Unquestionably he might have been a very great preacher; but we doubt whether he would have been a good parish priest, or even an exemplary bishop.

Irish lawyers are obliged to keep their terms in London; and, for the poorer part of them, it seems to be but a dull and melancholy novitiate. During the three years he passed in the metropolis, he seems to have entered into no society, and never to have come in contact with a single distinguished individual. He saw Garrick on the stage, and Lord Mansfield on the bench; and this exhausts his list of illustrious men in London. His only associates seem to have been a few of his countrymen, as poor and forlorn as himself. Yet the life they lived seems to have been virtuous and honourable. They contracted no debts, and committed no excesses. Curran himself rose early, and read diligently till dinner; and, in the evening he usually went, as much for improvement as relaxation, to a sixpenny debating club. For a long time, however, he was too nervous and timid to act any other part than that of an auditor.—He used often to give an account of this in after life himself; and as the following seems to have been taken down by the author from his own lips, we gladly take the opportunity of inserting it, both as the most authentic account of the fact, and as a specimen of that colloquial pleasantry for which he is here so lavishly commended.

‘One day after dinner, an acquaintance, in speaking of his eloquence, happened to observe that it must have been born with him. “Indeed, my dear sir,” replied Mr. Curran, “it was not; it was born three-and-twenty years and some months after me; and, if you are satisfied to listen to a dull historian, you shall have the history of its nativity. When I was at the Temple, a few of us formed a little debating club.....Upon the first night of our assembling, I attended, my foolish heart throbbing with the anticipated honour of being styled “the learned member that opened the debate,” or “the *very* eloquent gentleman who has just sat down.” I stood up—the question was Catholic claims or the Slave trade, I protest I now forget which, but the difference, you know, was never very obvious—my mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter, but I wanted a preface, and for want of a preface the volume was never published. I stood

‘ up, trembling through every fibre ; but remembering that in this ‘ I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had actually pro- ‘ ceeded almost as far as “ Mr. Chairman,” when, to my astonish- ‘ ment and terror, I perceived that every eye was riveted upon me. ‘ There were only six or seven present, and the little room could ‘ not have contained as many more ; yet was it, to my panic-struck ‘ imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assem- ‘ bled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I ‘ became dismayed and dumb ; my friends cried “ hear him !” but ‘ there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the ‘ pantomime of articulation, but I was like the unfortunate fiddler ‘ at the fair, who, upon coming to strike up the solo that was to ra- ‘ vish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped ‘ his bow. So you see, sir, it was not born with me. However, ‘ though my friends, even Apjohn, the most sanguine of them, de- ‘ spaired of me, the *cacoethes loquendi* was not to be subdued with- ‘ out a struggle. I was for the present silenced, but I still attended ‘ our meetings with the most laudable regularity, and even ven- ‘ tured to accompany the others to a more ambitious theatre, “ the ‘ Devils of Temple Bar ;” where truly may I say, that many a ‘ time the Devil’s own work was going forward.

‘ Such was my state, the popular throb just beginning to revisit ‘ my heart, when a long expected remittance arrived from New- ‘ market : Apjohn dined with me that day.....In the evening we re- ‘ paired to “ the Devils.” One of them was upon his legs : a fel- ‘ low, of whom it was impossible to decide, whether he was most dis- ‘ tinguished by the filth of his person, or by the flippancy of his ‘ tongue ; just such another as Harry Flood would have called ‘ “ the highly gifted gentleman with the dirty cravat and greasy ‘ pantaloons.” I found this learned personage in the act of calum- ‘ niating chronology by the most preposterous anachronisms, and ‘ (as I believe I shortly after told him) traducing the illustrious ‘ dead by affecting a confidential intercourse with them, as he ‘ would with some nobleman, *his very dear friend*, behind his back, ‘ who, if present, would indignantly repel the imputation of so in- ‘ sulting an intimacy. He descanted upon Demosthenius, the glory ‘ of the Roman forum ; spoke of Tully as the famous cotemporary ‘ and rival of Cicero ; and in the short space of one half hour, ‘ transported the straits of Marathon three several times to the ‘ plains of Thermopylæ. Thinking that I had a right to know ‘ something of these matters, I looked at him with surprise ; and ‘ whether it was the money in my pocket, or my classical chivalry, ‘ or most probably the supplemental tumbler of punch, that gave ‘ my face a smirk of saucy confidence, when our eyes met there ‘ was something like wager of battle in mine ; upon which the eru- ‘ dite gentleman instantly changed his invective against antiquity

‘into an invective against me, and concluded by a few words of friendly counsel (*horresco referens*) to “orator mum,” who he doubted not possessed wonderful talents for eloquence, although he would recommend him to show it in future by some more popular method than his silence. I followed his advice, and I believe not entirely without effect; for when, upon sitting down, I whispered my friend, that I hoped he did not think my dirty antagonist had come “quite clean off?” “On the contrary, my dear fellow,” said he, “every one around me is declaring that it is the first time they ever saw him so well dressed.” So, sir, you see that to try the bird, the spur must touch his blood. Yet, after all, if it had not been for the inspiration of the punch, I might have continued a mute to this hour; so for the honour of the art, let us have another glass.” I. pp. 41—47.

Now this is certainly lively and good humoured; but it is not, according to our notions, by any means the best style of wit, or of talk, that we have met with. It is too smart, snappish, and theatrical—and much more like the practised briskness of an actor of all work, or an itinerant lecturer on heads, than the polite and unobtrusive pleasantry of an agreeable companion. We suspect, indeed, from various passages in these volumes, that the Irish standard of good conversation is radically different from the English; and that a tone of exhibition and effect is still tolerated in that country, which could not be long endured in good society in this. A great proportion of the colloquial anecdotes in this work, confirm us in this belief—and nothing more than the encomium bestowed on Mr. Curran’s own conversation, as abounding in ‘those magical transitions from the most comic turns of thought to the deepest pathos, and for ever bringing a tear into the eye before the smile was off the lip.’ In our more frigid and fastidious country, we really have no idea of a man talking pathetically in good company,—and still less of good company sitting and crying to him. Nay, it is not even very consonant with our notions, that a gentleman should be ‘most comical.’

As to the taste and character of Mr. Curran’s oratory, we may have occasion to say a word or two hereafter.—He appears to have gone through the most persevering and laborious processes of private study, with a view to its improvement—not only accustoming himself to debate imaginary cases alone with the most anxious attention, but, ‘reciting perpetually before a mirror,’ to acquire a graceful gesticulation, and studiously imitating the tone and manner of the most celebrated speakers. The authors from whom he chiefly borrowed the matter of these solitary declamations, were Junius and Lord Bolingbroke—and the poet he most passionately admired was Thomson. He also used to declaim occasionally from Milton—but, in his maturer age, came to think

less highly of that great poet. One of his favourite exercises was the funeral oration of Antony over the body of Cæsar, as it is given by Shakspeare ; the frequent recitation of which he used to recommend to his young friends at the Bar, to the latest period of his life.

He was called to the Bar in 1775, in his 25th year—having rather imprudently married two years before—and very soon attained to independence and distinction. There is a very clever little disquisition introduced here by the author, on the very different, and almost opposite taste in eloquence which has prevailed at the Bar of England and Ireland respectively ;—the one being in general cold and correct, unimpassioned and technical ; the other discursive, rhetorical, and embellished and encumbered with flights of fancy and appeals to the passions. \* \* \* Professional peculiarities, we are persuaded, are to be referred much more to the circumstances of the profession, than to the national character of those who exercise it ; and the more redundant eloquence of the Irish bar, is better explained, probably, by the smaller quantity of business in their courts, than by the greater vivacity of their fancy, or the warmth of their hearts. We in Scotland have also a forensic eloquence of our own—more speculative, discursive, and ambitious than that of England—but less poetical and passionate than that of Ireland ; and the peculiarity might be plausibly ascribed, here also, to the imputed character of the nation, as distinguished for logical acuteness and intrepid questioning of authority, rather than for richness of imagination, or promptitude of feeling. We do not mean to deny the existence or the operation of these causes—but we think the effect is produced *chiefly* by others of a more vulgar description. The small number of Courts and Judges in England—compared to its great wealth, population, and business—has made brevity and despatch not only important but indispensable qualifications in an advocate in great practice,—since it would be physically impossible either for him or for the Courts to get through with their business without them. All mere ornamental speaking, therefore, is not only severely discountenanced, but absolutely debarred ; and the most technical, direct and authoritative views of the case alone can be listened to. But judicial time, to use the language of Bentham, is not of the same high value, either in Ireland or in Scotland ; and the pleaders of those countries have consequently given way to that universal love of long speaking, which can never be repressed by any thing but the absolute impossibility of indulging it—while their prolixity has taken a different character, not so much from the temperament of the speakers, as from the difference of the audiences they have generally had to address.—In Ireland, the greater part of their tediousness is bestowed on Juries—and their vein, consequently, has been

more popular.—With us in Scotland, the advocate has to speak chiefly to the Judges—and naturally endeavours, therefore, to make that impression by subtlety, or compass of reasoning, which he would in vain attempt, either by pathos, poetry, or jocularity.—Professional speakers, in short, we are persuaded, will always speak as long as they can be listened to.—The quantity of their eloquence, therefore, will depend on the time that can be afforded for its display—and its quality on the nature of the audience to which it is addressed.

But though we cannot admit that the causes assigned by this author are the main or fundamental causes of the peculiarity of Irish oratory, we are far from denying that there is much in it of a national character, and indicating something extraordinary either in the temper of the people, or in the state of society among them. There is, in particular, a much greater Irascibility, with its usual concomitants of coarseness and personality, and a much more Theatrical tone, or a taste for forced and exaggerated sentiments, than would be tolerated on this side of the channel. Of the former attribute, the continual, and, we must say, most indecent altercations that are recorded in these volumes between the Bench and the Bar, are certainly the most flagrant and offensive examples. In some cases the Judges were perhaps the aggressors—but the violence and indecorum is almost wholly on the side of the Counsel; and the excess and intemperance of their replies generally goes far beyond any thing for which an apology can be found in the provocation that had been given. A very striking instance occurs in an early part of Mr. Curran's history, where he is said to have observed upon an opinion delivered by Judge Robinson, 'that he had never met with the law as laid down by his Lordship in any book in his library'; and, upon his Lordship rejoining, somewhat scornfully, 'that he suspected his library was very small,' the offended barrister, in allusion to the known fact of the Judge having recently published some anonymous pamphlets, thought fit to reply, that 'his library might be small, but he thanked heaven that among his books, there were none of the wretched productions of the frantic pamphleteers of the day. I find it more instructive, my lord, to study good works than to compose bad ones; my books may be few, but the title pages give me the writers' names—my shelf is not disgraced by any of such rank absurdity that their very authors are ashamed to own them.' (p. 122.) On another occasion, when he was proceeding in an argument with his characteristic impetuosity, the presiding Judge having called to the Sheriff to be ready to take into custody any one who should disturb the decorum of the Court, the sensitive counsellor at once applying the notice to himself, is reported to have broken out into the following incredible apostrophe—'Do, Mr. Sheriff,' replied Mr. Curran, 'go

‘ and get ready my dungeon ; prepare a bed of straw for me ; and upon that bed I shall to-night repose with more tranquillity than I should enjoy were I sitting upon that bench with a consciousness that I disgraced it.’—Even his reply to Lord Clare, when interrupted by him in an argument before the Privy Council, seems to us much more petulant than severe. His Lordship, it seems, had admonished him that he was wandering from the question ; and Mr. C. after some general observations, replied, ‘ I am aware, my lords, that truth is to be sought only by slow and painful progress : I know also that error is in its nature flippant and contemptuous ; it hops with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments, and perches upon assertion, which it calls conclusion.’—To Lord Clare, however, Mr. C. had every possible temptation to be intractable and impertinent. But even to his best friends, when placed on the seat of judgment, he could not always forbear a similar petulance. Lord Avonmore was always most kind and indulgent to him—but was sometimes in the habit it seems of checking his wanderings, and sometimes of too impatiently anticipating his conclusions. Upon one of these occasions, and in the middle of a solemn argument, we are called on to admire the following piece of vulgar and farcical stupidity, as a specimen of Mr. C.’s most judicious pleasantry.—“ ‘ Perhaps, my Lord, I am straying ; but you must impute it to the extreme agitation of my mind. I have just witnessed so dreadful a circumstance, that my imagination has not yet recovered from the shock.’—His lordship was now all attention.—“ ‘ On my way to court, my lord, as I passed by one of the markets, I observed a butcher proceeding to slaughter a calf. Just as his hand was raised, a lovely little child approached him unperceived, and, terrible to relate—I still see the life-blood gushing out—the poor child’s bosom was under his hand, when he plunged his knife into—into’”—“ ‘ Into the bosom of the child !’” cried out the judge, with much emotion—“ ‘ Into the neck of the calf, my lord ; but your lordship sometimes anticipates.’”

But this is not quite fair.—There is no more such nonsense in the book—nor any other Iricism so discreditable to the taste either of its hero or its author. There are plenty of traits, however, that make one blush for the degradation, and shudder at the government of that magnificent country.—One of the most striking is supplied by an event in the early part of Mr. C.’s professional history, and one to which he is here said to have been indebted for his first celebrity. A nobleman of great weight and influence in the country—we gladly suppress his name, though it is given in the book—had a mistress, whose brother being a Catholic, had for some offence been sentenced to ecclesiastical penance—and the young woman solicited her keeper to use his influence with the

priest to obtain remission. His Lordship went accordingly to the cabin of the aged pastor, who came bareheaded to the door with his missal in his hand ; and after hearing the application, respectfully answered, that the sentence having been imposed by the Bishop, could only be relaxed by the same authority—and that he had no right or power to interfere with it. The noble mediator on this *struck* the old man ! and drove him with repeated blows from his presence. The priest then brought his action of damages—but for a long time could find no advocate hardy enough to undertake his cause ;—and when young Curran at last made offer of his services, he was blamed and pitied by all his prudent friends for his romantic and Quixotic rashness. These facts speak volumes as to the utter perversion of moral feeling that is produced by unjust laws, and the habits to which they give rise. No nation is so brave or so generous as the Irish,—and yet an Irish nobleman could be guilty of the brutality of striking an aged priest, without derogating from his dignity or honour :—No body of men could be more intrepid and gallant than the leaders of the Irish bar ; and yet it was thought too daring and presumptuous for any of them to assist the sufferer in obtaining redress for an outrage like this. In England, those things are inconceivable ; but the readers of Irish history are aware, that where the question was between Peer and Peasant—and still more when it was between Protestant and Catholic—the barristers had cause for apprehension. It was but about forty years before, that upon a Catholic bringing an action for the recovery of his confiscated estates, the Irish House of Commons publicly voted a resolution, ‘ that all barristers, ‘ solicitors, attorneys, and proctors who should be concerned for ‘ him, should be considered as public enemies ! ’ This was in 1735. In 1780, however, Mr. C. found the service not quite so dangerous ; and by great eloquence and exertion extorted a reluctant verdict, and 30 guineas of damages from a Protestant Jury. The sequel of the affair was not less characteristic. In the first place, it involved the advocate in a duel with a witness whom he had rather outrageously abused—and, in the next place, it was thought sufficient to justify a public notification to him, on the part of the noble defendant, that his audacity should be punished by excluding him from all professional employment wherever his influence could extend. The insolence of such a communication might well have warranted a warlike reply. But Mr. C. expressed his contempt in a gayer and not less effectual manner. Pretending to misunderstand the tenor of the message, he answered aloud, in the hearing of his friends, ‘ My good sir, you may tell his lordship, that it ‘ is in vain for him to be proposing terms of accommodation ; ‘ for after what has happened, I protest I think, while I live, I ‘ shall never hold a brief for him or one of his family.’ The threat,

indeed, proved as impotent as it was pitiful ; for the spirit and talent which the young counsellor had displayed through the whole scene, not only brought him into unbounded popularity with the lower orders, but instantly raised him to a distinguished place in the ranks of his profession.

In 1783 Mr. C. got a silk gown, and was brought into Parliament ; and here properly commences the Political part of the work. Nothing can be so deplorable as the history of Ireland up to this epoch—except perhaps a part of its history since. But nothing can at the same time be more pregnant with warning and instruction, both as to the utter hopelessness of repressing Discontent by Severity, and as to the inefficacy of Parliaments that do not really represent the sense and the interests of the people.

In the year 1803, the rooted discontent of Ireland broke out in a second insurrection. From want of concert and patience, it assumed the form but of a brief and unpremeditated tumult ; but it appeared, on investigation, and is proved by the original plan in Emmet's handwriting, appended to these volumes, that a simultaneous rising had been organized in the counties of Wicklow, Wexford, and Kildare, as well as in remoter districts—and that it was prevented only by the neglect or misunderstanding of the signals and instructions. As it was, comparatively few lives were lost ; but among these was the lamented Lord Kilwarden, the most venerated of all the Judges of his country—the wisest, because the gentlest in her councils. His death formed no part of the plan of the insurgents, and was either an unpremeditated act of savage fury, or of private malignity and revenge.

This wild and desperate project, was the work of an individual of distinguished abilities, gentle dispositions, and kindly affections ; and nothing can show more strongly the effect that had been produced on the feelings of the nation at large, by the wrongs she had suffered, and the means that had been used to stifle their expression, than that they should have seduced a person of such a character into such a proceeding. This part of the public story is unfortunately but too closely connected with Mr. C.'s private history, and forms the most striking and romantic portion of it. The individual to whom we have alluded, was Mr. Robert Emmet ; a young man of good family and high prospects, who had been a frequent visiter in Mr. C.'s family, and had, without his knowledge, formed an attachment to his youngest daughter. He never gave, even to her, the remotest hint of the projects in which he was engaged ; and it was only a short time before its failure that he ventured to speak to her of his passion. It was to this attachment, however, that his fate was owing ; for he escaped after the miscarriage of the insurrection, and might have got out of the kingdom,

had he not lingered near her abode, where he was at last discovered and apprehended. It was then that Mr. C. first discovered the correspondence that had passed between him and his daughter; and thought it necessary to wait on the Attorney General with all the papers that he had recovered. His own innocence never was brought into question; but the fate of Emmet was instantly decided—and he suffered the last rigour of the law. There are two very striking letters introduced, both written in the short interval between his condemnation and execution—one to Mr. Curran himself, the other to his son. The editor says very feelingly—‘There was a time when the publication of them would have excited pain; but that time is past. The only persons to whom such a proceeding could have given a pang, the father and the child, are now beyond its reach; and their survivor, who from a sense of duty permits them to see the light, does so under a full persuasion, that all those who, from personal knowledge, or from report, may sometimes recall their memories with sentiments of tenderness or esteem, will find nothing in the contents of those documents which can provoke the intrusion of a harsher feeling.’ (II. pp. 230—231.) The first is chiefly apologetical; and we can only afford to give a part of it. After confessing that he did wrong in writing to his daughter subsequent to the insurrection, he says,—

“Looking upon her as one, whom, if I had lived, I hoped to have had my partner for life, I did hold the removing her anxiety above every other consideration. I would rather have had the affections of your daughter in the back settlements of America, than the first situation this country could afford without them. I know not whether this will be any extenuation of my offence—I know not whether it will be any extenuation of it to know, that if I had that situation in my power at this moment, I would relinquish it to devote my life to her happiness—I know not whether success would have blotted out the recollection of what I have done—but I know that a man, with the coldness of death on him, need not be made to feel any other coldness, and that he may be spared any addition to the misery he feels, not for himself, but for those to whom he has left nothing but sorrow.” II. pp. 235, 236.

The other was finished just before he was summoned to the scaffold. We shall give the concluding part of it, and the short comment of the editor.

“If there was any one in the world in whose breast my death might be supposed not to stifle every spark of resentment, it might be you—I have deeply injured you—I have injured the happiness of a sister that you love, and who was formed to give happiness to every one about her, instead of having her own mind a prey to affliction. Oh! Richard, I have no excuse to offer, but that I meant the reverse; I intended as much happiness for Sarah as the most ardent love could have given her. I never did tell you how much I idolized her:—it was not with a wild or unfounded passion, but it was an attachment increasing every hour, from an admiration of the purity of her mind, and respect for her talents. I did dwell in secret upon the prospect of our union. I did hope that success, while it afforded the opportunity of our union, might be the means of confirming an attachment, which misfortune had called forth. I did not look to honours for myself—praise I would have asked from the lips of no man;

but I would have wished to read in the glow of Sarah's countenance that her husband was respected. My love, Sarah! it was not thus that I thought to have requited your affection. I had hoped to be a prop round which your affections might have clung, and which would never have been shaken; but a rude blast has snapped it, and they have fallen over a grave.

"This is no time for affliction. I have had public motives to sustain my mind, and I have not suffered it to sink; but there have been moments in my imprisonment when my mind was so sunk by grief on her account, that death would have been a refuge. God bless you, my dearest Richard. I am obliged to leave off immediately.

"ROBERT EMMET."

'This letter was written at twelve o'clock on the day of Mr. Emmet's execution; and the firmness and regularity of the original hand writing contain a striking and affecting proof of the little influence which the approaching event exerted over his frame. The same enthusiasm which allured him to his destiny, enabled him to support its utmost rigour. He met his fate with unostentatious fortitude; and although few could ever think of justifying his projects or regretting their failure; yet his youth, his talents, the great respectability of his connexions, and the evident delusion of which he was the victim, have excited more general sympathy for his unfortunate end, and more forbearance towards his memory, than is usually extended to the errors or sufferings of political offenders.' II. pp. 237—239.

The public life of Mr. C. was now drawing to a close. He distinguished himself in 1804 in the Marquis of Headfort's case, and in that of Judge Johnson in 1805; but, on the accession of the Whigs to office in 1806, he was appointed to the situation of Master of the Rolls, and never afterwards made any public appearance. He was not satisfied with this appointment; and took no pains to conceal his dissatisfaction.

There is a very able and eloquent chapter on the character of Mr. Curran's eloquence—encomiastic of course, but written with great temper, talent, and discrimination. Its charm and its defects, the learned author refers to the state of genuine passion and vehement emotion in which all his best performances were delivered; and speaks of its effects on his auditors of all descriptions, in terms which can leave no doubt of its substantial excellence. We cannot now enter into these rhetorical disquisitions—though they are full of interest and instruction to the lovers of oratory. It is more within our province to notice, that he is here said to have spoken extempore at his first coming to the Bar; but when his rising reputation made him more chary of his fame, he tried for some time to write down, and commit to memory, his more important pleadings. The result, however, was not at all encouraging: and he soon laid aside his pen so entirely, as scarcely even to make any notes in preparation. He meditated his subjects, however, when strolling in his garden, or more frequently while idling over

his violin ; and often prepared, in this way, those splendid passages and groups of images with which he was afterwards to dazzle and enchant his admirers. The only notes he made were often of the metaphors he proposed to employ—and these of the utmost brevity. For the grand peroration, for example, in H. Rowan's case, his notes were as follows—‘Character of Mr. R.—*Furnace—Rebellion—smothered—Stalks—Redeeming Spirit.*’ From such slight hints he spoke fearlessly—and without cause for fear. With the help of such a scanty chart, he plunged boldly into the unbuoyed channel of his cause, and trusted himself to the torrent of his own eloquence, with no better guidance than such landmarks as these. It almost invariably happened, however, that the experiment succeeded ; ‘that his own expectations were far exceeded ; and that when his ‘mind came to be more intensely heated by his subject, and by ‘that inspiring confidence which a public audience seldom fails to ‘infuse into all who are sufficiently gifted to receive it, a multitude ‘of new ideas, adding vigour or ornament, were given off ; and it ‘also happened, that, in the same prolific moments, and as almost ‘their inevitable consequence, some crude and fantastic notions ‘escaped ; which, if they impeach their author's taste, at least ‘leave him the merit of a splendid fault, which none but men of ‘genius can commit.’ (pp. 403–4.)

The learned author closes this very able and eloquent dissertation with some remarks upon what he says is now denominated the Irish school of eloquence ; and seems inclined to deny that its profusion of imagery implies any deficiency, or even neglect of argument. As we had some share, we believe in imposing this denomination, we may be pardoned for feeling some little anxiety that it should be rightly understood ; and beg leave therefore to say, that we are as far as possible from holding that the greatest richness of imagery necessarily excludes close or accurate reasoning ; on the contrary, it is frequently its appropriate vehicle and natural exponent—as in Lord Bacon, Lord Chatham, and Jeremy Taylor. But the eloquence we wished to characterize, is that where the figures and ornaments of speech *do* interfere with its substantial object—where fancy is not ministrant but predominant—where the imagination is not merely awakened, but intoxicated—and either overlays and obscures the sense, or frolics and gambols around it, to the disturbance of its march, and the weakening of its array for the onset :—And of this kind, we still humbly think, was the eloquence of Mr. C.—The author says, indeed, that it is a mistake to call it Irish, because Swift and Goldsmith had none of it—and Milton and Bacon and Chatham had ;—and moreover, that Burke and Grattan and Curran had each a distinctive style of eloquence, and ought not to be classed together. How old the style may be in Ireland, we cannot undertake to say—

though we think there are traces of it in Ossian. We would observe too, that, though born in Ireland, neither Swift nor Goldsmith were trained in the Irish school, or worked for the Irish market; and we have already said, that it is totally to mistake our conception of the style in question, to ascribe any tincture of it to such writers as Milton, Bacon, or Taylor. There is fancy and figure enough certainly in their compositions; but there is no intoxication of the fancy, and no rioting and revelling among figures—no ungoverned and ungovernable impulse—no fond dalliance with metaphors—no mad and headlong pursuit of brilliant images and passionate expressions—no lingering among tropes and melodies—no giddy bandying of antitheses and allusions—no craving, in short, for perpetual glitter, and panting after effect, till both speaker and hearer are lost in the splendid confusion, and the argument evaporates in the heat which was meant to enforce it. This is perhaps too strongly put; but there are large portions of Mr. C.'s Speeches to which we think the substance of the description will apply.

[Here a passage is quoted from his argument in Judge Johnson's case.]

In his happier moments, and more vehement adjurations, Mr. C. is often beyond all question a great and commanding orator; and we have no doubt was, to those who had the happiness of hearing him, a much greater orator than the mere readers of his speeches have any means of conceiving:—But we really cannot help repeating our protest against a style of composition which could betray its great master, and that very frequently, into such passages as those we have extracted. The mischief is not to the master—whose genius could efface all such stains, and whose splendid successes would sink his failures in oblivion—but to the pupils, and to the public, whose taste that very genius is thus instrumental in corrupting.....It is not difficult to imitate the defects of such a style—and of all defects they are the most nauseous in imitation. Even in the hands of men of genius, the risk is, that the longer such a style is cultivated, the more extravagant it will grow,—just as those who deal in other means of intoxication, are tempted to strengthen the mixture as they proceed. The learned and candid author before us, testifies this to have been the progress of Mr. C. himself—and it is still more strikingly illustrated by the history of his models and imitators. Mr. Burke had much less of this extravagance than Mr. Grattan—Mr. Grattan much less than Mr. Curran—and Mr. Curran much less than Mr. Phillips.—It is really of some importance that the climax should be closed somewhere.

There is a concluding chapter, in which Mr. C.'s skill in cross-examination, and his conversational brilliancy, are commemorated; as well as the general simplicity and affability of his manners, and

his personal habits and peculiarities. He was not a profound lawyer, nor much of a general scholar, though reasonably well acquainted with all the branches of polite literature, and an eager reader of novels—being often caught sobbing over the pathos of Richardson, or laughing at the humour of Cervantes, with an unrestrained vehemence which reminds us of that of Voltaire. He spoke very slow, both in public and private, and was remarkably scrupulous in his choice of words: He slept very little, and, like Johnson, was always averse to retire at night—lingering long after he rose to depart—and, in his own house, often following one of his guests to his chamber, and renewing the conversation for an hour. He was habitually abstinent and temperate; and, from his youth up, in spite of all his vivacity, the victim of a constitutional melancholy. His wit is said to have been ready and brilliant, and altogether without gall. But the credit of this testimony is somewhat weakened by a little selection of his *bons mots*, with which we are furnished in a note. The greater part, we own, appear to us to be rather vulgar and ordinary; as, when a man of the name of Half-penny was desired by the judge to sit down, Mr. C. said, ‘I thank your Lordship for having at last *nailed that rap to the counter*;’ or, when observing upon the singular pace of a Judge who was lame, he said, ‘Don’t you see that one leg goes before like a tipstaff, to make room for the other?’—or, when vindicating his countrymen from the charge of being naturally vicious, he said, ‘He had never yet heard of an Irishman being *born drunk*.’ The following, however, is good—‘I can’t tell you, Curran,’ observed an Irish nobleman, who had voted for the Union, ‘how frightful our old House of Commons appears to me.’ ‘Ah! my lord,’ replied the other, ‘it is only natural for Murderers to be afraid of Ghosts;’—and this is at least grotesque. ‘Being asked what an Irish gentleman, ‘just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue? Answer—“I suppose he’s trying to *catch the English accent*.”’ In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, ‘that is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night.’

But these things are of little consequence. Mr. Curran was something much better than a sayer of smart sayings. He was a lover of his country—and its fearless, its devoted, and indefatigable servant. To his energy and talents she was perhaps indebted for some mitigation of her sufferings in the days of her extremity—and to these, at all events, the public has been indebted, in a great degree, for the knowledge they now have of her wrongs, and for the feeling which that knowledge has excited, of the necessity of granting them redress. It is in this character that he must have most wished to be remembered, and in which he has most deserved it. As to any flaws or lapses in his private life, we agree, with the ex-

cellent author before us, that his death should consign them to oblivion; and that, as his claims to distinction were altogether of a public nature, nothing should be allowed to detract from them that is not of the same description: At the same time, that our readers may know all that we know, and that their uncharitable surmises may not go beyond the truth, we cannot do better than conclude with the following passage from this most exemplary biography, in which, as in all the rest, the author has observed the tenderness which was due to the relationship in which he stood to his subject, without violating, in the least degree, that manly fairness and sincerity, without which he would have been unworthy of public confidence.

‘ But the question will be asked, has this been a faithful picture? —Have no shades been designedly omitted? —Has delicacy or flattery concealed no defects, without which the resemblance cannot be true? To such inquiries it is answered, that the estimable qualities which have formed the preceding description, have not been invented or exaggerated; and if the person, who has assumed the duty of collecting them, has abstained from a rigorous detail of any infirmities of temper or conduct, it is because a feeling more sacred and more justifiable than delicacy or flattery has taught him, and should teach others, to regard them with tenderness and regret. In thus abstaining from a cruel and unprofitable analysis of failings, to which the most gifted are often the most prone, no deception is intended. It is due to that public to whom Mr. Curran’s merits have been here submitted as deserving their approbation, to admit with candour, that some particulars have been withheld which they would not have approved: But it is also due to his memory to declare, that in balancing the conflicting elements of his character, what was virtuous and amiable will be found to have largely preponderated. He was not perfect; but his imperfections have a peculiar claim upon our forbearance, when we reflect that they sprung from the same source as his genius, and may be considered as almost the inevitable condition upon which that order of genius can be held. Their source was in his imagination. The same ardour and sensibility which rendered him so eloquent an advocate of others, impelled him to take too impassioned and irritating views of questions that personally related to himself. The mistakes of conduct into which this impetuosity of temperament betrayed him cannot be defended by this or by any other explanation of their origin; yet it is much to be able to say that they were almost exclusively confined to a single relation, and that those who in consequence suffered most, but who, from their intimate connexion with him, knew him best, saw so many redeeming qualities in his nature, that they uniform-

ly considered any exclusion from his regard, not so much in the light of an injustice, as of a personal misfortune.

There was a time when such considerations would have failed to appease his numerous accusers, who, under the vulgar pretext of moral indignation, were relentlessly taking vengeance on his public virtues by assiduous and exaggerated statements of private errors, which, had he been one of the enemies of his country, they would have been the first to screen or justify. But it is hoped, that he was not deceiving himself when he anticipated that the term of their hostility would expire as soon as he should be removed beyond its reach. "The charity of the survivors (to use his own expression) looks at the failings of the dead through an inverted glass; and slander calls off the pack from the chase in which, when there can be no pain, there can be no sport; nor will memory weigh their merits with a niggard steadiness of hand." But even should this have been a delusive expectation—should the grave which now covers him prove an unrespected barrier against the assaults of political hatred, there will not be wanting many of more generous minds, who loved and admired him, to rally round his memory, from the grateful conviction that his titles to his country's esteem stand in defiance of every imperfection of which his most implacable revilers can accuse him. As long as Ireland retains any sensibility to public worth, it will not be forgotten, that (whatever waywardness he may have shown towards some, and those a very few) she had, in every vicissitude, the unpurchased and most unmeasured benefit of his affections and his virtues. This is his claim and his protection—that having by his talents raised himself from an humble condition to a station of high trust and innumerable temptations, he held himself erect in servile times, and has left an example of Political Honour, upon which the most scrutinizing malice cannot detect a stain.' II. pp. 475—479.

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### ART. XIII. *Mr. Sampson's Preface.*

[To the Life of Curran, Counsellor Sampson of this city has furnished, in answer to the request of the American publisher, an interesting and well written Preface;—and as it contains a witty, courteous and spirited retort upon the preceding article from the Edinburgh Review, we avail ourselves of a portion of it.

He introduces his subject with this striking and beautiful compliment to the biographer,]—"It rejoices me to find the genius of Curran surviving in a Son, who in vindicating his father's fame

has nobly, though perhaps unconsciously, established his own, and sweetly mingled the tender sentiment of filial piety, with the manly decision of a faithful and candid historian.

“ I had been often before solicited to furnish something towards Curran’s history ; and about the time that this author proposed to become his father’s biographer, an invitation from him to that effect was communicated to me through my friend Mr. Emmet. That I did not comply with a request which I deemed an honour, was not from any unwillingness to pay my share of a just tribute, but from an insurmountable reluctance to revive recollections full of regret, and the difficulty of separating the history of Curran from that of his country, with which it was interwoven : and to speak on that subject with fulness and effect the time was not yet arrived. These difficulties, sir, I stated to you when I promised (for so I find you have considered it) to write something, but I merely thought of vindicating the reputation of a man, much extolled, but often undervalued, from censures founded on misapprehensions and mistakes. And let me add, that whatever difficulties I felt before, they are only enhanced by the reading of the work, where I find the task so well performed without any aid of mine, by the legitimate heir of his father’s celebrity, who has so manfully taken charge of his own inheritance....I feel in its full force the delicacy and danger, without, or even with, the permission of the author, of interpolating any thing into a book, whose principal fault judicious critics find to be its too great amplitude : and to which defect, I should, with due respect, add that of its being already burthened with too long notes.

[Mr. Sampson was instrumental in preserving some of those forensic speeches of Curran, upon which his celebrity with posterity is said to depend—and those which Mr. Sampson reported are the most distinguished.]

\* \* \* When celebrated men have ceased to exist, the minutest circumstances that shed light upon their manner of being, and their moral habits, acquire an interest. Even *fac similes* of hand writing of men of cherished memory, have been thought worth preserving by engraved copies. Their letters, which are images of their thoughts and minds, must be much better worth preserving. The familiar epistles of Cicero are now read in the interior of this continent by a much greater number, and with no less avidity than they were by the Romans of his own and succeeding times.

[After quoting some of Mr. Curran’s correspondence with his client Hamilton Rowan—he proceeds :]

I shall add one or two letters from Curran, written to myself in the easy style of friendship. I select them, because they have some reference to this trial ; and also, because they turn upon the concerns of my own family, and have regard to no other persons, nor

no more important subject; and I, therefore, feel myself the more free to dispose of them.—It appears that a certain domestic occurrence invited my return to Belfast, where I had a house, and where I spent some of the vacations between the terms—and where my family then was.

‘DEAR SAMPSON,

I have executed your commission to Emmet faithfully. We have all very sincerely congratulated you on the fruits of your family toils, of which we are disposed to entertain the most favourable prognostics, and we do hereby offer you and your fellow labourer, our best and worthiest greetings there-upon.

‘As to my part I have so strong an hope, that young *Agonistes* will one day achieve, what by reason of his tender years he may not now be able to perform, that I should, without scruple, have become bound for him in a spiritual recognisance to any amount; but, perhaps, not having yet decided under what banner he is to carry on the war of the flesh, he has not troubled himself with thinking of a bottle-holder. If he should talk about the matter, you may just hint to him that I pique myself upon a knowledge of the creed and ten commandments in the vulgar tongue.

Emmet tells me the trial will be out on Monday.

Yours very truly,

J. P. CURRAN.’

February 21, 1794.

The person here called *Agonistes*, was my now only son John Philpot Curran Sampson, and the reader need not be told, that the offer was to be his god-father or sponsor: and it seems that he had been invited to name the child, for he shortly after writes thus:

‘MY DEAR GOSSIP,

‘A man did so foolish a thing, as proposing to do *very well* what may be as well, perhaps better done *middlingly*, for he certainly postpones, and probably does it so much the worse. If any thing can save him from the consequences of his past coxcombry, it can be only the want of time when he comes to perform—so it has been with me. I felt a foolish propensity to write a fine letter to you, instead of answering promptly and kindly what I felt very kindly. I have now but a moment to say what I should have said two posts ago. I am very much flattered by my god-child’s opinion of my orthodoxy, and I most cheerfully vow as many things in his name as he thinks he may be able to perform. As to the name itself, I accept the permission with much gratitude, but must beg to make Mrs. Sampson my true and lawful attorney, in my name, and on my behalf, to name that name, wishing from my heart, that it may often give gladness to hers and to yours.

‘I should feel infinite pleasure in taking a trip to you, if my miserable avocations would leave it in my power to do so. I should wish to make my court to the young fellow before he got any prior liens upon his affections. If the levity of the age should unluckily catch him, he may chance to look upon my paternity with not so much reverence and regard as he ought to do. I received your enclosed, and as a friend and critic, I find our opinions not much asunder. Apropos—*e contra*—how do you find I look in your labours?

Yours sincerely, as also my gossips,

J. P. CURRAN.’

This term *gossip*, has various acceptations in the English language, it means sometimes a merry-maker or pot-companion, a prater generally, and more especially a tattling woman. In its

strict etymological sense, it means *relation*; in the canonical sense it is that spiritual affinity created by sponsorship, at the baptismal font: but in Ireland it has a sense connected with her fearful code and mournful history, that renders it an endearing expression of sympathy and affection. Thus we find Sir John Davies, the attorney-general of king James, in Ireland, in his '*discovery of the true causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued*' speaking thus: part 1.—171, &c. 'For first it appeareth, by the preamble of these lawes, (*the statutes of Kilkenny*,) that the English of this realme, before the coming over of Lionel duke of Clarence, were at that time become meere Irish in their language, names, apparell, and all their manner of living, and had rejected the English lawes, and submitted themselves to the Irish, with whom they had made many marriages and alliances, which tended to the utter ruine and destruction of the commonwealth. Therefore, alliaunce by marriage, nurture of infants, and *gossiped* with the Irish, are by this statute made high treason.'

Curran seemed tenacious of this word, and we find him writing in 1803, from Paris, that he had refused to dine with lady Oxford, because he had bargained for a Cabriolet, to go and see his *gossip* in the valley Montmorency. [His god-son.] <sup>a</sup>

The biographer has truly said, that the magical effusions of his father's genius, are better known by the traditions of his contemporaries, than by the most faithful reports of his speeches. This holds still more true with respect to his reputation as a wit, wherein I am sorry to say, he has been mercilessly dealt with. I may be but an indifferent judge of that quality of the mind, but chance has made me acquainted with a number of those, who, in my days, have been most celebrated for it in various countries, and I have known none of any country, who had any pretensions to vie with Curran.....I am sure I have heard from him a hundred pleasant sal-lies in the course of one convivial day, the very meanest of which was preferable to the best I ever saw in print.

It is much to be regretted, that the Author was too young to have been the partaker, either of his father's convivial moments, or of his more serious thoughts during the epoch of his greatest celebrity. For since with borrowed materials he could form so fair a sketch, had he enjoyed those advantages, how true to life and na-

a [Before Mr. Sampson had finished this preface, an account was received of his son's death at New-Orleans,—where he had established himself, and in a few months had become an object of general esteem and interest throughout the state, and where his loss was lamented as a public calamity. On enclosing the preface to the publisher, Mr. S. informs him, in a note, that his only son was no more—regrets that the writing should go in so imperfect a state—and adds, "I could not foresee, when I retraced the image of past days, and revived the cheerful recollections of his dawn of life, that this paper should be moistened with a father's tears."]

ture would his portrait then have been.....It is at any time difficult, if not impossible, by any disposition of the letters of the alphabet, to communicate the point and spirit, the look, the gesture, and the apropos, that altogether go to constitute the grace and beauty of things too fine for handling ; things that can charm but once ; things that emit one transient gleam, and like the meteor of the shooting star, vanish as soon as seen. If they are not entirely lost by tradition, the finer part is sure to escape, the grosser only can be retained. No doubt many of Curran's homelier jests had better have remained in vulgar tradition ; they were not intended to be printed, but to please those who could take pleasure in them ; for he disdained none of his fellow creatures, and loved to please them all. But strip these pleasantries of their mimic and scenic accompaniments, nay, even of the vernacular accent with which he could so humorously utter them, and set them in print with the formality of a jest book, to be read off with a cockney accent, and they will have as little charm as the broad Scotch in *Tam o Chanter*, or *Old Mortality*, if delivered through the same organ. And how many have I pitied, that from contracted prejudices, and want of travel in the intellect, were unable to suffer the sweet strains of Burns, and the delightful historic tales of Walter Scott, by reason of their *Scotch vulgarity* ! Upon the whole, however, I think the author has shown his good sense in copying so few of those jokes into his biography, and in giving those few by the way of schedule annexed.

Much also has been said and written against Curran's bad taste ; and alarm has been excited, as well in the eastern as the western hemisphere, least his followers should invade the privileged occupants of the hesperean gardens, and rob them of their golden fruits, which certain critics seem determined to watch like trusty dragons. I only hope they will at all times be as ready to unfurl their banners, and as faithful in guarding their favoured territory against every other invader. Bad taste is become a favourite phrase in the cant of modern criticism ; the more ancient maxim was, "*de gustibus non est disputandum*." It would be well, however, if these literary mathematicians would agree upon their moral standard of faith, before they ostracise genius, and wit, and nature herself from the republic of letters. Where is their true standard, or their first meridian, of which we hear so much and know so little ? Where is their archetype ? their shekel of the sanctuary ? Is it east or west of Temple bar ? Is it in Pekin or Connecticut ? Is their temple of Jupiter in Threadneedle-street or Paternoster-row ? Is their standard formed from an arc of a great circle, or from the span of a literary dwarf ?

Until these questions be answered, it is still open to the academicians to dispute, whether he who could sway the learned and

unlearned ; could charm the aged and the young ; who could call forth at pleasure, the smile or the tear ; could comfort the oppressed and appal the guilty ; could cast his magic spell on all around ; whose tongue, had it been venal, would have been bought at any price ; that he who could at once extort the applause of his learned and grave antagonist, and the plaudits of those who shouted at the names of Titus Oates and Algernon Sydney in the hall, was an offender against good taste. (*See the trial of Hamilton Rowan, by P. Byrne, page 122.*)

As to the 'Irish school of eloquence,' if it mean the bad imitators of Curran, it is a fair subject of criticism, and any country that happens to be incommoded with such an annoyance, is under obligations to those that would arrest the contagion or remove the nuisance.

If there be such schools of perverse imitation the fault is not imputable to Curran, nor to Ireland. It is distressing to me who was born and educated in that country, and probably feel it the more, to see any orator affecting to be what he is not. As when a man of a cold temperament, abandoning his own gifts and breaking loose from nature, runs careering after the creations of another's brain. I have seen such, who after beating their own flanks to gain artificial heat, would fall into a cold sweat. I have seen orators who, if they had stood still, and spoken gravely, would have been respectable ; not content with that, taking their gestures and attitudes from figures of statuary, straining their voices even to cracking, and bearing no bad resemblance to the inanimate images of Mermaids or Tritons in a fountain spouting cold froth : and I acknowledge obligation to those who exert themselves to put down all such dull soppy. To Irishmen of any education this violence to taste and nature is peculiarly offensive ; and most of all when the subject of such vapourish declamations happens to be poor Ireland, whose afflictions, without this addition, were enough. Painful indeed it is to those who have borne their portion of their country's sufferings, whose devotion has been solemn and sincere, whose deep and concentrated affections have been deposited like relics of what was dear, to be visited on due occasion in solitude and silence, to find the peace of the living, and the repose of the dead violated by the unfeeling exhibitions of mimes and buffoons, rioting and ranting over the sanctity of the grave.

With respect to Ireland, it is, unless much altered since I knew it, the last country in which such a school could subsist. I have known men in Ireland, whose elocution pleased, on some occasions, more than that of Curran ; but no one to dispute with him the palm of eloquence. There were few Irishmen of education that could not perceive his defects, but I never knew one so foolish as to attempt to imitate them. It is said Mr. Phillips has done so—I

cannot agree in the remark. Certainly there is no kind of similitude between Mr. Phillips and Curran. And as to what Mr. Phillips has written from his recollections of Curran, he has laboured under the same disadvantages as Mr. William Henry. He, like him, is too young to have known him in his more brilliant days: and many of the anecdotes he relates of him, prove to me that Curran must have been much altered in his habits from the epoch of my intimacy with him, at which time I never heard the name of Mr. Phillips, whose celebrity is of a much later date, and whose beautiful poem of the "*Emerald Isle*," was the first notice I ever had of his existence.—But I will not pretend to say, that when Mr. Phillips knew this celebrated man, he was not still capable of attracting his admiration, and maintaining the first place as an orator with every one of elevated taste or sentiment.

[Mr. Sampson gives a picture of Curran's hazardous exertions in his profession, during the darkest times of Ireland's suffering:—and relates an anecdote of some gloomy presages of Curran—and of his thinking once to leave his country.]

Let no man then believe that John Philpot Curran lay upon roses when his country writhed on the bed of torture. Of all the victims of those disastrous times few paid more dearly for their country's love than he. He was at one time so run down, that it required courage to be seen walking by his side. His domestic grief was made the prey of his enemies, and those who laughed at decorum and the decencies of life became sanctified in their upbraidings of him. I was reproached for letting my child still bear the name by which he was baptised. But least it should be said that he must by some singular misdeeds have deserved this contumely, I must remind the reader that Grattan was no less vituperated. He too was loaded with obloquy by those whose crimes he had arraigned, and not merely vituperated as Curran was, but disfranchised by the corporation of the city he so often represented.

The last act of Curran's which I shall notice, is that which does him the most honour. The fate of Theobald Wolfe Tone is set down in history and need not be repeated here, further than as the generous conduct of Curran connects their names and makes it fitting that they should be recorded together in one page. Tone, when brought before his judges to answer personally for his treason, scorned to equivocate with the truth, or to quibble in a cause in which his life and honour were alike at stake. He at once admitted the charges in their full extent. He stooped to ask one favour, and but one. He had served in the French army as a chief of Brigade and wore his uniform. He was now before a Court Martial by whom he was to be sentenced; and he asked no more than was consistent with their duty, and what was granted to the French emigrants standing before their judges just as he did before

his court—to die a soldier's death. The court, struck with the dignity of his address, remained some time in silence, and then promised that his request, together with his sentence, should be laid before the Lord Lieutenant.

At this trying moment he stood alone without other resource than in the courage of his own manly heart.. The friends that would have comforted him were buried in dungeons or in graves. There were some who in his happier days had followed him, and courted him, and quickened in the sunshine of his wit and social mirth, that now turned away their countenances and shut their frozen hearts, and either left him or led him to his fate. But in this cheerless and desolate position, he had a friend and advocate where he could least have looked for it: that friend, that generous advocate was Curran.

That this may appear in its true light, it should be known that though both Tone and Curran loved their country, yet their political views were altogether different. Tone from his early days, as he said before his court martial, considered the connexion with England as the scourge of the Irish nation. Curran professed whig principles, and thought, that with a reform in the parliament, all the good attainable might be achieved. His principles had been the subject of Tone's strong animadversions and keenest railing: but all offence was hushed, all political hostility was merged in sympathy for the heroic sufferer. I should mention one of Tone's former friends whom Curran rallied to him, the time may come when he or his descendants may derive more honour from the fact than the betrayers of their country from ill-earned titles. It was Mr. Peter Burrows, a distinguished member of the Irish bar. They consulted and found as they hoped a means to save him, not merely from the mode of death he deprecated, but from death itself which he had fondly courted.

At this time I was a prisoner on parole, having embarked in pursuance of my contract with the government for Portugal; but having been blown back several times into the same harbour. Curran called daily to inquire how I fared, or in my absence to console my family. He spoke of Tone with the same interest as though they had been inseparable friends, and devoted himself with more zeal than if he had received the most lavish fee, and with a sincerity that marked a noble nature.

The court that tried and sentenced Tone was composed of seven military officers convened in the barrack of Dublin, and sat upon his trial at the same time that the Court of King's Bench was sitting, during Michaelmas Term, in the year 1798. He was not amenable to a court martial, not belonging to the army of the King; and the court martial had no right to try him for high treason, sitting the King's Bench. Curran moved for and obtained a

*habeas corpus* to bring him up before the court. It was immediately served upon the provost marshal (Major Sandys.) This was the keeper of a torture house, whose name is but too notorious in the annals of the times. He returned for answer that he would obey no orders but those of the Commander in Chief of the garrison. The court directed the sheriff to take him into custody and bring him before them: he was not to be found, but Tone was found with his neck deeply wounded and weltering in his blood.

It was said that on the preceding evening (Sunday) he had been officially informed that his sentence was confirmed and his request denied, and had therefore done this execution on himself; some said with a razor, some with a pane of glass because he had no razor. Of this I can know nothing. It was said that he spoke afterwards; I never heard of any friend that heard him speak after this wound. It was however stated that he observed he was a bad anatomist, in having missed his end.

However this might be, it was but of a piece with all the rest of Ireland's fatal story. For never did fear or necessity extort from her oppressive rulers an act that looked like grace, or policy dictate a transient show of lenity, but some demoniac spirit interposed, and shaped it into treachery and cruelty. It was so of old, it was so with Byrne, it was so with Bond, it was so with Orr, it was so at the massacre of the Curragh of Kildare, it proved so too with Tone.

I will not say that he was murdered—I would not slander by saying what I do not know, not even a murderer by trade. That he chose the manner of his own death was rendered plausible by many circumstances. His sentence was not warranted under the circumstances of the case by any law civil or military. The mode of punishment then, was only intended to disgrace him and the uniform he wore; or to expose his aged parents to a repetition of the insults and exultations of the government rabble, his trial having followed close upon the execution of a brother, taken like him in arms. He might perhaps have feared the loss of lives in some vain attempt to rescue him. Nor could this act be called a suicide in the criminal sense that Christians view it, but rather resembled the expedient of the soldier who, when about to be tortured by savages, disappointed their ferocity by giving them his head. The end was that he lingered for a week, and then died as he lived, great of heart and mind.

That Curran must have succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the military tribunal and its sentence, is most evident; and considering the circumstances of the times and the chances and changes that fall out in periods of desultory policy, when vengeance, fear, or personal rivalry, and other disavowed or unseen motives take the reins in turns, it was not improbable that Tone's

life might have been saved, even in spite of his determined purpose to accept no favour. The civil war was ended ; the government had treated with the directors of the union, and the men who formed the alliance with the French. Lord Cornwallis had openly censured the crimes and cruelties of the Orange faction, and professed to act upon a system of moderation and amnesty. Even Napper Tandy, the most proscribed of all that bore arms or rebelled, had been exchanged for a British general, and sent back to France in a British vessel, to enjoy his rank and pay as a French general for the remainder of his life. He had been specially, and by name, excepted out of the amnesty act, and so great had been the avidity to have his person and his life, that not only great rewards were set upon his head, but a British plenipotentiary violated the honour of the diplomacy and the rights of nations, taking upon himself the office of constable, and imposing upon the senate of a free and neutral city the office of gaolers. When it is considered that this man, after lying so long in foreign dungeons and in irons, was brought to Ireland, tried and convicted, and every thing but executed, and afterwards given up on the simple requisition of Napoleon, how much reason was there not for Curran to hope that he might save the life of this brave man ?

Some have asked why Curran, if he felt the wrongs of Ireland as he described them, contented himself with talking, leaving to others the post of danger—how he, if his affections were so engaged, and his sentiments so decided, could flutter like the moth round the taper and come off unhurt ; and also, how, after that ill-omened union that extinguished in blood the constitution of his country, he could submit to kiss the hand of the oppressor, and kneel or stoop for favour. I have already shown that he was not unhurt, but assailed, and wounded even in the tenderest part ; and if he was not consigned with other men of patriotic virtue to a dungeon or a hulk, it was most probably because his seat in parliament exempted him from the operation of the law that suspended the *habeas corpus* act. To censure him for accepting the station of a Judge and Privy Counsellor, in an administration headed by Fox and Grey, is to say, that those who do most for their country are to have least of its indulgence.

And now a word touching the Edinburgh Reviewers before I take my leave. To dispute their talents would be to disparage my own judgment. Their writings have been long my chief literary recreation. Their luminous conceptions, and polished style, have given them a sway, which, like all other power if abused, may become dangerous and despotic ; and when it verges towards that point it becomes a civic duty to sound the tocsin of alarm.

I do not however profess to enter the lists as a champion against such formidable adversaries ; I should rather submit, and even pay

them *black mail*, than wage an impotent war, and indeed the combat would be every way too unequal between one 'Whose sword hangs rusting on the wall' and so many knights of fame,

'Ten of them are sheathed in steel,  
With belted Sword, and spur on heel ;  
Who never quit their harness bright,  
Neither by day, nor yet by night ;  
They lay down to rest,  
With corslet laced,  
Pilloved on buckler cold and hard :  
They carve at the meal  
With gloves of steel,  
And they drink the red wine through the helmet barred.'

I shall therefore content myself with an appeal to the good sense of these gentlemen, who are the fittest to correct their own errors, if any they have fallen into ; but still, in doing this, I shall use the like freedom by them as they do by others.

I think then that their strictures upon some passages of this biography have been too fastidious, or, to borrow a sprightlier phrase of their own, 'too smart and snappish.'

I think they have not viewed the story of the birth, and birth place of Curran's eloquence, of poor Apjohn and Duhigg, and the victory over the devil of temple bar, with their accustomed candour or discrimination. Had they known more of the men and manners they were censuring, they would never have supposed that this story was taken down by the author from his father's lips : indeed, they would smile at their own innocent mistake.

They say it is not the very best style of wit or talk that they have met with. But who has said it was ? Its beauty, if it has any, is that it is entirely without such pretension, and is related simply as a part of the history of John Philpot Curran. The observation, or question of his friend was, whether his gift was from art or nature, or whether his eloquence was born with him. And the answer was, the history of its origin, showing how much it was owing to accident and circumstances ; and when Curran was thus cheerfully complying with the desire of his friend, he was too unaffected, and too natural to think of making a display ; he gave it as it came, and as it was.

As to the story of Mr. Boyse, I think that there also these accomplished critics have misconceived both the moral and the fact....Did their good feelings never teach them, that true and genuine affection, because it shuns all exhibition, will be fain at times to hide itself under the show of bluntness ?

Indeed this censure is so forced, that it seems to have involved the learned commentators in some confusion of ideas, not very usual with them ; for they say that all this might be very well between the *two friends*, but it was dreadfully too theatrical for a pri-

*vate society.* ‘In our fastidious country,’ they say, ‘we really have no idea of a man talking pathetically in good company, and still less of good company sitting and crying to him. Nay, it is not very consistent,’ they add, ‘with our notions, that a gentleman should be most comical.’ The expression of the author hardly warranted this observation. He was speaking of the variety of his father’s conversation, which abounded in those magical transitions, from the most comic turn of thought to the deepest pathos; for ever bringing a tear into their eye before the smile ‘was off the lip.’ From these and other passages, these gentlemen are led to suspect, that the Irish standard of good conversation is radically different from the English. For my own part, having spent half my life in Ireland, and the other half in various other countries, and having seen some good company both in England and Scotland, I am much at a loss to find upon what these observations are founded; I have generally found least said about good company, in good company; and those to please the most who dealt the least in precepts of book conversation. I am now an American, and equally distant, with the exception of a very little arm of the sea, from the one and the other island, and the way we unsophisticated Americans think upon these subjects is this; we find that God has given to man two distinct characters, by which, though all the rest were lost or effaced, he might be defined and distinguished from the brute creation—‘*the smile and the tear.*’—Here then are two schools of conversation—too rival *gymansia*, one on each side of the channel of Saint George. The disciples of the one neither admit of laughter or of tears: or if they do, it must be serio-comic mirth, or pathos of that nature, that cannot excite a tear.

The other school, abandoning the whole transnatural regions, to their more refined and attic neighbours, assemble round the festive board, and as the wine flows, and the blood and spirits circulate, they make the course of their *humanities*. By laughter they prove, if not that they are *gentlemen*, at least that they are *men*. And if any unexpected touch of pathos brings the tear into their eye, their philosophy is that of nature, which traces the cause through the effect. They acknowledge a power beyond themselves, and find the *literæ humaniores* written in their hearts, by him who made the laws essential to their moral and material frame: and they acknowledge him who made the tear to flow, to be the same who made the water issue from the rock.

The world must judge, then, which is the better school. If there be any law it must be international. For my part, if this be the only, or radical difference between the rival standards, I do not wonder, that ‘before the comeing of Lionel Duke of Clarence, the English in their language and apparrell, and all their manner of

liveing, had submitted themselves entirely to the Irish.' And the compliment is perhaps better than was intended to the Irish school.

As regards the danger of bad imitation, let these accomplished critics beware how their own kibes are galled, for though it be given to few to imitate the Scotch reviewers in their extensive knowledge, and great range of thought, or in the strength and clearness of their diction, yet every art and science has its jargon, and the cant of criticism about taste and good conversation is what the parrot may learn, and the cuckoo sing, to the great disturbance of whatever is genuine, natural, or manly.

What kind of person would John Philpot Curran have been, if he had formed himself upon these straight-lined rules. Would Homer have been worshipped as a god, or would he not, if they prevailed, be kicked out of good company, as in that barbarous age when he first sung his ballads through the streets of the Greek cities? Would not Shakspeare be the next victim of this rage? and Tully, whose jocularity was his right arm, whose pleasure was to show his wit among his friends, and who confesses that he loved his own jokes best, and that they were but '*quicquid in buccam venerit*,' whose jests filled three whole volumes: how would he be censured for being so 'vastly comical?'

There is perhaps one way to reconcile and draw advantage from their differences, by bringing about a friendly commerce.

Let the North Britons consign to their Hibernian neighbours what they have to spare of the mental philosophy, and their systems *ideal* and *non-ideal*, and of their *semi-voluntary* operations of the intellect, and the Irish in return supply them with their surplus heart and soul, and let this be hereafter called the channel trade.

But it is time to quit these trifles, and render justice to that dignity which belongs to these writers whenever they assume their proper attitude and station.

'These things,' they say, speaking of Curran's wit, &c. 'are of little consequence. Mr. Curran was something better,' &c. p. [239.]

Such manly language would atone, if atonement were due, for all the censures upon the wit, the style, or the manner of Curran; and Ireland owes to these authors this acknowledgment besides, that when the minions of despotism, so long combined against her, perverted her cause, and sided with her tyrants, they still respected the country of 'feeling hearts and eloquent tongues.' And though they should not be converted to the Irish standard of wit or conversation, I trust that upon more acquaintance they will find reason to admit, and to assert, that virtues of a higher kind than either taste or genius lie buried in the graves of *Irish traitors*.

But on this subject I shall trust myself no further, I have already detained the reader too long from better matter; I have spoken more of myself than perhaps I ought, and more of Ireland than I

had intended. Such fruitless recollections of her sufferings cannot change her destiny. If I can cherish any hope for her, it is in the steady march of the free and prosperous republic of which I am now a citizen. If integrity and union shall continue to direct her councils ; if native health and vigour still prove a match for the attacks which corrupt intrigue and foreign influence will never fail to make upon her freedom and renown ; if honesty be cherished as it ought, and fraud discredited, and law administered with firm impartiality ; if religion, the chastener of the public morals, be still pure and holy, untainted by hypocrisy or guile ; if all these blessings shall continue to her ; if the mild wisdom of her Franklin, and the farewell voice, and warning accents of her Washington, be ever in the ears and hearts of all her citizens ; then may the great example stronger than armed millions work to the end of 'UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.'

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## LIST OF LATE PUBLICATIONS.

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### 1. AGRICULTURE AND FARRIERY.

*Address of the Hon. William Walker, President of the Berkshire Agricultural Society, delivered before the same, together with reports of the Committees of Departments, and the Address of Elkanah Watson, Esq. first President of the Society.* Pittsfield.

*Practical Horse Farrier*; or the Traveller's Pocket Companion, showing the best method to preserve the Horse in health, &c. 2d edition, with engravings, and enlarged. By William Carver of New-York. Philadelphia.

*Southwick's Agricultural Almanack*, for 1821. Published under the patronage of the board of Agriculture. Albany.

*The Address of Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, delivered to the New-York Agricultural Society, has been republished in the Albany Plough Boy*, of Dec. 16th, and 23d. 1820.

*A Small Tract*, entitled a candid and impartial exposition of the various opinions on the subject of the comparative quality of Wheat and Flour, in the Northern and Southern sections of the United States, with a view to develop the true cause of the difference, &c. In a letter from John C. Brush, of Washington, D. C. to Samuel L. Mitchill, LL. D. Washington.

This well written Practical Tract supports by facts, observations, and reasonings, that the inferiority of Northern Flour is wholly owing to the too late cutting of the Wheat—or, in the usual phrase, to the letting it stand until it be *dead ripe*.

(2.) EDUCATION.

*The American System of Practical Book-Keeping*, adapted to the Commerce of the United States, in its domestic and foreign relations, &c. with a plate of a Balance-Chart, by James Bennett, accountant, lecturer on Book-Keeping, and President of the Account. Benev. Soc. of N. Y. with

*Jackson's Book-Keeping*, adapted to the Commerce of the United States, &c. &c. By James Bennett. Royal 8vo. pp. 188. both, \$2. New-York. and

Bennett's Conversation Cards—teaching the whole science of Book-Keeping, \$1. E. Bliss. New-York.

(Foreign.)

*Hints for the Improvement of early education, and Nursery discipline.* 1st. Am. edition, Collins, New-York, 12mo. pp. 123.

(3.) CHEMISTRY, BOTANY, GEOLOGY, MINER. & NAT. HIST.

*Conversations on Chemistry*; in which the elements of that science are familiarly explained, and illustrated by experiments. From the fifth and latest English edition, revised, corrected, and considerably enlarged. To which are added notes and observations, by an American gentleman, 2d. edit. Greenfield, Mass. 12mo. pp. 420.

*Geological Survey of the County of Albany*, by Amos Eaton and T. Romeyn Beck, M. D. 8vo. pp. 51. Albany.

*Philip's Outline of Mineralogy*, with engravings, 2d edition, by Dr. Mitchell, much enlarged. 12mo. Collins & Co. New-York.

*A Compendium of Physiological and Systematic Botany*. With plates. By George Sumner, M. D. Hartford. 12mo. pp. 300.

*The Natural History of the Bible*, or a description of all the Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, and Insects, Trees, Plants, Flowers, Gems and Precious Stones, mentioned in the Sacred Scriptures. Collected from the best Authorities, and alphabetically arranged. By Thaddeus Mason Harris, D. D. Boston, Wells & Lilly. 8vo. pp. 476.

(4.) HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, GEOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY.

*The Ohio and Mississippi Pilot*, consisting of a set of Charts of those rivers, representing their channels, islands, ripples, rapids, shoals, bars, rocks, &c. accompanied with directions for the use of navigators. To which is added a geography of the States and Territories, west and south of the Alleghany mountains. By J. C. Gilleland. Pittsburgh, 12mo. pp. 274.

*History of Chelmsford*, from its origin in 1653, to the year 1820. By Rev. Wilkes Allen, A. M. 8vo. pp. 192. Haverhill, Mass.

*Life of Com. Oliver H. Perry*. By John M. Niles. Hartford.

*Life and Letters, together with Poetical and Miscellaneous pieces* of the late William Person, a student of Harvard University. 18mo. Cambridge.

If manly strength of character, united with the finest sensibility, may deserve and reward attention, we may safely recommend this book to all who take delight in seeing the affections and the moral qualities called into action, and can love and admire excellence under whatever circumstances, and at whatever age it may appear.

There is something of a romantic and mysterious interest blended with the

history of this extraordinary youth ; in consequence of his having been one of those who, by the fault of their parents, come lawlessly into life. It too often happens that the innocent offspring, in such a case, is made to bear the wit and disgrace, while the guilty parties remain concealed ; and as the writer of this memoir well remarks, 'to avoid disgrace and degradation, do what renders them worthy of a punishment still more severe.' Person, it seems, was deserted by both his parents, and never acknowledged by either. He was born in December, 1793, and in the October following was placed in a respectable family in Andover. [He died in Oct. 1818.] While yet a pupil at Phillips' Academy, he thus describes his painful want of parental relation, in reply to the supposed inquiry of a compassionate stranger :

'Stranger, why that face of grief?  
Why those tears, that ask relief?  
Is thy heart by anguish torn?  
Art thou left alone to mourn?  
Kind inquirer, I would tell thee  
All the woes, which have befall me,  
But the tale would tend to weary;  
Thou hast told it in thy query.  
Thus briefly let my griefs be known—  
In the world I'm left alone;  
No kind father to protect me,  
No kind mother to direct me,  
Sister, brother, all denied me;  
Can aught of deeper wo betide me?'

*North Am. Review, No. 29.*

*The Political State of Italy*, by Theodore Lyman, jun. Boston. Wells & Lilly, 8vo. pp. xix. 424.

*An Eulogy on the late John P. Curran Sampson, Esq. Counsellor at Law*, delivered at the New-York Forum, Nov. 8, 1820, by Peter Ludlow, jun. Esq. New-York.

*Proposals for publishing a new and complete History of the United States*, embracing the whole period from the first discovery of North America, down to 1820; by Frederick Butler, A. M. author of "Catechetical Compend of History," "Sketches of Universal History," and "Farmer's Manual,"—in 3 vols. 8vo. New-York.

*Otis's Translation of Botta's History of the War of Independence of the U. S.* vol. II. Philadelphia.

*A New General Atlas*, chiefly intended for the use of Schools and private Libraries ; also calculated to accompany modern Geographies and Gazetteers. 26 maps. James V. Seaman. New-York.

*Report of the Survey of a section of the river Delaware*, from one mile below Chester, to Richmond, above Philad. taken by order of the Councils. By David M'Clure. Philad. 8vo. pp. 48, with a plate.

*Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution*, including a narrative of the expedition of General Mina, &c. By W. H. Robinson.

(Foreign.)

*Southeys Life of Wesley*, 2d American edition, 2 vols. in 1. 8vo. New-York.

*Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth*, Esq. begun by himself, and concluded by his daughter, Maria Edgeworth, 2 vols. in one, 8vo. Wells & Lilly, Boston.

(5.) **LAW.**

*Report of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Errors of the State of Connecticut.* By Thomas Day. 8vo. vol. ii. Hartford.

*Johnson's N. Y. Reports*—Vol. 18. part 3, containing cases of October Term, 1820.

*Adams on Ejectment*, from the London edition of 1820; with notes and references to American decisions—by a Counsellor of N. Y. Wiley & Halsted. New-York.

(6.) **MEDICINE AND SURGERY.**

*Address to the Officers composing the Medical Staff*, by Samuel L. Mitchell, M. D. & P. Surgeon general of the Militia, in the State of New-York. N. Y.

*A Letter on the Yellow Fever of the West Indies.* By Daniel Osgood, M. D. prac. of Med. in the city of Havana. With an extract from a letter of Cyrus Perkins, M. D. of New-York. [Late Prof. of Anat. and Surg. at Dartmouth Col.] New-York, pp. 72.

*The Sailor's Physician*; exhibiting the symptoms, causes and treatment of diseases, incident to seamen, and persons at sea. By Usher Parsons, M. D. 8vo. Cambridge.

*A Discourse on the means of improving the medical police of the city of New-York*, by David Hosack, M. D. Resident Physician for the City of New-York, Prof. &c. Published at the request of the Corporation. New-York. pp. 79.

*Report of the Committee of the Medical Society of the City and County of New-York*, [Doctors Osborn, Pascalis, Watts, Neilson, Cock, Drake and Ives,] explanatory of the causes and character of the Epidemic Fever which prevailed in Bancker-street and its vicinity, in the summer and autumn of 1820. (Published by order of the Society.) New-York, pp. 38.

*Remarks on the report, &c.* [as above.] pp. 16.

*Bard's Compendium of Midwifery*, 4th edit. improved, enlarged, and illustrated with numerous engravings, 8vo. Collins & Co. New-York. \$3 50.

*A Tract, on the inefficacy of Scutellaria lateriflora (or scull-cap) in the cure of Hydrophobia.* Middletown, Con.

(Foreign.)

*Medicine Constitutionalized and Revolutionized*, by the accurate sciences—a work intended to undeceive government on the subject of epidemic pestilence. By Don John Leymerie, citizen of the United States. Madrid.

*The London Dissector*, or system of dissection, practised in the Hospitals and Lecture rooms of the Metropolis; 1st. Am. from 5th Lond. edit. Philadelphia—12mo. pp. 244.

*The London Practice of Midwifery*; 1st. Am. from 4th Lond. edit. New-York. J. V. Seaman, 12mo. pp. 303.

*Facts and Observations on Liver Complaints, and bilious disorders in general*; by John Faithhorn, M. D. 1st American edit. Philad.

(7.) NOVELS.

*Precaution*, an original Novel, in 2 vols. 12mo. New-York. [We only regret that the scene of this novel was not laid in America.]

*Symzonia, or a voyage to the Internal World*—By Capt. Adam Seaborn, 12mo. pp. 248. New-York.

*The Spy* ; a Tale of the neutral ground. [An original novel—in the press.] Wiley and Halsted, New-York.

(Foreign.)

*The Physiognomist*, by the author of the *Bachelor* and *Married Man*. 2 vols. New-York.

*The Hermit in London*; or, Sketches of English Manners. Vols. 4 and 5. London.

*Kenilworth*—[is announced] by the Author of *Waverley*.

*Melmoth, the Wanderer*; a tale by the author of *Bertram*. Boston.

(8.) POETRY, THE DRAMA, AND FINE ARTS.

*Print of the Declaration of Independence [in forwardness] by A. B. Durand, of this city—from Col. Trumbull's painting.—\$20. Goodrich & Co.*

*Illustrations of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, engraved by Francis Kearney, from the London edit. by Charles Heath. M. Carey & Son. Philad.*

*Rosalie*, a Tale, by Palmira Johnson. (Dedicated to Mr. Jefferson.) New-York, 24mo. pp. 36. [We regret that we had not a review prepared of this superior little poem: though it has but humble pretensions. We rather think it indicates a more powerful hand than that of a lady—we mean only, a little more robust, as possessing more of the nerve of science. But the reader may judge for himself—as it will be three months before we see him again.

The first extract relates to a storm which overtook Rosalie and her father, in a little boat near Hell-gate: The second—to the recovery of a young man (belonging to the wreck of another vessel) from the waves: The two last—to the return of the same youth from a journey to the west.]

‘Swift as the arrow from the bow  
Or as the gliding meteor star,  
Beyond the dangerous whirlpool’s flow,  
The little bark had shot afar;  
And Geysbert rais’d his Rosalie  
Who fainting hung upon his breast,  
“She lives!” he cried, “I felt her sigh,  
My child is safe and I am blest!”  
And gratefully he rais’d his eye,  
To the protecting Deity.’

“Where staid my friend?” the man  
of age  
Ask’d of the youth with courtesy,  
Who thus relates his pilgrimage—  
“I’ve journey’d far, my sire,” said he,  
“Since last upon this spot I stood,  
Have travelled all your country o’er,  
Have met with warm and kindred  
hearts,  
With men that eminently soar

*Judith, Esther, and other Poems.* 18mo. Boston.

*The Waking Dreams* of a foreigner, during the five years of his probation; by Charles Burton, professor of perspective. New-York. 8vo. pp. 56.

*Fanny continued.* [A stranger to the original Fanny.] New-York. W. Grattan, 8vo. pp. 29.

*Bonaparte*; the storm at Sea; Madeline, and other poems.

*New Music*, "Bright is the word, 'tis Light Divine"—a Hymn of Praise dedicated to the American Bible Society. Written by Samuel Woodworth; arranged by P. K. Moran; and presented by E. Riley. New-York.

*The Olio*, Nos. I. and II. New-York.

(Foreign.)

*Dodd's Beauties of Shakspeare.* Wickman & Hazzard, Philad.

*The Universe*; a poem by the Author of Bertram.

*The Doge of Venice*—a tragedy by Lord Byron. [Announced, London.]

(9.) **POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.**

*An Address to the People of the U. S.* Drawn up by order of the National Institution, for the promotion of Industry, established in June, 1820, by Delegates from New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Ohio and Delaware. New-York.

*An Essay* on the late institution of the American Society, for colonizing the free people of Colour of the U. S. Washington. Davis & Force. pp. 83.

*The National Calendar*, for 1821. Washington. Davis & Force.

*Thoughts on Political Economy*, in two parts. By Daniel Raymond, Counsellor at Law. Baltimore. F. Lucas, jr. 8vo. pp. 470.

*Considerations* on the impropriety and inexpediency of renewing the Missouri question. By a Pennsylvanian. Philad. M. Carey & Son. pp. 88.

*A Caveat*; or considerations against the admission of Missouri, with slavery, into the Union. New-Haven, pp. 40.

*Old and New Tariffs Compared*, with observations on the effect of high duties on Revenue and Consumption. By a citizen. Boston.

*The effects of War*, and effects of Peace, set forth in a letter written by an Englishman in New-York [W. Andrew] to his countrymen, &c. 12mo. pp. 24.

(Foreign.)

*Answer to Malthus, on population*—by William Godwin.

*A Memoir* upon the negotiations between Spain and the United States, which gave birth to the Treaty of 1819—with a notice of the statistics of those States; by Don Louis de Onis, late minister Plenipotentiary to that Republic, and at present His C. M. Ambas. at the Court of Naples, &c. 4to. Madrid.

(10.) **THEOLOGY.**

*Letters addressed to Trinitarians and Calvinists*, occasioned by Dr. Wood's letters to Unitarians. By Henry Ware, D. D. 3d edition, Cambridge.

*Journals of the general Convention of the Prot. Epis. Church, held at Philad. from May 18 to 24, 1820.* Philad.

*Sermon* preached at the opening of the Convention of the Prot. Epis. Church, May 17, 1820. By Rev. Richard O. Moore, Bp. of Virginia. Philadelphia.

*A Pastoral Letter* from the Bishops of the Prot. Epis. Church, assembled in Convention, May, 1820. Philad.

*Letter from a Congregationalist* to a friend, on the subject of joining the new Epis. Church. Boston.

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